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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

HOLIDAY ISSUE
JANUARY, 1943

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 206

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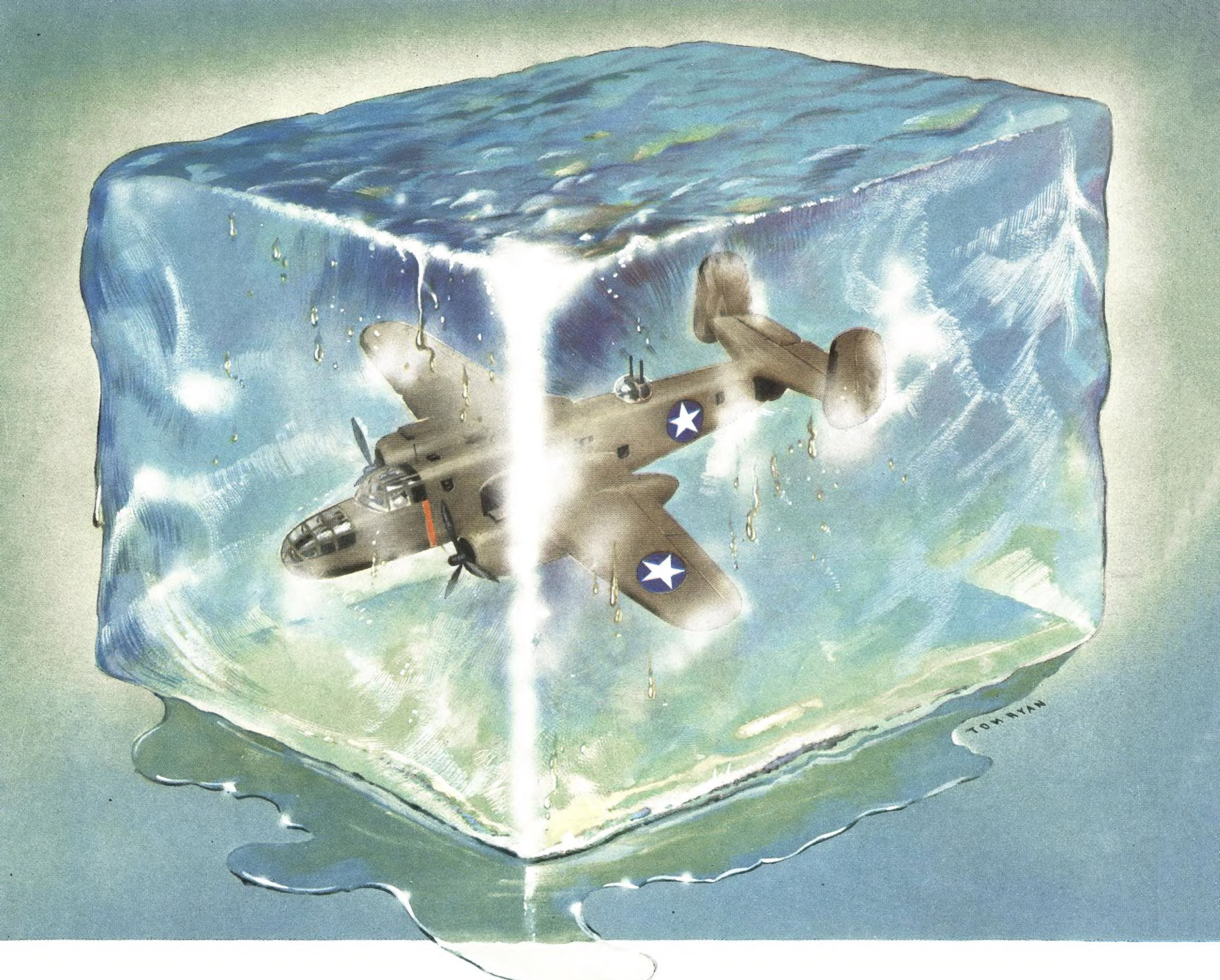

We could have done this a year ago

The calendar says the United States has been at war one year this week.

But here at North American Aviation we've thrown the calendar away. Today we are building planes that are *years* ahead of the planes we were building in 1941.

Those late-1941 planes of ours were *good*. According to one theory of production we would have been justified in "freezing" the designs we had in production last December 7 and concentrating entirely on turning out those planes. But we don't work that way, nor do the Army and Navy work that way.

We know frozen weapons won't win the war, because the war itself can't be frozen. So we keep our production methods flexible, and whenever battle experience or engineering genius or mechanical skill suggests a change that will improve our planes, we make the change.

And we go on looking for other improvements. That's why "North American Sets the Pace"—why our planes are selected for such missions as the first raid on Tokyo (North American B-25 bombers) or to bear the brunt of low-altitude fighting over Nazi-held Europe (North American P-51 Mustangs).

We are making these better planes so much faster that we passed our 1942 production quota months ago. But today, as always, the main idea of every North American employee is to make every North American plane the best bomber, fighter or trainer that can possibly be produced *at the moment* it is completed.

You—the taxpayers and Bond-buyers of the nation—pay for the planes we build. Your sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands fly them. In those two facts is all the reason we need to continue building the best planes that skilled hands and unfrozen brains can build. When you're through making changes, you're through!

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
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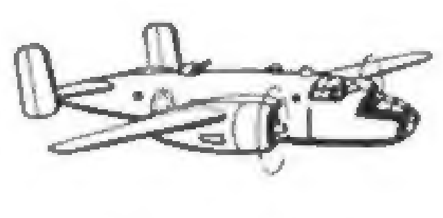
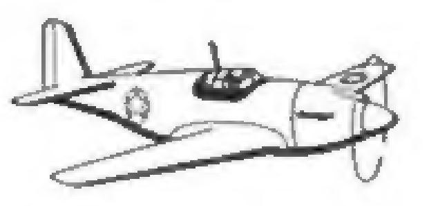
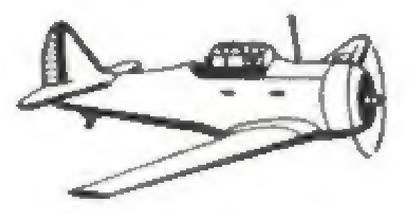
Plants in California, Kansas, and Texas
MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.


BOMBERS


FIGHTERS


TRAINERS

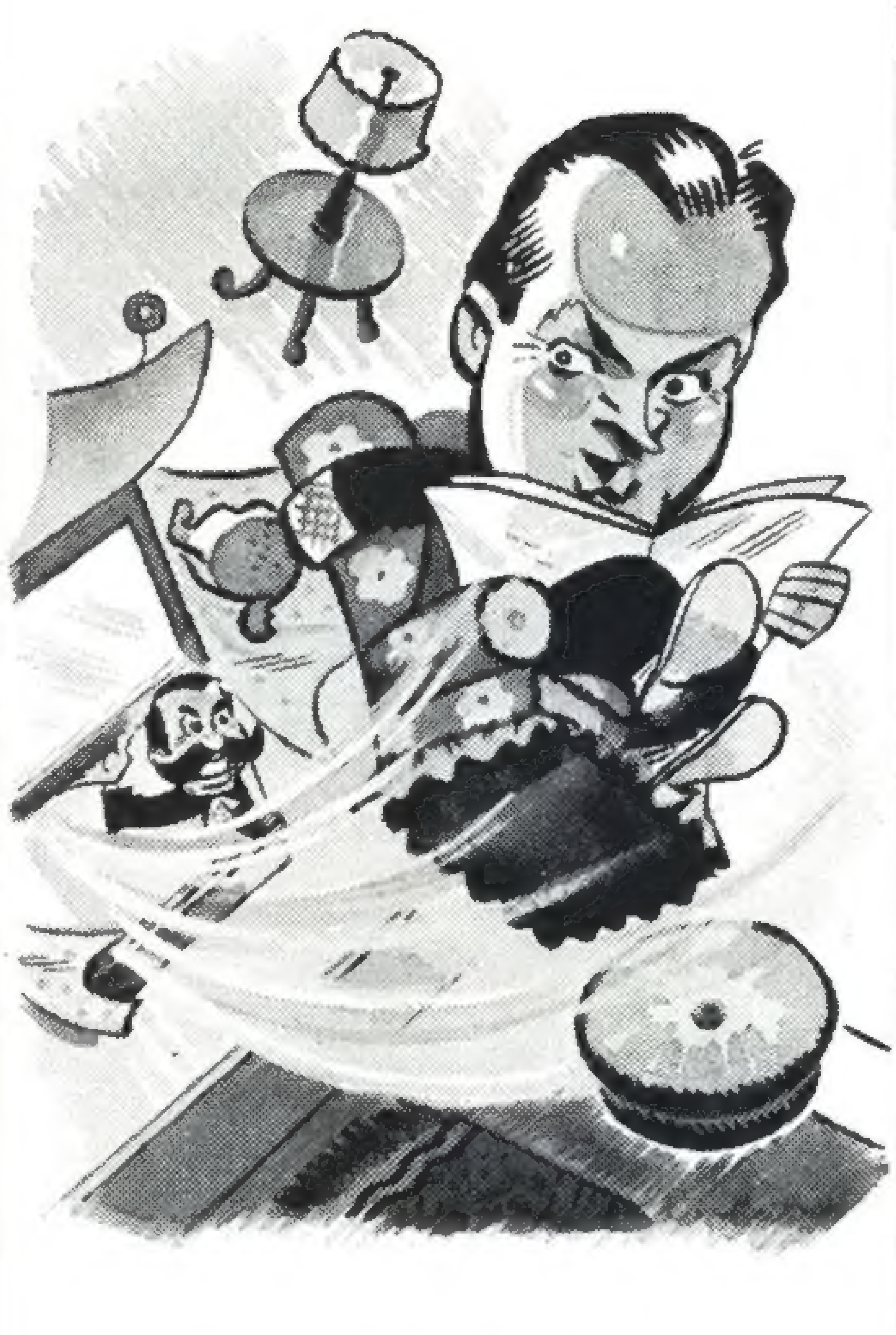
BONDS BUY BOMBERS! The War Savings Bonds you buy put bombers in the air. Buy Bonds every payday.

Join the Army or Navy Air Force

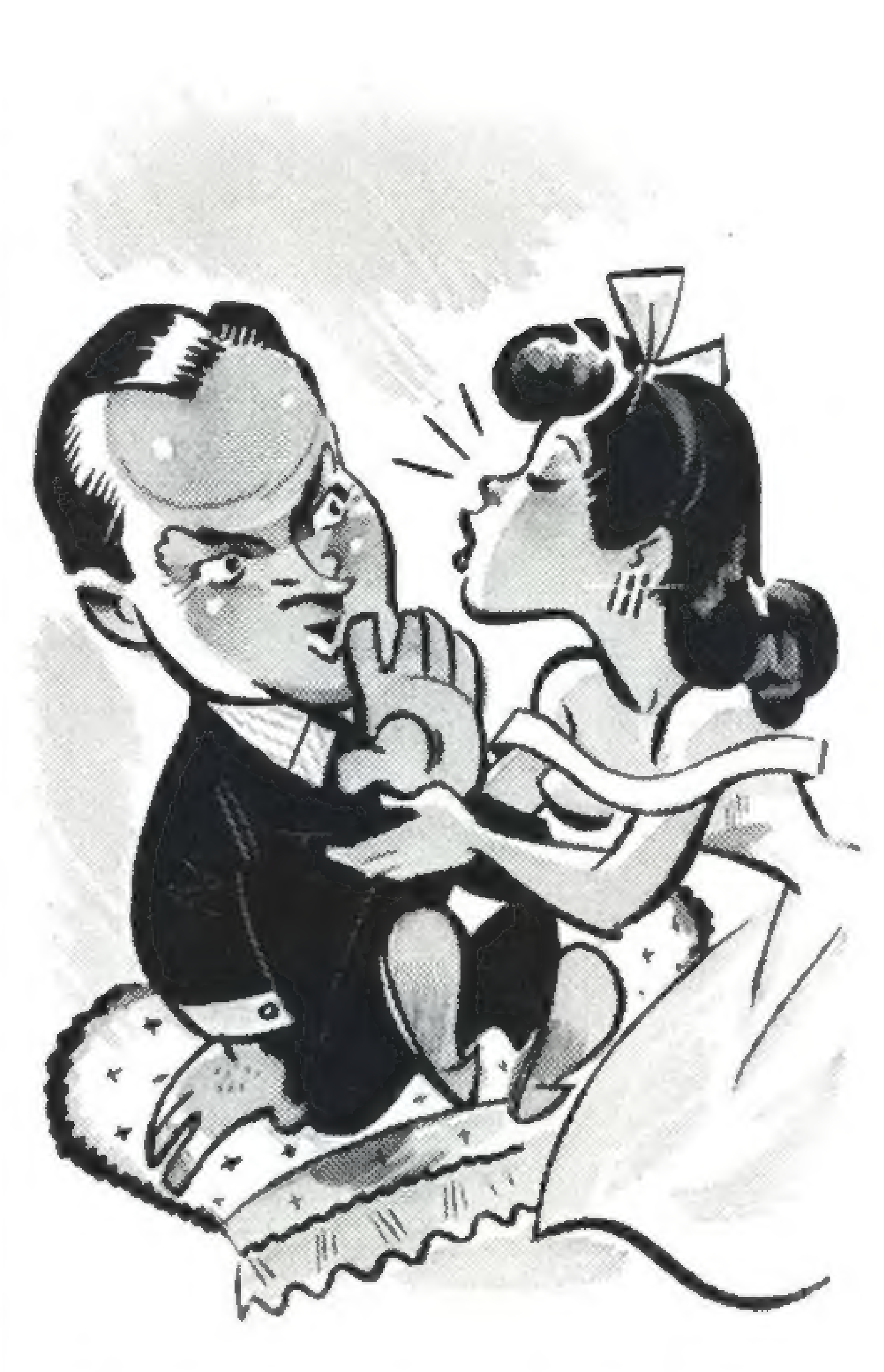
NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*

BOB HOPE SUGGESTS FOR HIS ESQUIRE FRIENDS

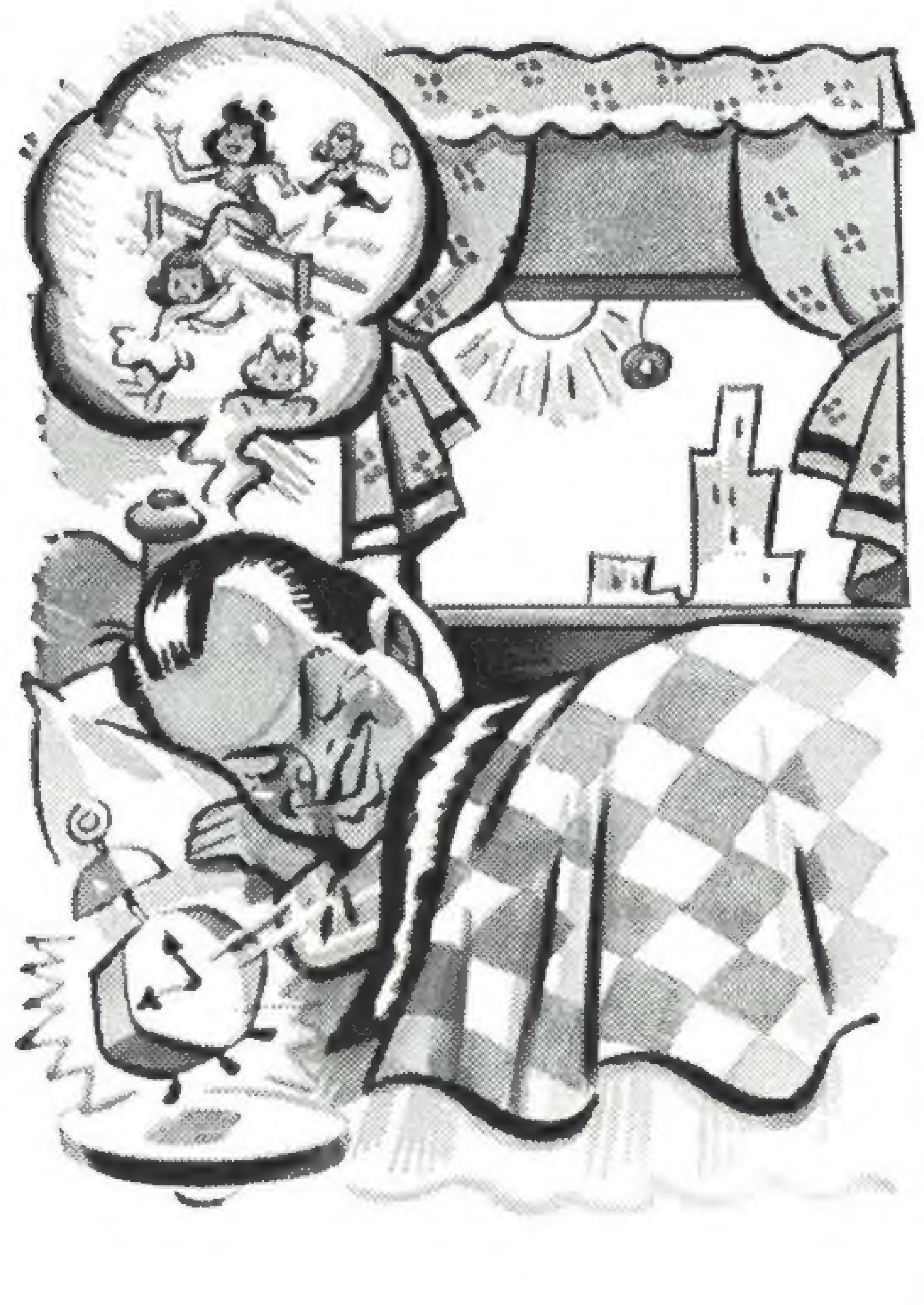
These easy rules help keep colds away...



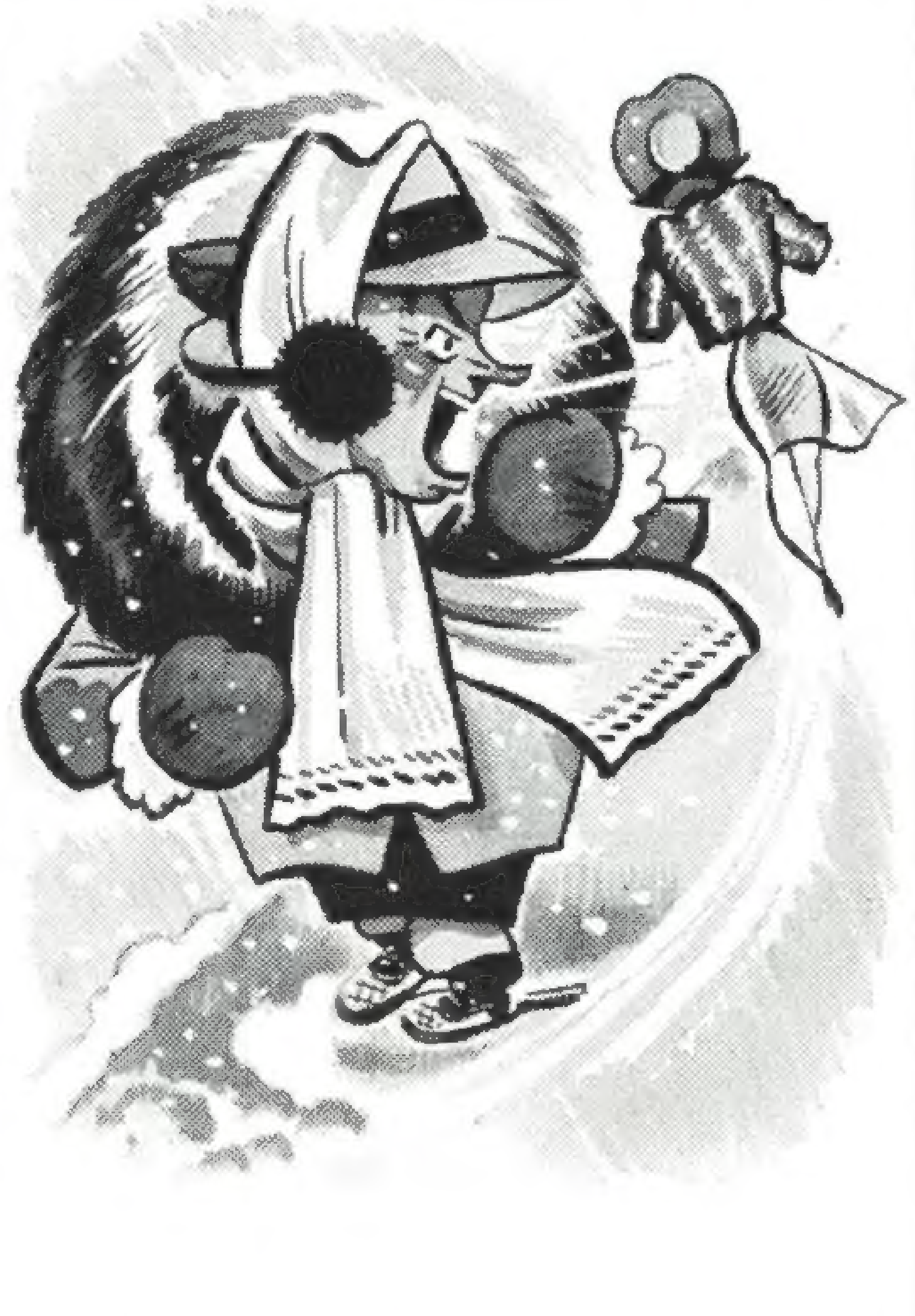
1. Stay out of drafts.



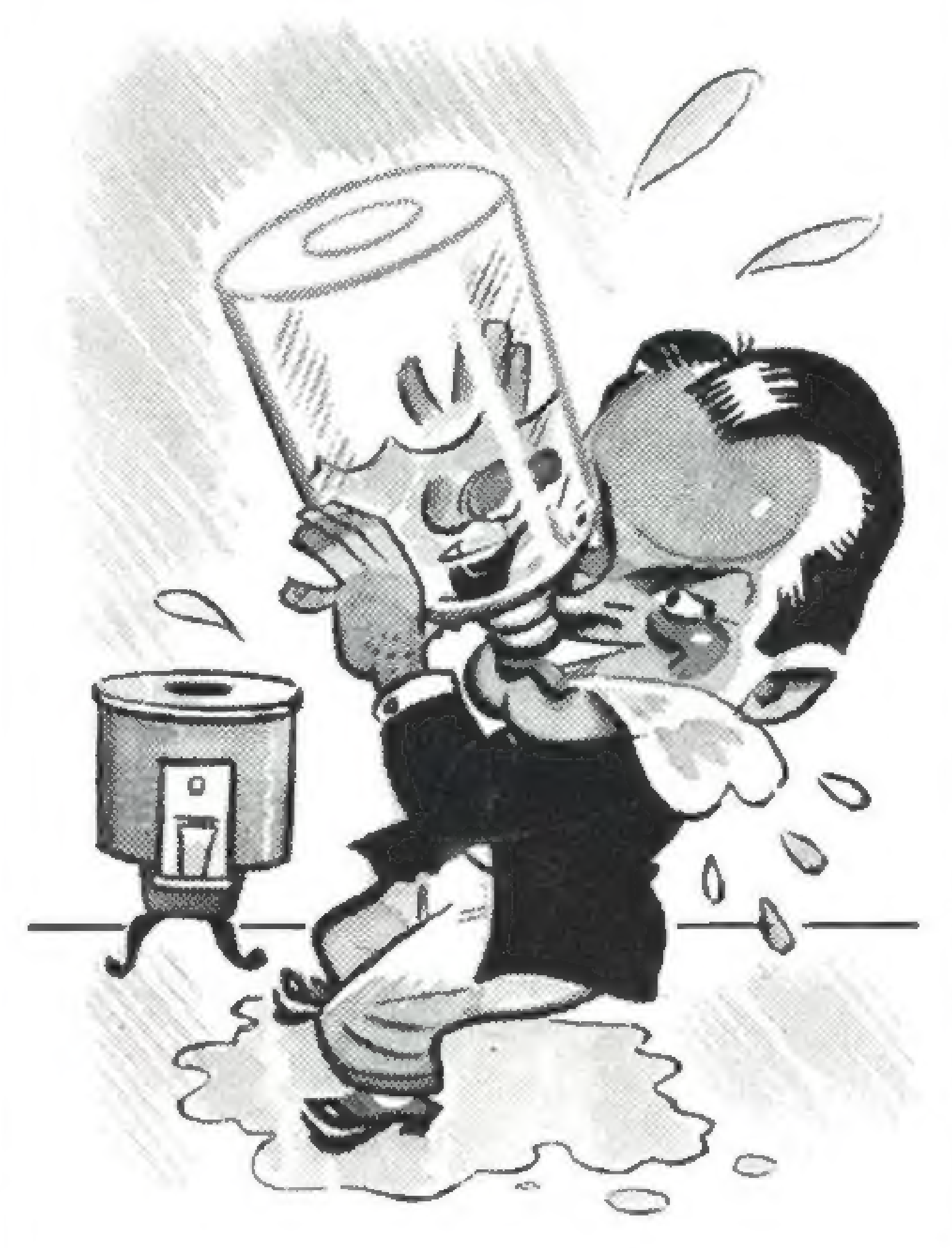
2. Avoid people with colds.



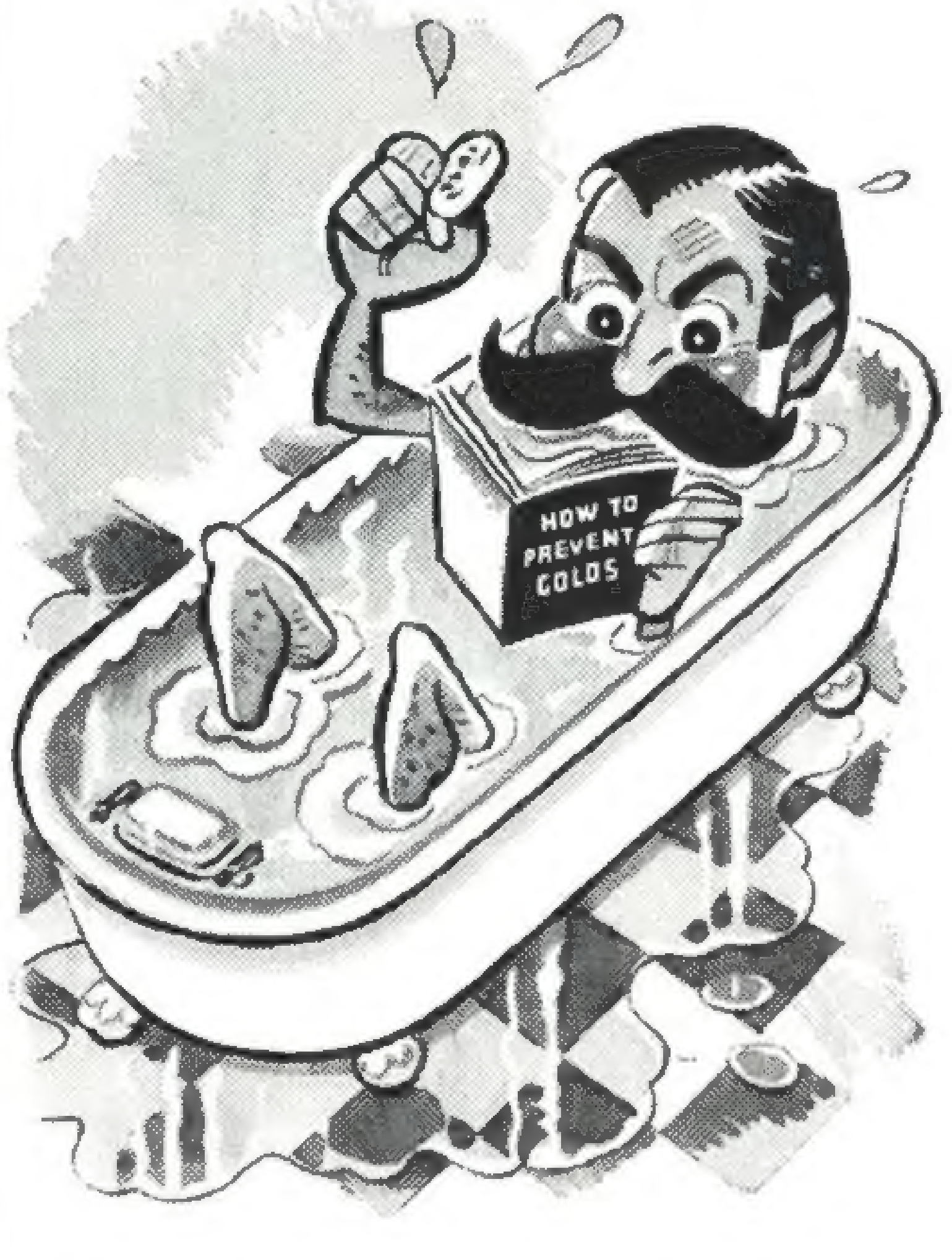
3. Get plenty of rest.



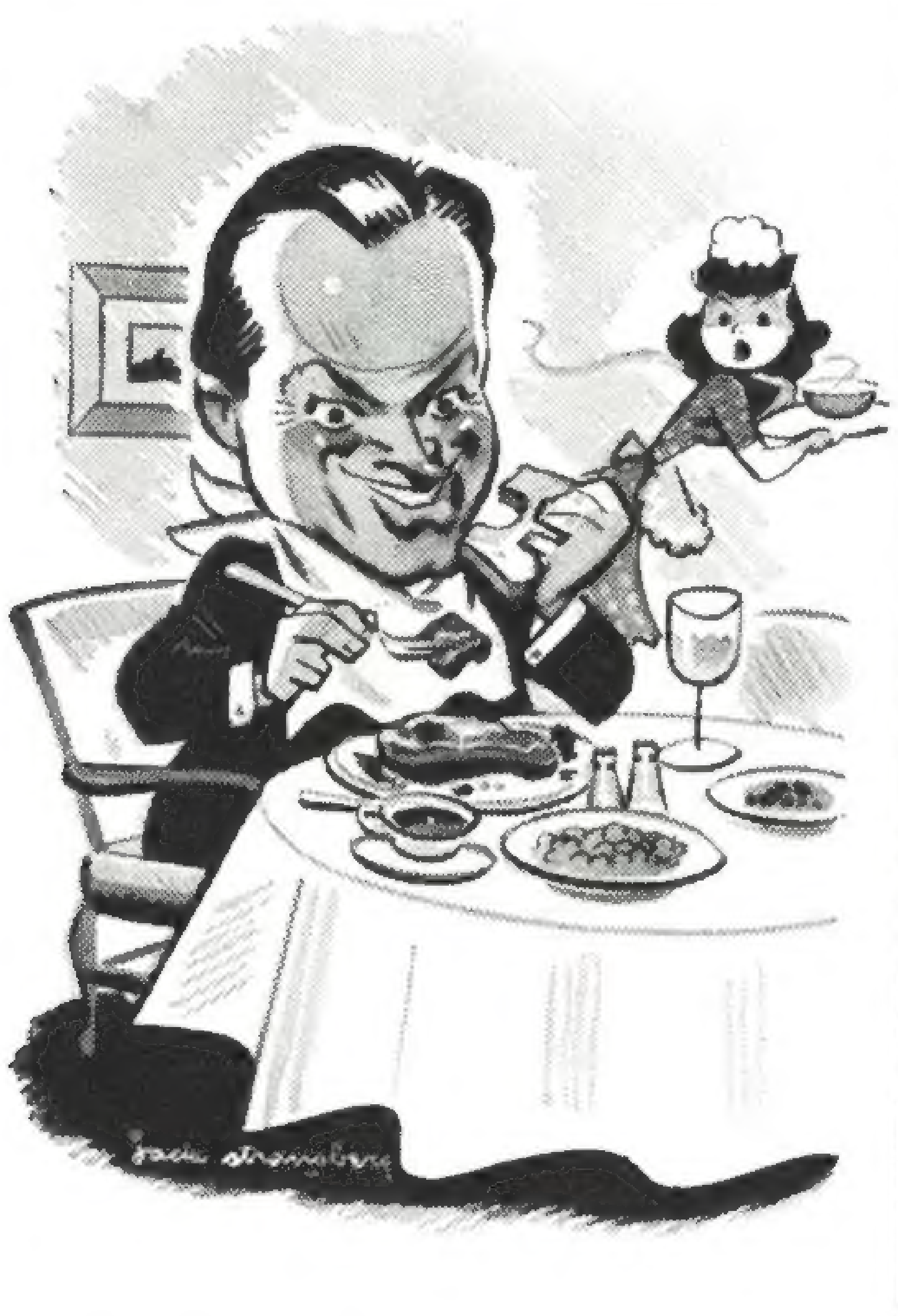
4. Dress warmly.



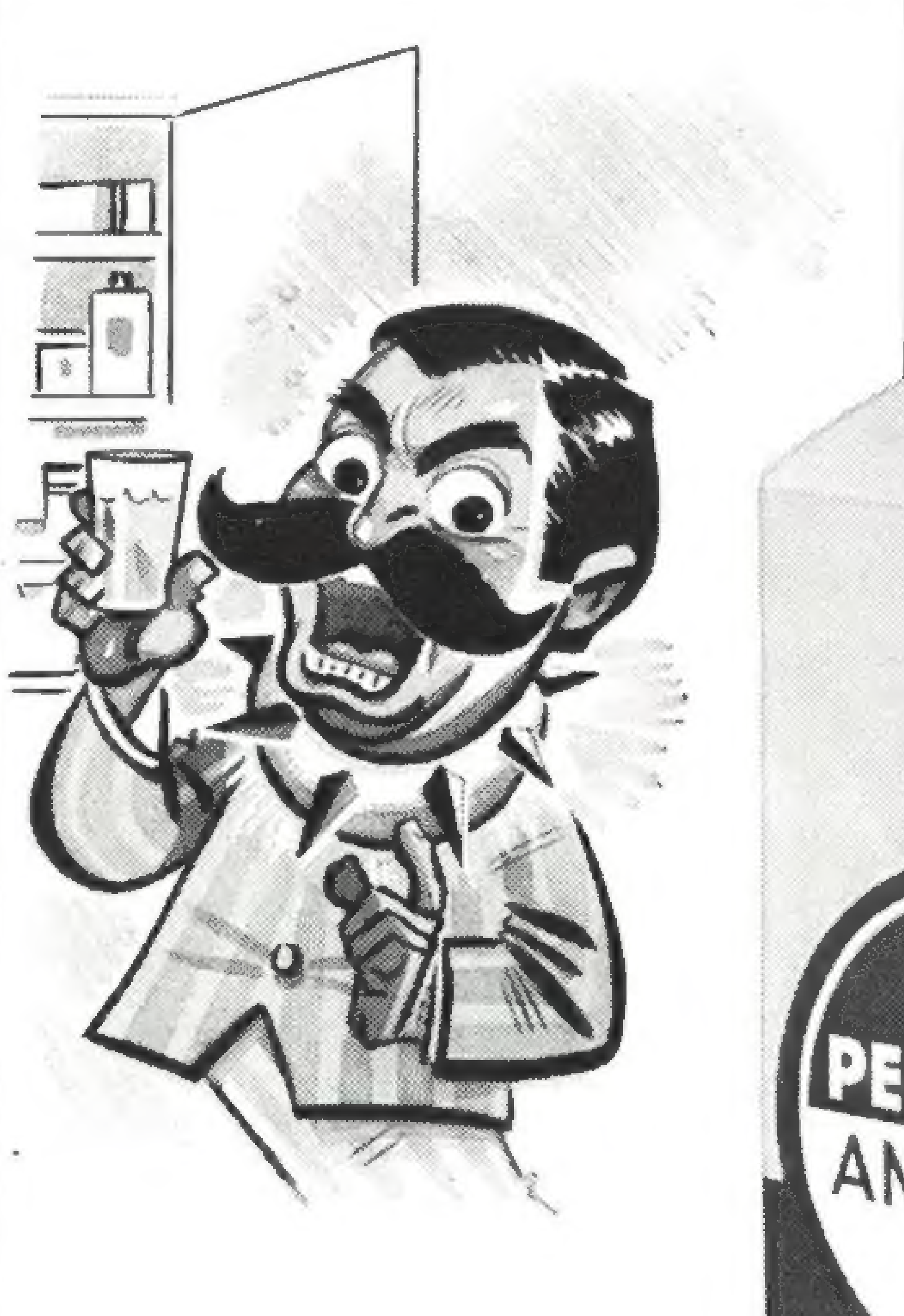
5. Drink liquids often.


HOW TO PREVENT COLDS

6. Take a warm bath after chilling exposure—then cover up.



7. Eat right—keep regular.



8. Guard your throat.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

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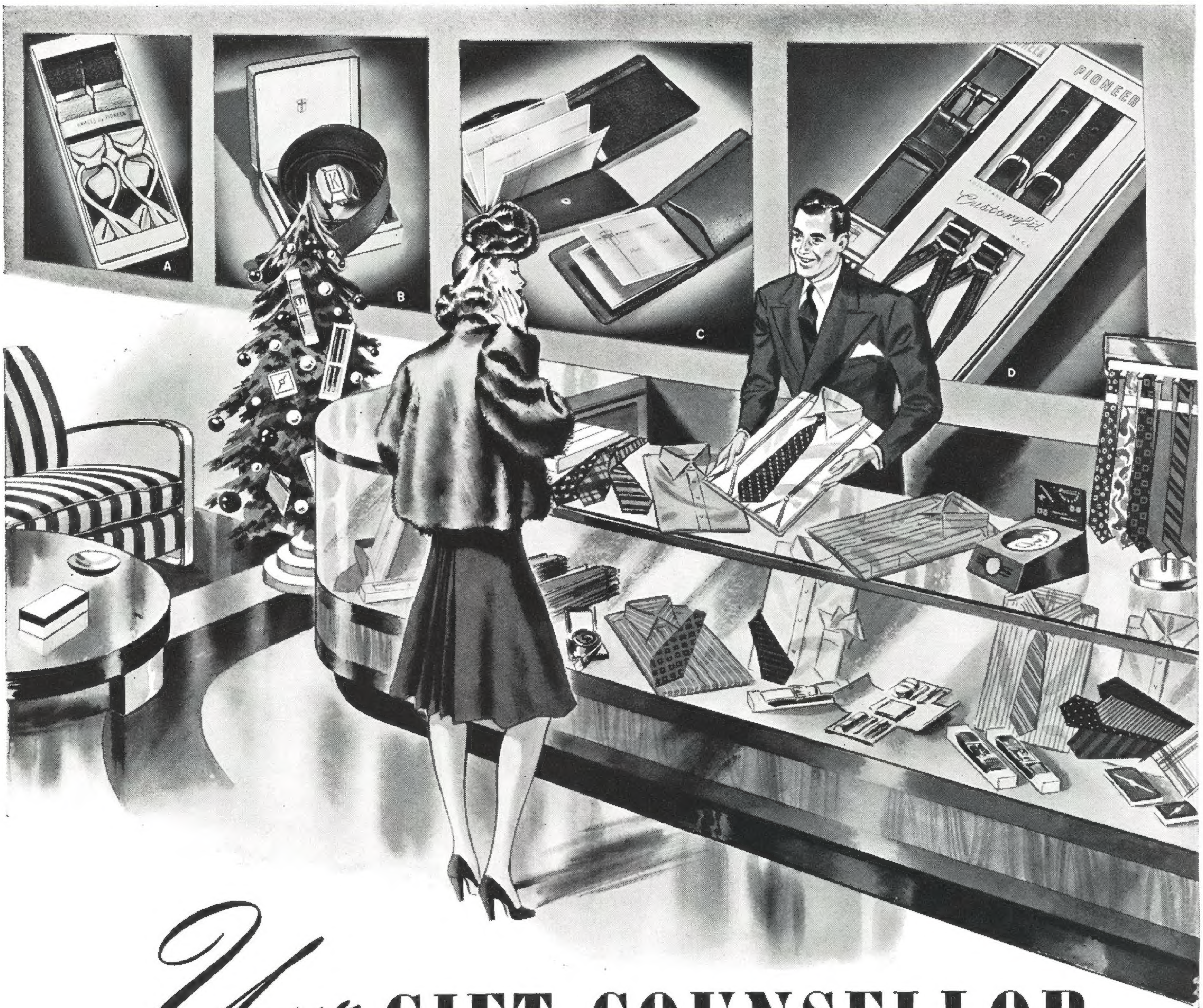
. . . and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is the easy, pleasant, effective way of taking care of yourself in threatening weather. Get a bottle of protection today.



Your GIFT COUNSELLOR *is behind the Men's Wear Counter!*

Here's a bit of man-to-man advice, Lady . . . If you're worrying your pretty head over what to give the males on your Christmas list we suggest you stop right here. For the answers are as near as your nearest men's wear counter, and the best gift counsellor we know stands back of it—and back of the merchandise he offers.

He'll tell you and show you what a man *really* wants. For years he's catered to the whims and needs of the stronger sex. He knows from experience that most men prefer "something to wear." And this year above all, whether you choose shirts, ties, braces, socks, pajamas, wallets, handkerchiefs or belts, he'll counsel you to buy gifts of *Lasting Quality* . . . of recognized reputation.

For sixty-five Christmases, among other nationally known brands, the name PIONEER has stood as a hallmark of dependable quality and smart style in accessories "For Men Who Care What They Wear."

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Edited by Arnold Gingrich

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1943

Page

ARTICLES

School for Saboteurs . . . . *Sabotage being the only weapon left to the people enslaved by the Nazis, they make the most of it* . . . . Joseph Wechsberg 41
Marriage Makes Strange Bedfellows . . *No matter how much Romeo loves Juliet the time will come when they are in hopeless conflict* . . . . Lawrence Gould 44
The Unpredictable Profile . . *Relating some of the more printable* bon mots *of that "Monster" of invective, the late John Barrymore* . . . . John Decker 51
Japan's Mein Kampf . . . . . The Tanaka Memorial, *given to the Emperor in 1927, contains plans for Jap conquest now under way* . . . . Curt Riess 56
West Point's First Captain . . *This coveted honor has served as a springboard to eternal fame for some of America's greatest soldiers* . . . . Thom Yates 58
The Unholy Horatio Alger . . *Few who have read his books realize that Alger was a man of flesh, flesh that occasionally got out of hand* . . . . Stewart Holbrook 69
The Future of Air Power . . . *Hinting at plane innovations that will revolutionize warfare as well as transportation in the post-war era* . . . . . . Robert W. Marks 77
I Lobby My Hobby . . . . *Practice these tricks, try them on your friends, and like most of Hollywood, you'll be a sucker for magic* . . . . Cy Endfield 80
31 Lessons for Brass Hats and Bureaucrats . . *Excerpts from* The Coming Battle of Germany *which every American citizen should read* . . William B. Ziff 109 B

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *The Sheep* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *The Goats* 32
The Lively Arts: Those Star and Garter Blues . . *Slapstick will outlive the strip* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 83
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Praising G. K. Chesterton's* Magic . . George Jean Nathan 84
Potables: Burbles in Every Bundle . . *An Eggnog recipe for men of good will* . . . . Lawton Mackall 91
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *How to be happy though Vegetarian* . . . . Iles Brody 94
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *An appreciation of Henry James* . . . . . . William Lyon Phelps 96
Potpourri: Ad Libbing With Esquire . . *"Many a true word . . ."* . . . . Bruce Patterson 122
Wearables: The Fine Art of Bucking . . *Grooming Hints for Rookies* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 125

FICTION

The Christmas Surrender . . . *The greatest plot in the world and all the dynamite in Libya could not hold back the evening of Christmas* . . . . . Manuel Komroff 39
Strictly Legitimate Deals . . . *Corky said they'd had some very odd characters in his company but he figgered MacClusky took the cake* . . . . Louis Paul 42
Testimonial to Hillel . . . . *After he prospered he did not forget the farmers and townsfolk who had welcomed him, an immigrant peddler* . . . . . Louis Zara 46
Rose Into Cauliflower . . . . . *Butch lived a double life, telling his fight manager nothing of the ballet and Anna nothing of the fighting* . . . . Mel Matison 54
61 Shopping Days til Love . . *Geranium's heart was full as she floated down Ruby Street, leaving her messages in surprised mailboxes* . . Edward Harris Heth 70
Strangers Defeated . . . . *The night of the storm he realized what a difference the horse made in his life on the lonely African farm* . . . . James Stern 74
Black Angel Reef . . . . *Tobri was the best diver, fisherman and sailor on the coast, and yet everyone agreed he was better off dead* . . . . . . William A. Krauss 78

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Esky the hardy perennial* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Varga Girl . . . . *Benedicts, Awake!* . . . . . . *Verse by* Franklin Reynolds; *Drawing by* Varga 45
Pictorial Map of America . . *From Associated American Artists* . . . *Painting by* Miguel de Covarrubias 47
Letter from a Soldier . . . . . *To his girl on Christmas* . . . . . . *Color Photomontage by* Erwin Blumenfeld 49
Travel Posters . . . . *Rejected by the Nazi Travel Bureau* . . . . *Drawings by* Derso and Kelen 62
March, March, Dombrowski . . *"Poland is not yet lost"* . . . . *Painting by* William Pachner 75
On the Wet Beam . . . . *Flying Fortresses in Action* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 76
The Birthday Team . . . . *Reproduction Courtesy of Camilla Lucas, Old Print Center, New York City* 85
Dorothy Kelly . . . . *Appearing in R.K.O.'s* Hitler's Children . . . . . . *Photographed by* Hurrell 87
Varga Calendar . . . . *"Oh how various is the scene . . ". Paintings by* Varga *beginning on page* 97
Ruffed Grouse . . . . *The winged drummer* . . . . *Water Color by* Walter E. Bohl 117
The English Bulldog . . . . . *He never jumps at conclusions* . . . . . *Color photograph by* Henry Waxman 118

SPORTS

Parallel Skiing vs. Stem . . . *Maintaining you wouldn't ski far with Loosli's so-called parallel technique on Taft Trail or Mt. Baldy* . . . . Otto Lang 53
Basketball Scores for Business . . *Watch industrial basketball, modeled after the Philips plan, boom these next few years despite the war* . . . . Al Wesson 67
Big Man in a Minor League . . *Mike Kelley can boast of having managed or owned seven championship teams in the American Association* . . George A. Barton 72
The Sporting Scene . . . . *School administrators are beating old bugaboos and adopting physical training on the navy pre-flight basis* . . . . . . Herb Graffis 89
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Debating the military value of boxing and the virtues of bare knuckle fights vs. gloves* . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 92

TRENDS IN DRESS

New Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Hughes, Fellows and Goodman . . . . beginning on page 156

Esquire's pages
have featured the
leading Literary Figures
of our Time

SCHOLOM ASCH
IVAN BUNIN
THEODORE DREISER
JOHN DOS PASSOS
LORD DUNSANY
HAVELOCK ELLIS
LION FEUCHTWANGER
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JOHN STEINBECK
JACOB WASSERMANN
THOMAS WOLFE
ARNOLD ZWEIG

A number
of the notable
Contributors to Esquire

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January, 1943
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Whole No. 110

T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: Pep-talk to the tune of "Easy Does It"

In this issue we print perhaps the most controversial item that this magazine has ever published in its nine years of publishing highly controversial material. We are not referring, as you might suppose after a cursory glance through the issue, to this month's biggest feature, the solid eight pages entitled *31 Lessons for Brass Hats and Bureaucrats*, devoted to a distillate of Bill Ziff's mighty best-seller, "The Coming Battle of Germany."

No, the item we have in mind is not one of this month's big features. You won't even find it listed in the Table of Contents. It's just one of those little items with which we enliven the back of the book. One single small crack away back on page 139, to the effect that our losses in this war needn't worry us, until we've lost our sense of humor.

There's more truth than humor in that little gem. But if we are halfway able to appraise the national temper, as frazzled by official utterances and the constant kibitzing of press and radio, those are fighting words.

As this is written, the country is deep in the winter of discontent. Pot-and-kettle-blackening exchanges of "Stop being complacent," have merely been superseded by a howling chorus, in close harmony and constant crescendo, of "We can lose this war."

Of course, we write this just a few days after Halloween, and maybe this present phenomenon, of a whole country of grown-ups going around growling and booing at each other, is merely a holdover of that holiday's traditional and childish ritual of trying earnestly to scare each other to death. If this present national mood is the manifestation of the winning psychology of a great nation headed for victory, then indeed the whole art of warfare *has* been turned upside down.

As it seems to us from our curbside, not to say gutter, vantagepoint, this nation of ours is beginning to behave like a bunch of beaten athletes who, as a result of well-meant but misguided tongue-lashings from its coaching staff, are now committing the fatal mistake of "pressing." When players begin "pressing," in whatever sport they may be engaged, they simply tighten up and exaggerate all their losing faults.

"Wipe off that smile" is a sound and constructive piece of advice, at that stage of the game where it is necessary to ward off over-confidence. But when it is dinned in to such a degree that the players are not merely reminded that they *can* lose the game but are convinced that they can't help losing it, no matter what they do, then that kind of advice begins to boomerang.

Breaking their clubs, bats, rackets or implements, in an access of righteous self-disgust, has never yet proved a magic means of enabling players to stop losing and begin winning.

Those who have ever engaged in competitive sports know that there is a danger point in the game where the thing to do is to stop looking at the scoreboard, stop thinking so hard about the fact that you're losing, and just relax and pretend that the game is only beginning. In other words, stop "pressing," and remember that "easy does it."

But the odd thing about this war at this juncture is that the currently accepted, and even indicated, patriotic line is the sort of grim gloom that would have been considered rank defeatism in the last war. This is an unaccustomed and unbecoming pose for the proverbially bumptious American spirit. Let's hope it's a purely momentary phase. But meanwhile, any suggestion that the enemy is somewhat short of superhuman stature, any intimation that we may still look forward to a chance to enjoy ourselves again within the predictable future—in short, any inkling of a sneaking refusal to believe that our world is headed for hell in a hack, is currently frowned upon from every side.

Once, in another hour of dreadful crisis, we had a leader who steadfastly refused to write off the curative power of laughter. Old Abe said something to this effect: "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I could not laugh I should die."

Today our powers that be seem in danger of forgetting that it is ever possible to win with a smile.

Fortunately this attitude of all-pervasive grim gloom seems much more prevalent out of uniform than in. The civilian side of our war effort to date has produced, as has previously been observed, terrific shortages of everything but tough talk. If the latter were a specific remedy for the former, the war would already be well won.

Luckily, the spirit that seems to be deliberately induced on the so-called "home front" has apparently not begun to pervade the armed forces. And the odds appear overwhelming that it won't. When and if it ever should, it's a cinch that we would go the way of France. The French Army this time didn't sing (except for a lugubrious ditty called *Il Pleurait*), it didn't wisecrack in the immemorial ribald manner of successful soldiery, it didn't behave like a bunch of irrepressible kids. That was the first true tipoff, and it was evident from mobilization day forward. It lost its sense of humor before it lost its war.

This danger, at least, is not imminent over here. That is satisfyingly shown by the accompanying exhibit on this page. This, we submit, is the Army, the way an army ought to be. Show us soldiers, or athletes, who know how to relax, who haven't forgotten how to laugh—and you can safely take for granted that they know how to fight and win.

SHOR NUFF!

By Pvt. FRANC SHOR

Esquire, the four-bit magazine which is always busy as a little beaver sandwiching good advice between its spicy cartoons, comes up this month with a male Dorothy Dix who tells you how to pick a war bride.

This advice-to-the-lovelorn character is named Woodhead. This will give you an idea of what to expect. If that name isn't a phoney, it's a damn fortunate coincidence.

Assuming you want to get married—and some guys will do anything to get off the post seven nights a week—Esquire tells you how to pick the gal. You're supposed to use a test sheet, drawn up by this guy Woodhead, which scores a dame on a possible of 500 points. If she rings up more than 400, you're advised to take a chance. If she tops 475, Eskie suggests that you rush her to the altar with a heavily armed guard, lest someone steal her or she change her mind. If she beats 495, you'd better forget the whole deal; she's either Myrna Loy, already married, or you're dreaming.

The test is divided into nine sections. Companionship comes first, with 105 points, followed by intelligence, 90 units, and disposition, with 80. Comes it then breeding (no, not that) which scores 50; beauty, 45; health, 40; juking (this is something Woodhead thought up which puts sex, dancing, manners, drinking and risque behavior in one package), 40; conversation, 30 and amusements 20. After adding up the plus marks you deduct for such items as nagging, selfishness, vanity, jealousy, cattiness and smoking. Then you figure up the total and either apply for a license or put your dough into the nearest crap game.

The pay-off on what kind of a guy this Woodhead is comes quick. He figures a gal's dancing ability is worth 20 points. Sex he gives 10.

So he'd rather dance——

And now that you know the guy is nuts, we'll give you a real, practical, G.I. test to use in case your first sergeant doesn't give you enough orders and you want an extra boss. Sit down on the nearest bunk and go right to work. If your gal scores under seven hundred points out of the possible thousand, don't worry. Maybe you aren't good at arithmetic. Maybe she's good at something else. If she tops nine hundred, send her name and address to the Panorama. If she beats nine-fifty, send her phone number, too. If she's better than nine-seventy-five—gimme a drag off that before you throw it away! Here's the test:

1. AUTOMOBILE—	
a. Good tires	50
b. Easy on gas	25
c. Paid for	25
	100
2. FINANCIAL—	
a. Can she support you?	40
b. Can her old man support you?	40
c. Can he support HER?	20
	100
3. BEAUTY—	
a. Does your sergeant whistle when she comes to see you?	20
b. Does your Lieutenant whistle when she comes to see you?	30
c. Does your Captain whistle when she comes to see you?	50
d. Does your Colonel whistle when she comes to see you? SUBTRACT	100
	ZERO
4. FAITHFULNESS—	
a. Is she blind?	30
b. Is she deaf?	30
c. Would she mind being locked up in a glass cage while you're away?	40
	100
5. NECESSITY—	
a. Has her old man got a shotgun?	50
b. Is he a good shot?	50
	100
6. POSSIBILITY—	
a. Would she marry you if you asked her?	100
	100
7. JUKING—	
a. That's right. Just what you're thinking about	400
	400
TOTAL	1000

So that's all, brother. It may not be romantic, but it's practical. But listen, chum, if you use this test, and she passes and you get married, and you don't like it and you want to blame someone, don't come hollering to us. We've got enough troubles of our own. We're married.

From the September 18, 1942, issue of the Fort Ord Panorama, published by the soldiers of Fort Ord, California.

Evans presents "Holiday"—a dramatic Christmas arrival themed to wartime simplicity. It answers the new need for accessories that can lead nine lives. Styled in jet suede, and many other leathers, it's perfectly mated with suits, furs or the dressiest dress. The lacquered frame has been hand-rubbed and is available in red, black, brown, navy and tortoise with matching or contrasting lining. Complete with harmonizing lipstick, compact and comb.

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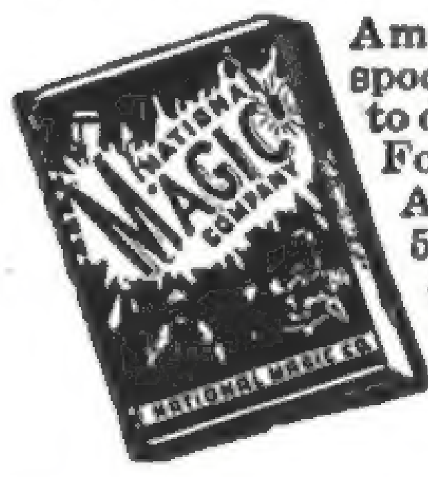

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Constant use of EMILE'S SOLVENT shampoo clears scalp of dandruff. Keeps hair, scalp, in healthy condition, imparts new lustre. Contains no free alkali, caustic soda or potash. Lathers quickly, richly. Send $1 for 8-oz. bottle. (20 shampoos).

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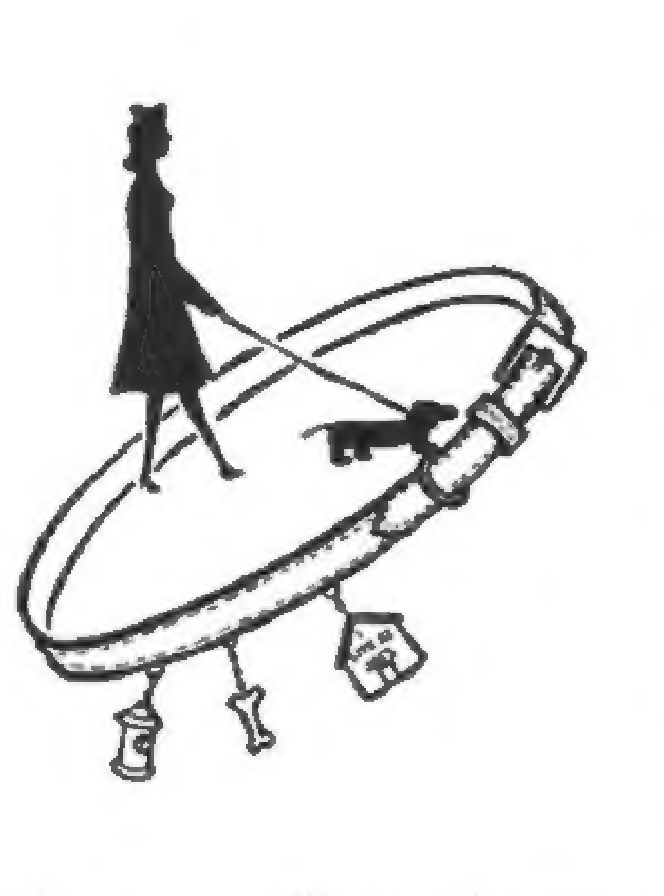
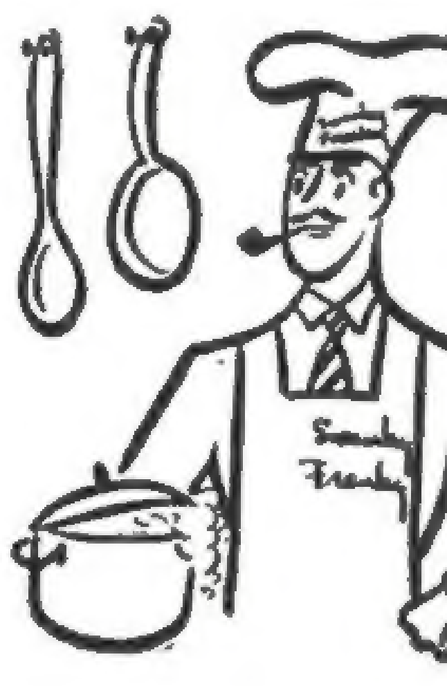
Talking Shop with Esquire

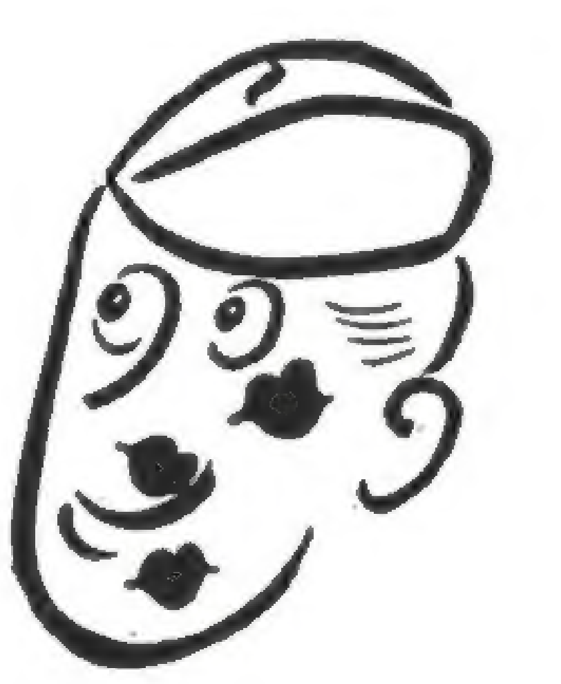
TO PUT ON THE DOG. Pamper the pooch with a bright red leather dog collar set a glitter with several sterling silver dog charms engraved with the owner's identification. The charms are sold separately and include such a doggy variety as a miniature bone with the owner's telephone number on the back, a fire plug, dog house, and other canine gew-gaws. There's still another surprise . . . the missus may have a smart red leather belt to match the dog collar . . . and if she is liable to wander, you might hang a few identification charms on her belt, too.



WHAT'S COOKIN'? Whether your cuisine specialty is lowly gas house eggs or lush crepe susies, you're entitled to wear this pro-looking white twill chef's hat and apron embroidered with "Ptomaine Tony", "Hamburger Hank", or any other moniker you can dream up. Add oomph to your midnight snack parties and steak fries with the real McCoy outfit and if you're a bar fly, pass the martini's, pappy! Those on the more dry or conservative side, might prefer just initials embroidered on the cap and apron, but if it's a gag, be sure it zoots.



LIPSTICK TRICKS. Here's a gag box for the serviceman to get in solid with the lass back home . . . when it's opened it presents the slogan, "Keep your lips for me!" and attached is a lipstick in *rascal red.* Another shade which will no doubt leave its mark in many a camp is *jeep red.* A priority proof lipstick is the one which comes encased in a fake wooden spool of thread, and another one has a wooden case on which she may carve your initials. There's a spark of glamor to the lipstick set off by a spiral shaped lucite case, and lipsticks are such useful gifts!



HAPPY HANGOVER. Start the New Year as clear as a Christmas bell with a hangover bath, which will rinse your whole system without giving you a yesterday's wash feeling. The recipe is one or two jiggers of the magic ammonia solution to an old hot tub filled with hot water. Then pour yourself into the heavenly vaporous liquid, inhale deeply, and in twenty minutes you might even consider another drink. This is the sure-cure for jangled nerves, office jitters, and headline hangovers, too, but don't be frightened by the champagne bottle in which the liquid is packaged.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

give IDENTIFICATION For XMAS

Positive identification is a safeguard wherever you are. Men and women of the armed forces, students and stay-at-homes alike **must** protect their clothing and belongings. Mark them all with Cash's WOVEN Names. Easy to attach to anything with NO-SO Cement. An ideal wartime gift. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 25c for 1 doz. of your FIRST name and sample of NO-SO for attaching without sewing.*

CASH'S 493 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn. or 6235 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles. Calif., or 163 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube
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The Ideal Gift!

NEW PERSONAL DIFFERENT

An inexpensive gift with individual charm. Big 4 inch diameter coasters with any three initials of carved cork, permanently set in recessed waterproof cork base, which catches and quickly evaporates condensation. Coaster cannot adhere to glass. Washable; durable. Beautifully packaged, 8 coasters to set. Mailed prepaid in U.S. only $2.00. 24-hr. service. When ordering print initials plainly to avoid error.

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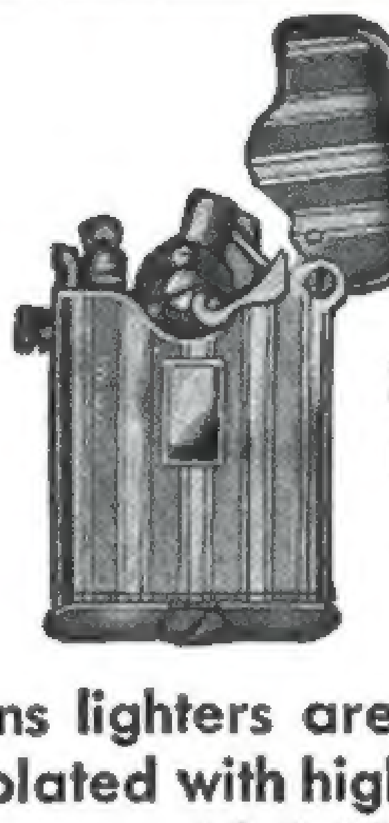
"The Lighter that Lights"



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Thorens lighters are beautifully plated with high chrome or gold finish.

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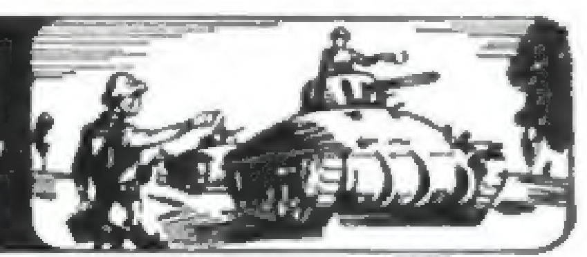

HULL STREAMLINE COMPASSES are serving a vital function on the U. S. Army's motor vehicles . . . reliable guides for any movements. War needs have stopped manufacture for civilian car owners, although some dealers still have a few in stock.

HULL MANUFACTURING CO.
P.O. Box 246-G1 Warren, Ohio

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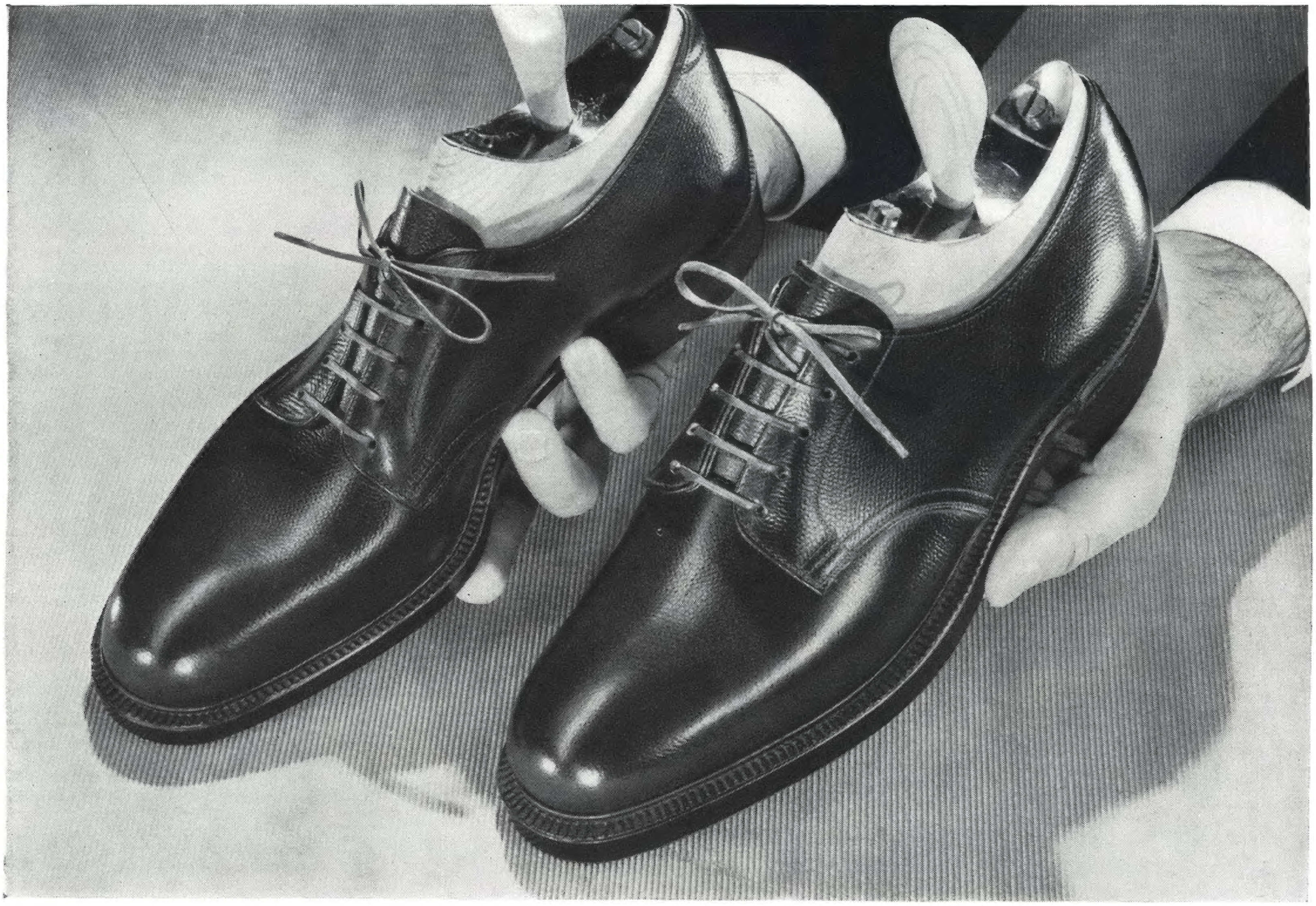
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



WHICH IS WHICH?

$45.00 Bootmaker's Original and

$6.60 REGAL REPRODUCTION

ONE of the shoes in the unretouched photograph above cost $45 a pair! *The other costs just $6.60 a pair in any Regal Shoe Store!*

"The catch?" *There isn't any!*

We bought the original from one of New York's renowned custom bootmakers. The "Regal Reproduction" is made over the same last, from the identical leather (imported Martin's Albion Grain—finest of all leathers produced by the famed Martin tannery in far-off Glasgow, Scotland)!

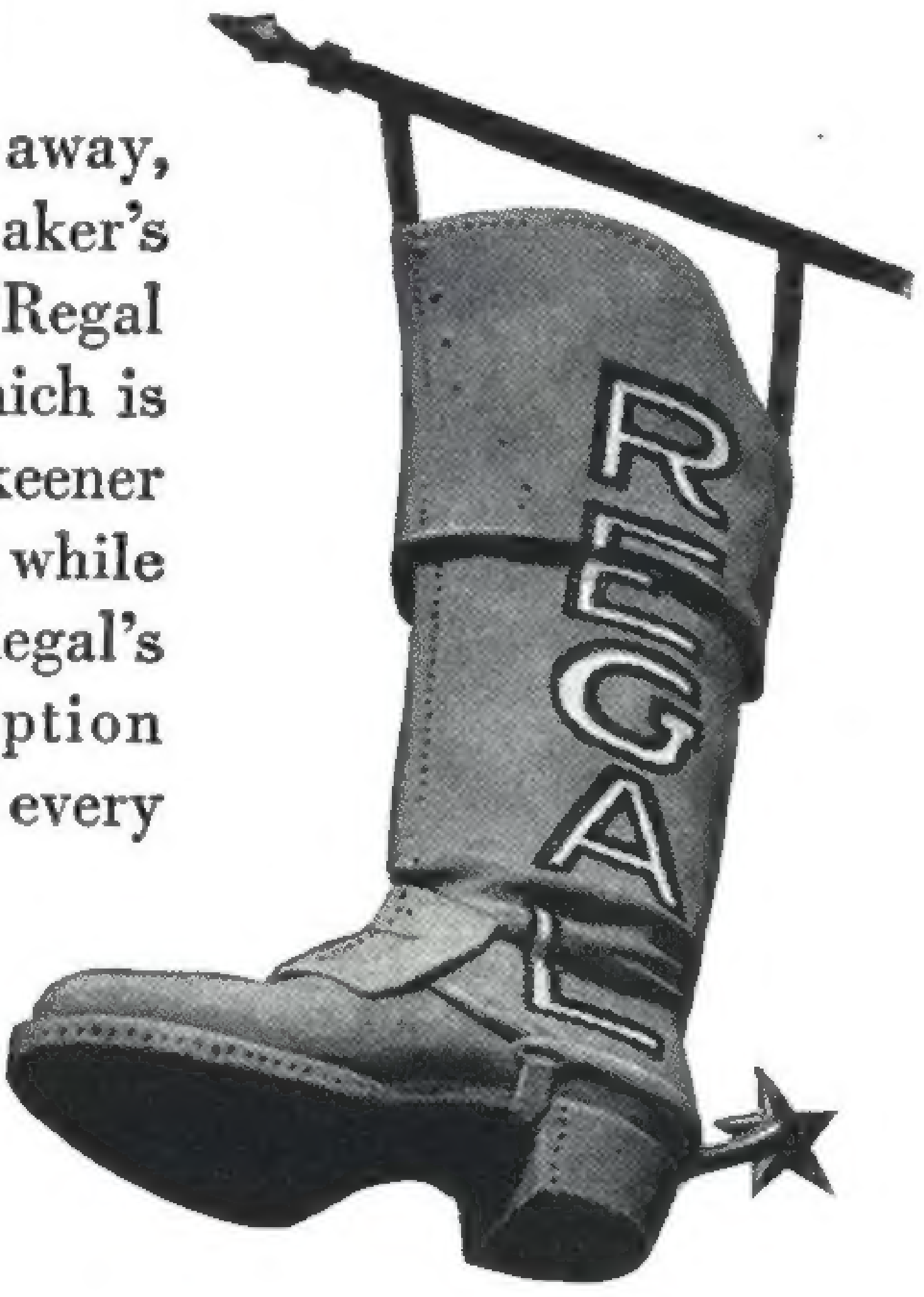
Thus Regal carries on its established policy of reproducing the masterpieces of English and American custom bootmakers—and another military-styled shoe joins the "Regal Reproductions" to be found in your nearest Regal Store!

We don't claim that this latest "Regal Reproduction" is worth $45, of course. Naturally, the original is hand made and hand stitched. And while the custom bootmaker can make only a few pairs a day, Regal makes more than 3000 pairs daily!

But the "inside story" of Regal's low price is *factory-to-you distribution!* Every shoe made in the Regal factories is sold through Regal Stores only, or by mail—no multiple profits, no heavy distribution costs to boost the single coast-to-coast price!

Visit a Regal Store right away, and ask to see one of the bootmaker's originals, together with the "Regal Reproduction." Try to tell which is which. You'll find it takes a keener eye than *most* folks have! And while you're there, learn about Regal's exclusive, patented "Prescription Fitting" service — a feature of every Regal Store!

(See page 20 to learn "which is which" in the unretouched photo above.)



REGAL SHOES

FACTORIES AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASS.

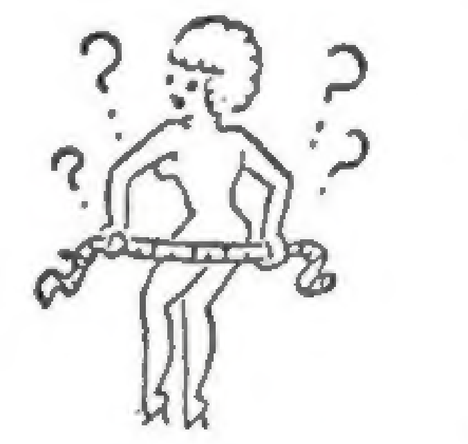
WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE FOLDER "E-2"

80 REGAL-OWNED RETAIL STORES IN Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; **Boston (3); Brooklyn (8);** Buffalo; **Chicago (3);** Cincinnati; Cleveland; **Detroit (7);** Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; **Jersey City (2);** Kansas City; **Los Angeles (2);** Milwaukee; Newark; New Haven; **New York (29 stores in Greater New York);** Norfolk; Oakland; Paterson, New Jersey; **Philadelphia (4);** Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; **San Francisco (2);** Seattle; Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; **Washington (2);** Worcester.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

STRICTLY PUBLIC PRIVATE FIGHT

I wonder what this country is coming to when the virile men of the Air Corps have to give their bust measurement at the end of a letter like Lt. Albert J. ("Vital Statistics") Latham, Air Corps, Howard Field, Canal Zone, did in his "critiques on Doris Crane's remarks." (*The Sound and the Fury*, Aug. issue, Esq.)



I can't imagine Lt. "Lana" modeling a Hollywood "cantelope sweater" as George Jean Nathan calls them. But, who knows, maybe that is what our airmen wear now to keep out the rugged blasts of tropic gales!! Then there's that "uplift" to the spirit, too!!

I might as well get another thing off my chest, pardon, I mean bust. Is "Glamour Girl" Latham afraid to give his hip measurement, which he so coquettishly left out in his article by substituting a question mark? What's the matter, Lieutenant, can't you get any more two-way stretches?

Sympathetically yours,
Junior College Miss
Burlingame, Cal.

II

Dear "Junior College Miss:"

I admire very much the spirit that prompted your sarcasm, particularly since my first thought, on seeing my letter published, was along the same lines. I do regret, however, the timidity that caused you to omit your identity.

The seat measurement you desired is, according to just completed research, 36 inches. Perhaps you will have the courage to publish yours (with aforementioned identity, of course).

As to the sweater, I could use it where I am now and, I might say, if you are as pretty as you are sarcastic, you don't need it anyway.

Hoping this reaches you, and wishing I could see your face if it does, I remain,

The object of your sympathy,
Albert J. Latham

LITTLE ESSAY ON UNWOODEN HEADS

It may be true that the difference between Beasts and Human Beings is that the former thrive on the strength of brawn, while the latter thrive on their brain power. But there is a more important difference. The life of human beings is dominated by sentiments and emotions, which are totally unknown to the beasts. That may help to explain the fact that the beasts are more practical creatures than the brainy human beings.

Mr. Woodhead tries to tell his fellow human beings that every one of us can be happily married by following his scientific formula in the choice of his (or her) life mate. He says the most important thing to do is to keep your head cool so that you will neither act on impulse nor let your emotions influence your decision. How convincing, how scientific, if not how impractical! It so happens that there is such a word as Love, which though only four-lettered, means a lot more than we know. It defies definition. It thrives on emotion. As Lincoln Steffens says, "Love begins when intelligence ends, and love ends when intelligence begins." In other words, the moment you try to use your cool head, love ends. The question is not whether we should marry for love or not. But is it possible for us not to be emotional when emotions play a particularly important part in determining the relationship between man and woman. Mr. Woodhead thinks that he has applied his own formula himself and that he has a girl who scores a little less than 500, as he tells us in his article *Should I Marry the Girl* in the current issue of the Esquire. I will not be surprised to find that his girl may score less than 50 after they are married.

Tolstoy says, "Life is not ruled by reason, if there is reason, there is no life."

Think it over, Mr. Wood-head.

Sincerely yours,
Chicago, Ill. D. J. Lee

UP-BEEP

In re Beep: just increase this new department to about ten pages and I will be satisfied! It is clever, refreshing and a welcome addition to the ever-welcome Esquire.

I had more laughs out of those few pages than I've had in many a day and hope everyone else who reads Esquire will feel the same and let you know about it so you'll keep it in.

Cordially,
Sanger, Cal. Mrs. R. J. Senior

DOWN-BEEP

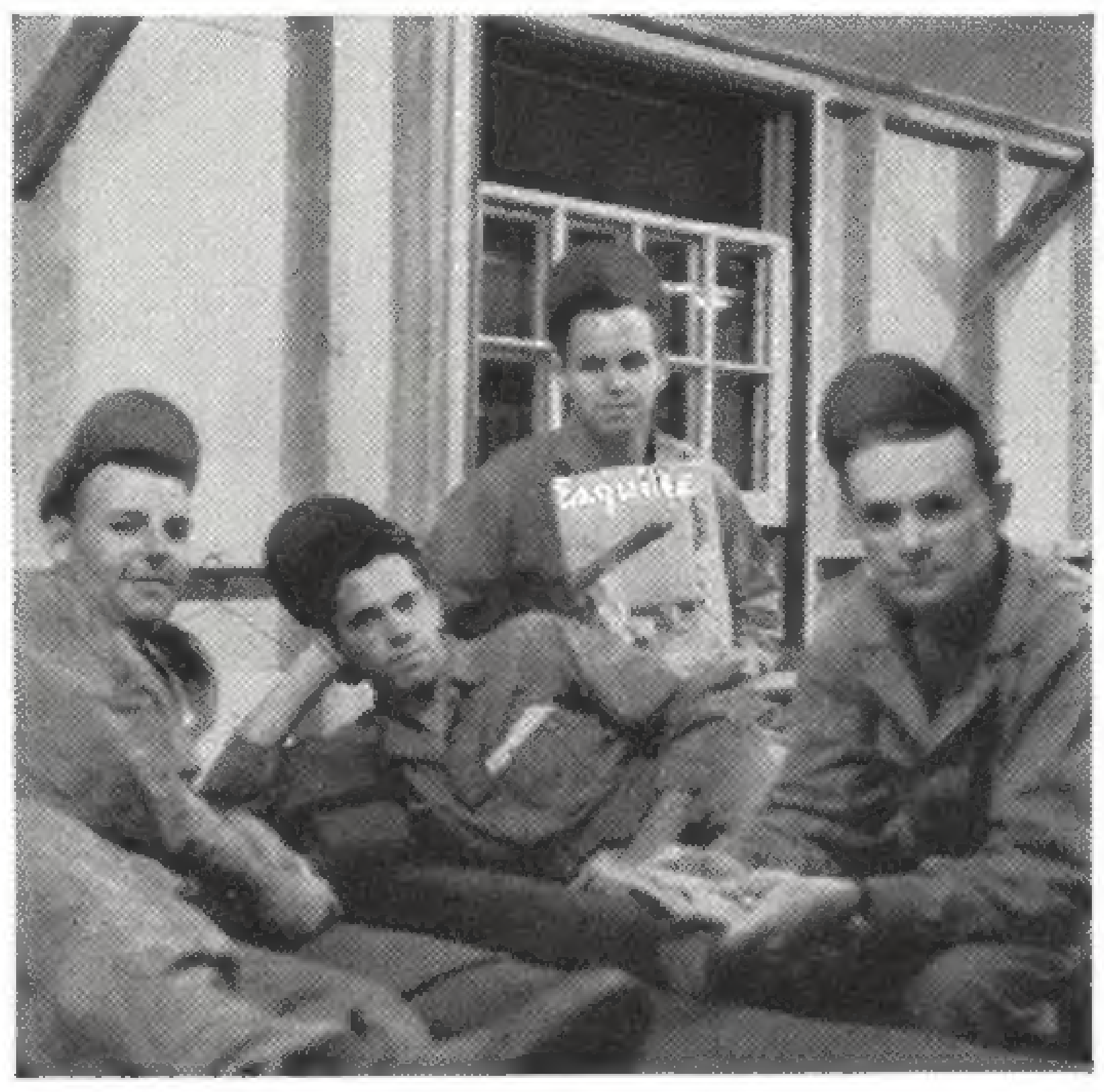
If the humor (?) of Beep is of sufficient quality to occupy four valuable pages of Esquire (what with paper shortages and all), why haven't you accepted one of the scores of manuscripts I have submitted to Esquire in the past—rejected because they seemed to lack point and substance?

Sincerely yours,
Billy L. Bennett
Muskegon, Mich.

A LIKELY STORY

It was suggested that I forward you the enclosed pictures—taken in the barracks one evening.

The fellows are aviation cadets awaiting classification.



The fellows are—left to right:
James Pidcock—New Jersey
Martin Taylor—Virginia
George Peterson—Illinois
Eugene Phelan—Montana

None of us realized that your magazine was in the picture until it was returned from the photo-finisher—as your magazine is a very popular "item" here.

Yours sincerely,
Michael R. McGarvey
S. A. A. B.
Santa Ana, Cal.

WE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JAN. 1, 1801

William Lyon Phelps, in November Esquire, remarks that Carola Oman is in error by stating that the Nineteenth Century began on January first, 1800.

The Nineteenth Century *did* begin on January first, 1800.

I.E.—This is the Twentieth Century, yet it is 1942.

Century One—0 to 99.

2nd Century—100 to 199, etc.

Or am I wrong?

Vista, Cal. Art Palmer

CONTENTED CUSTOMER'S CAPSULE COMMENTARY

Whenever I feel blue or down in the dumps, I just pick up Esky and glance through, and in no time at all I'm a new man. Keep up the good work.

Gratefully yours,
Melvin A. Neustadter
Roxbury, Mass.

A LETTER, TYPICAL OF SEVERAL SCORE

I have just read *Black Boy's Good Time*, an article in the November issue of Esquire by Elmer Grossberg and I think it is an insult to the thirteen million Negroes of this country. It is filled with a word that is distasteful to all Negroes and I am surprised at you for allowing such material to appear in your magazine.

Your magazine is widely read by Negroes in this country and those serving with the armed forces abroad and I am wondering if they think it's alright. This is no time to print anything that will cause any discord between the races, and editors and publishers must be careful if they are to do their part to maintain national solidarity.

Mr. Gingrich, the Negro race has been offended and expects an apology from you or Elmer Grossberg.

John H. Gilmore, M.D.
Lexington, Va.

Editor's note: *Over the past nine years we have printed a number of stories depicting ignorant and brutal maltreatment of Catholics and Jews, without ever once being accused of being either anti-Catholic or anti-Semitic. Hence we were unprepared for the amazing illogic with which scores of such readers as Dr. Gilmore took us to task for insulting the Negro race by printing a story of an innocent Negro boy's maltreatment by ignorant and brutal white police. That the story was a terrible condemnation of certain die-hard and know-nothing white elements, we cheerfully admit. That it called for an apology to anybody we simply can't see. But we're beginning to understand the feelings of the fellow who first said "I'll take care of my enemies myself; just protect me from my friends."*

HALIFAX BOMBER ON A ROUTINE RAID

My wayward eyes, spot hopping through various magazines is one of my uncontrollable vices, not writing letters to editors. However, variety will rear its head now and again, being the spice of vice it is and a letter will resolve itself on paper, whereas it usually remains nothing more than a vagrant thought.

Opinions which belong to me are, to say the least of no value to you, as far as your publication in general is concerned. I do glance through it once in a while if I have parted with its purchase price or if I have been sent a copy in which the labour of a friend happens to see the light of day for my honest criticism. At least, these particular friends claim that is their reason for mailing the thing to me; I suspect however it is really to prove that dear Arnold doesn't think they are quite as bad as I have previously claimed. In which case I reply, "Gingrich is the editor of Esquire and I am not, thank God." Meaning all the while that I, fortunately, may retain an unpolluted appreciation of good writing.

I have always objected strongly to the streaky coat of art-varnish you slather on your fiction. I do wish you'd give it another going over before you call these monstrosities ready for publication.

However I do like the spasmodic Ernest Buckler and his few and far betweens and once in a while Manuel Komroff rises to the surface. After all when you play a slot machine long enough you're bound to hit an occasional jackpot. Louis Paul should learn a skilled trade—something for him to fall back on in his old age.

Enough of this. There are two departments which appear monthly that stand out and these two have been the cause of this letter. One is the best thing of its kind published and to come from such a mediocre magazine—that's something. The other is the worst, and even that's something, I suppose. The parties responsible are George Jean Nathan and William Lyon Phelps, respectively.

I am not trying to grease Mr. Nathan's paws so that he will one day give me a good review. As a matter of fact I would gladly pay him if he would take the time to tear to shreds one of my plays as he does those he sees produced. I would profit by his personal criticism even more than I profit by his public ones. It is a great help to see the flaws as they strike a discriminating one man audience in the popularly accepted dramas—for then one consciously avoids the same pitfalls.

Nathan has shrewd eyes which penetrate through the subtlest camouflage. I even allow him his pet Saroyan. Saroyan has a great soul and will some day be a great playwright when he learns the proper meaning of the word symbolism and he suffers a little from experience. All he needs is a wee dash of bitterness—otherwise he might end up a frozen A. A. Milne.

Mr. Phelps, on the other hand, is a tragic figure who has apparently inherited a broken down brain from some fastidious medical institute. He skips through the world of letters much like a modern Pan—piping sweet melodies for no good reason except perhaps he's a happy soul o'erflowing with love and admiration for all men who can write a whole big book all by themselves.

I shall, I suppose, continue reading your publication because of *First Nights & Passing Judgments*. The peculiar paper upon which it appears doesn't seem to have the same effect it has on Esquire's *Five-Minute Shelf*.

Sincerely,
Myron J. Galloway
Halifax, N. S., Can.

CAN IT BE THAT IT JUST ISN'T FUNNY?

I am a fortunate recipient from friends in the U. S. of a present of a year's subscription to Esquire. Recently I have received my first two numbers (July and August), and I thought you might like to know what pleasure they give me.

Just to mention one section, the sports articles are outstandingly good, and there were two articles on fishing which made me wish for the feel of my rod in my hands once again! Two reproductions of portraits: "The Holbein Girl" and "Veda Ann Borg"—are really beautiful and are before me on the wall of my bunk as I write.

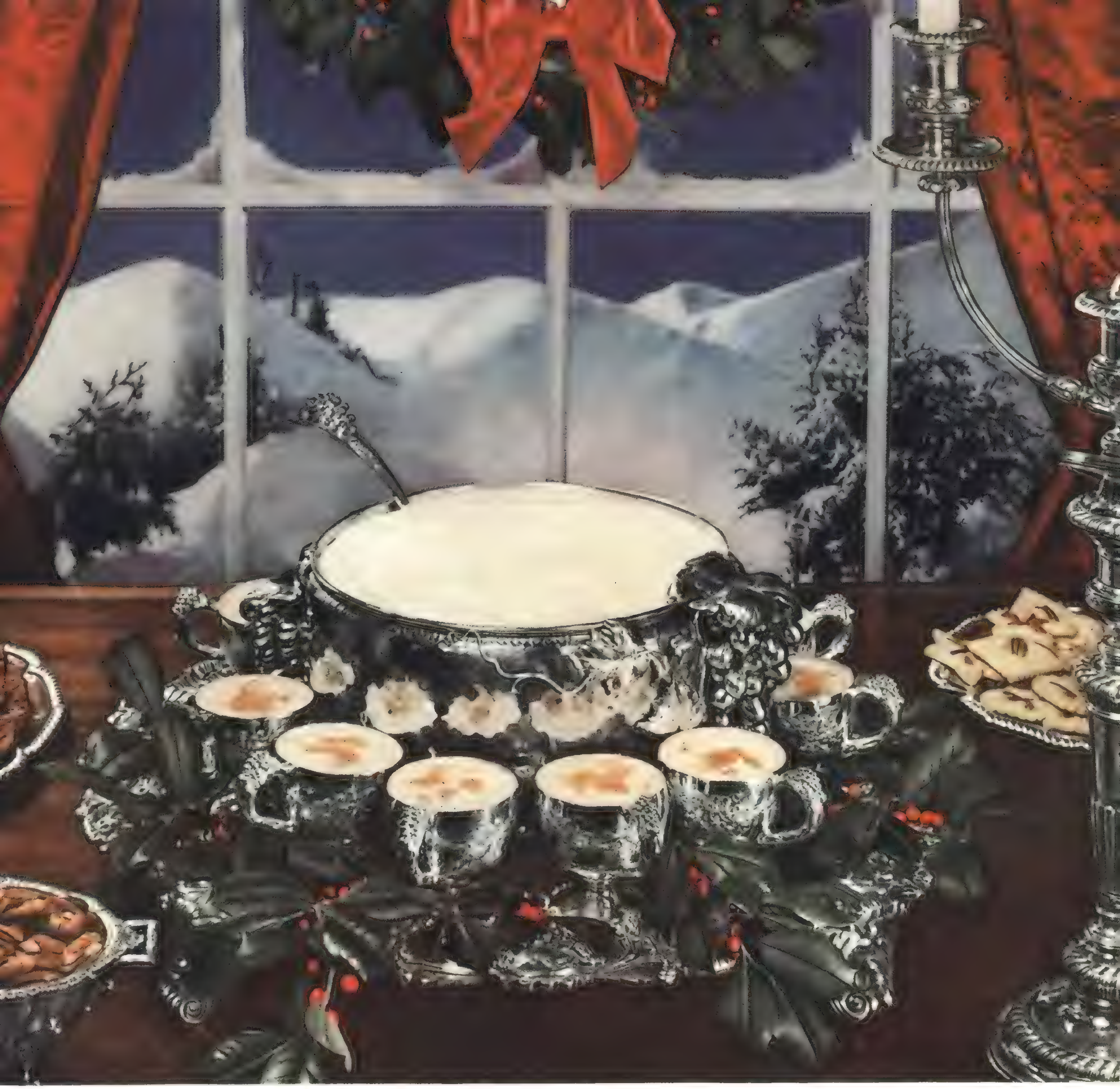
Strangely enough, as it must seem to you, most of the humor leaves me cold. Can it be true that we British have no sense of humor?

But there is a touch of life and color about your magazine which I thoroughly appreciate. I suppose it helps to supply something that one misses in conditions as they are bound to be over here in war-time.

Nevertheless, we are cheerful and confident, and, I can assure you, are working hard.

With best wishes.

Sincerely,
G. R. Andrew, *Lieut.*
High Standing Kingsley Terr.
Westward-Ho, Devon, England



ONCE AGAIN—IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF Merry Christmas!

It's a gracious, heart-warming custom, dropping into friends' homes at Christmas time to share a Four Roses Egg-Nog. But the warmest glow of all belongs to the Four Roses Egg-Nog host himself. If you've never been one, why not try it—this Christmas!

IT'S SO EASY! All you need for 5 pints of Egg-Nog is 6 eggs—¾ cup sugar (or 1 cup light corn syrup)—1 pint cream—1 pint milk—1 oz. Jamaica Rum—1 pint Four Roses. (*But be sure you use Four Roses—to get an Egg-Nog that can't be matched for flavor-rich magnificence!*)

YOU MAKE IT THIS WAY: Beat separately the yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. (If corn syrup is used, gradually add the *full cup* to egg whites while beating.) Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir cream and milk in. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

AH! WHAT DELICIOUS EGG-NOG! And well it might be! For today's Four Roses is finer by far than any whiskey we've ever made or known—in all our 77 years…another reason you should be a Four Roses Egg-Nog host this Christmas!

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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CONSIDER THE DIFFERENCE A PAIR OF ADLER ELEVATORS CAN MAKE IN YOUR LIFE.

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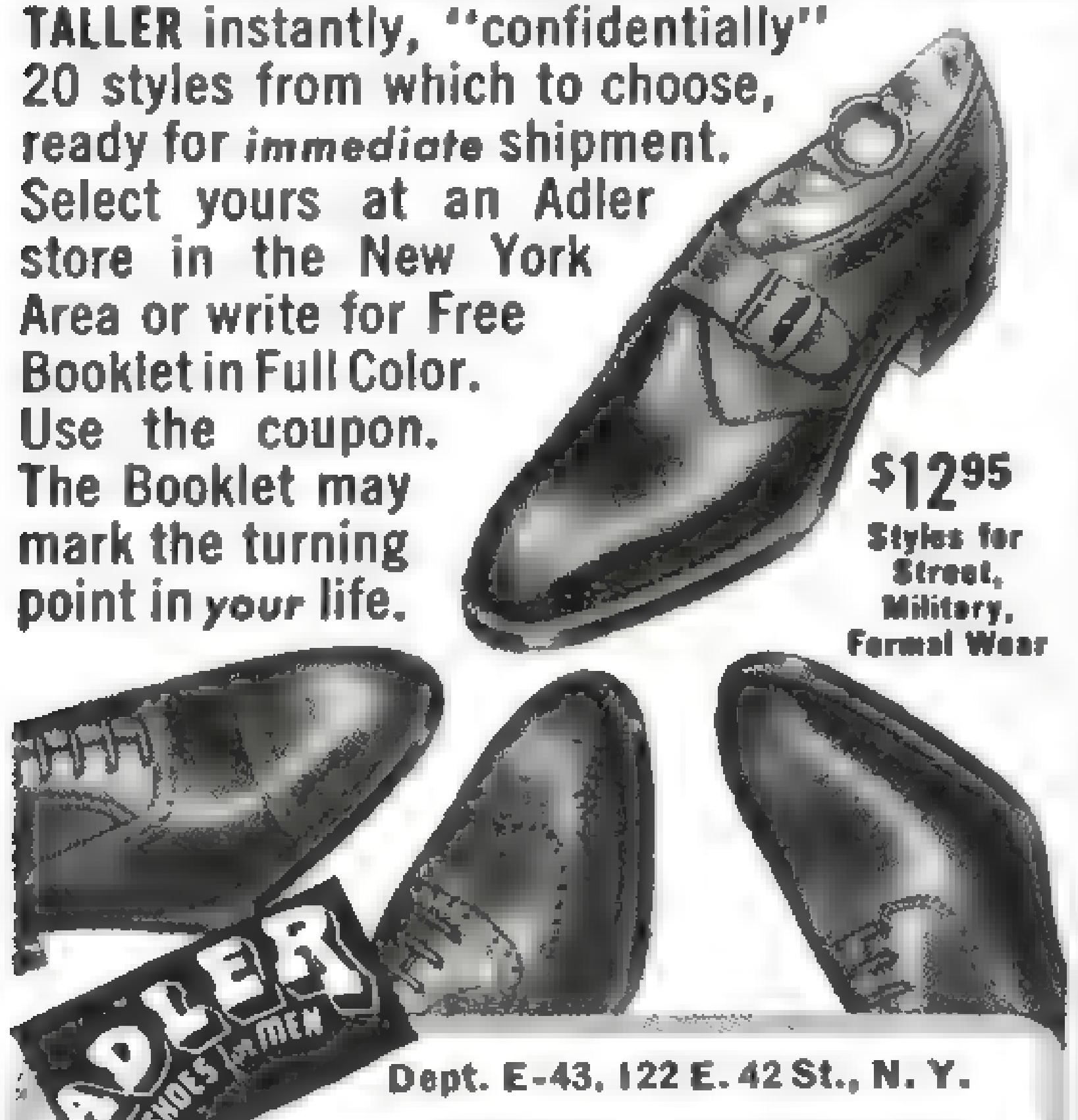

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COFFEE-ETS

These grand little candy pepper-uppers made of pure cream and real coffee have all the flavor of a cup of morning coffee with its refreshing stimulation.

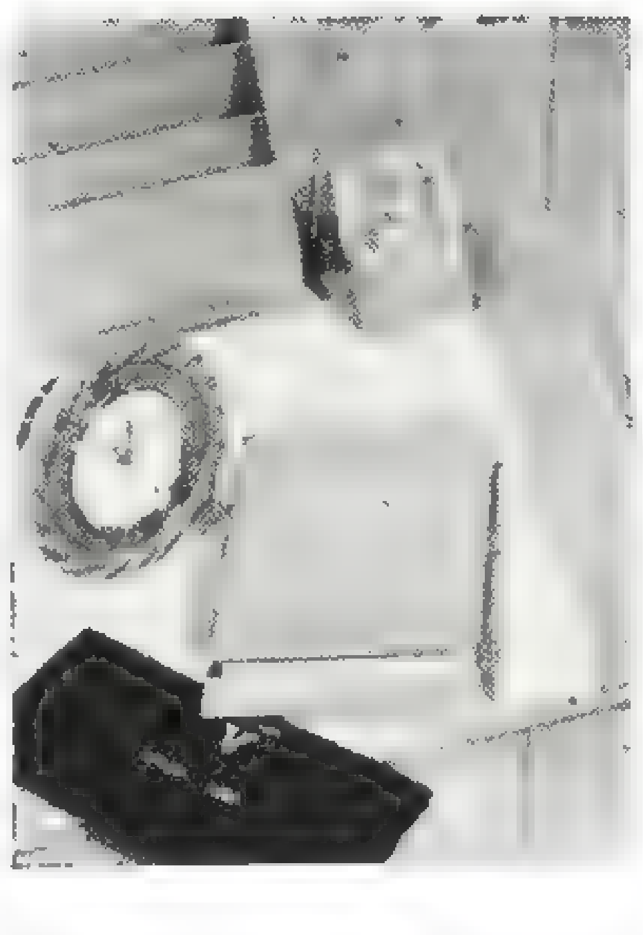
Coffee-ets, smooth and small, are individually wrapped to be easily carried for a zestful quick pick-up anytime, anywhere.

Make a boy happy; send him a pound of Coffee-ets today. 7½ oz. 60¢. 1 lb. $1.10

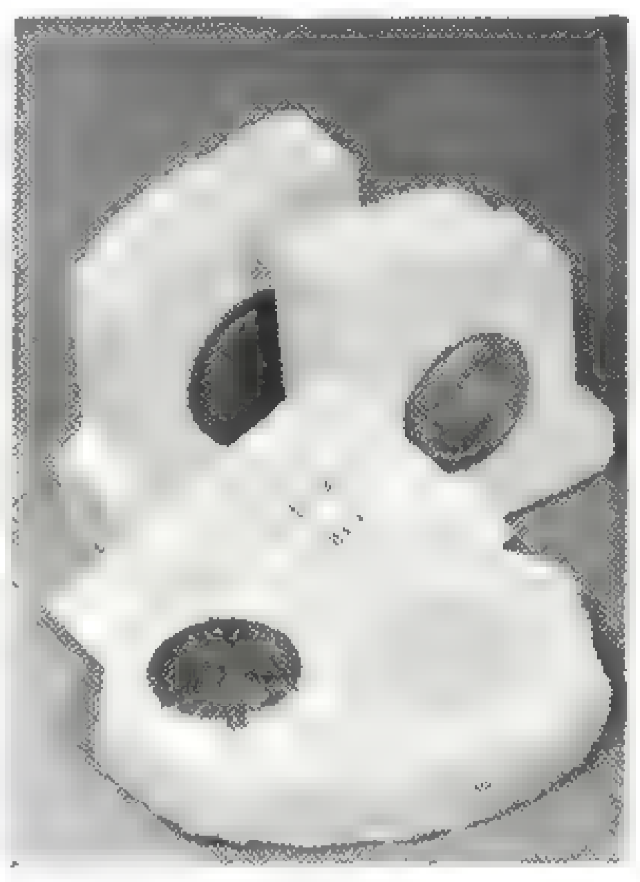
If your dealer does not carry them write us.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
Incinell Avenue • Alameda, California

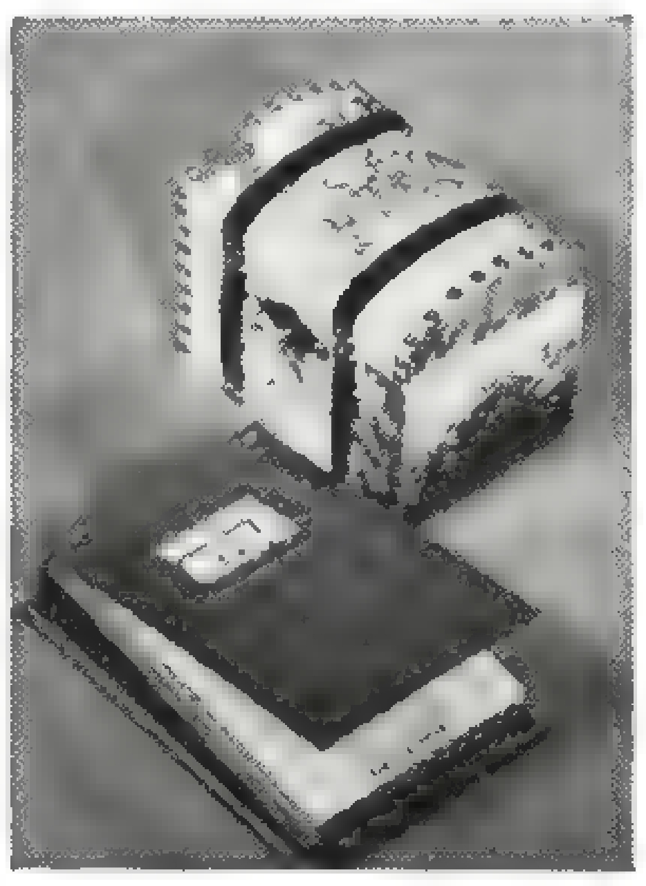
Talking Shop with Esquire



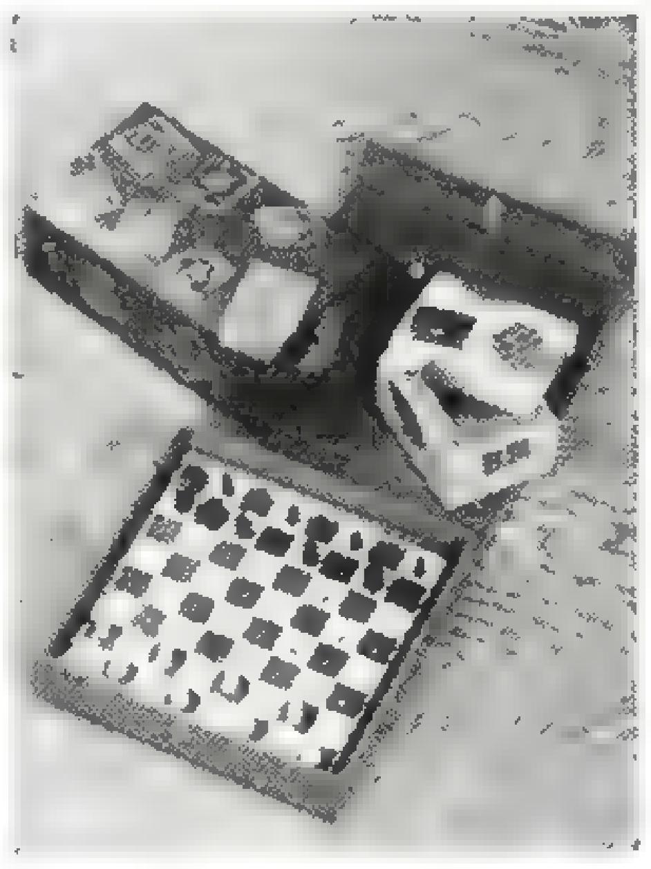
DESK CHEER. No reason why his desk always has to look drab, when desk accessories in a color called "lacquer red" are available. All the pieces shown—letter holder, inkwell stand, memo pad, and desk blotter, are constructed of calfskin with the same sense of fine craftsmanship as that given to Renaissance leathers. The matching clock is electric and good to look upon, with its rope-effect edge. Other pieces in the same color are available, too . . . The leather folder for War Bonds reminds you that bonds and stamps belong in everyone's Christmas stocking.



PRESENT-DAY MEMENTOS. The London blitzes, being no respecters of architecture, have resulted in the destruction of many famous buildings designed by Sir Christopher Wren. This ashtray and the bookends are part of one of those buildings. Each piece is inset with a memorial plaque, and their rarity entitles them to a certificate of origin, giving the serial number of the individual piece and the building of which it was a part. Sales benefit the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.



BROWN AND WHITE STUDY. All the way from the Argentine comes a chest in spotted calfskin that makes an idea for what to give to that problem person on your list. The texture and color of the covering makes for looks, the size and shape for utility, in storing away letters and small trinkets . . . The engagement pad has the thoughtful feature of permitting privacy from visitors who don't have to know what one's appointments are. A clock face design is marked off on each sheet, visible through the aperture in the lid, and checked with the hour of an appointment.



FOR LETTERS, FOR LEISURE. Good old stamp boxes—they're always useful and welcome gifts. And in case there's any doubt as to what these boxes are for, they're decorated with cancelled stamps and then lacquered over. They come in a variety of colors and capacities; the inside of them has a slanting base to simplify stamp-removal . . . Handsome in red morocco, and in the convenient pocket size, is a traveling chess set. The men are pegged into the board so that they won't slide.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

A CHALLENGE TO PIPE SMOKERS

WHO BUY THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

See If You Can Tell the Difference

Even experts can't tell Country Doctor Pipe Mixture from far more costly blends. It has that same mild, smooth, "expensive" flavor.

EXCEPTIONAL BLEND OF 8 TOBACCOS

The reason is — this unusually fine mixture contains *no less than eight* of the *world's finest tobaccos!* Superbly blended, these give you a full-bodied, mild smoke with richness . . . a "vintage" flavor . . . a pleasant fragrance . . . *and no bite!*

NO BITE, NO PARCH, NO SOURNESS

Tastes "expensive" — yet priced low. Why not try it today?

(If your dealer doesn't have it yet, write Philip Morris & Co., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., New York.)

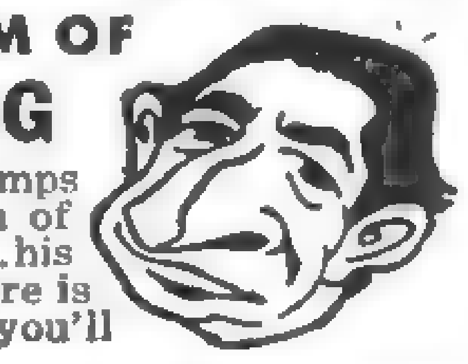
Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

LIKKER LUGGER *It's a Hit!*

May be carried in pocket or bag. A life-saver at sports events or the hunt. Every Air Raid Warden should have one for his Kit. Red, Tan, Black, genuine leathers.
Single: $1.50-Double: $2.50
postpaid
DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS INC.
10 W. 47th St., New York City

WILLIE HOWARD
IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF
COMEDY & SONG



A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, the Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution." Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.75 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE

A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board and Odds Indicator. Exciting and absorbing...different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.00. Add 25c for packing and postage in U.S.A.

Write for FREE *Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 20, NEW YORK

AIR-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
AIR SICK REMEDY

MAGIC SETS
$1, $2, $3.50, $5, $12.50
Blackstone's Book:
"TRICKS & MAGIC"
467 pp. $1.00
Magic Catalog 25c
Holden's Magic Shops
220 W. 42d Street, N. Y.
120 Boylston St., Boston
117 S. Broad, Philadelphia

IT'S TERRIFIC!
BATTLE CHECKERS
Fascinating New Game Hit!

FUN for Everyone—7 to 77

Plays like checkers...far more fascinating. Plays with 32 authentic, miniature plastic tanks, submarines, battleships, soldiers, guns. Exciting new game for armchair generals. Sweeping the country. Everyone's playing it, from 7 to 77.

• 32 PLAYING PIECES
• Size: [illegible] inches

EASY TO PLAY AS CHECKERS

$1

PLANES!
GUNS!
TANKS!
SHIPS!

AT STORES EVERYWHERE
...or send $1 direct to Dept. E-1

BATTLE CHECKERS...179 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

"THE ROCK," painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Things you can count on . . . In a threatening world of shifting tides and ceaseless uncertainties, what man doesn't wonder—doesn't pause to ask himself, "Is anything the same"? These tough times have changed things plenty, but still there are lots of life's good things—good food, good clothes, lots to do, and freedom to choose.

There's smoking, and there's Kaywoodie Briar. Thanks to prudence and foresight, *we still make these fine pipes from the same sweet-smoking, mellow Kaywoodie Briar we always used.* Fortunately this doesn't interfere with war-needs. It *might* have been different. There might have been no Kaywoodie Briar (world's only source of it is in the Mediterranean).

But that didn't happen. Long before the war, our men abroad warned that sources of Kaywoodie Briar in Greece and Albania were in danger of being lost. We got the briar out in time. More than enough for regular Kaywoodie requirements for several years. We brought it to America before the boats were needed for war-loads.

This fine Kaywoodie Briar, selected from the oldest and best offered by a free Earth, has been mellowing in a safe place. It has been prepared according to our own formula. It will give you the satisfaction you expect, from a Kaywoodie Pipe. It has the Kaywoodie Flavor.

When you feel you should have another Kaywoodie Pipe, you can get one. It will be as good as ever. You can always count on Kaywoodie Briar.

This Kaywoodie Pipe is a "Bulldog" Shape Flame Grain Briar, $10. (actual size)

© 1942, Kaywoodie Co., New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Ave.

KAYWOODIE
briar

A MESSAGE OF

We never quite realize how much we lean on the brand names and trade-marks of the things we use in our daily life, until we begin to miss them.

We see them every day in our drugstore, grocery, delicatessen, or liquor store. The labels and wrappers get to be old familiar faces. And we get to know just what to expect in price and quality and satisfaction.

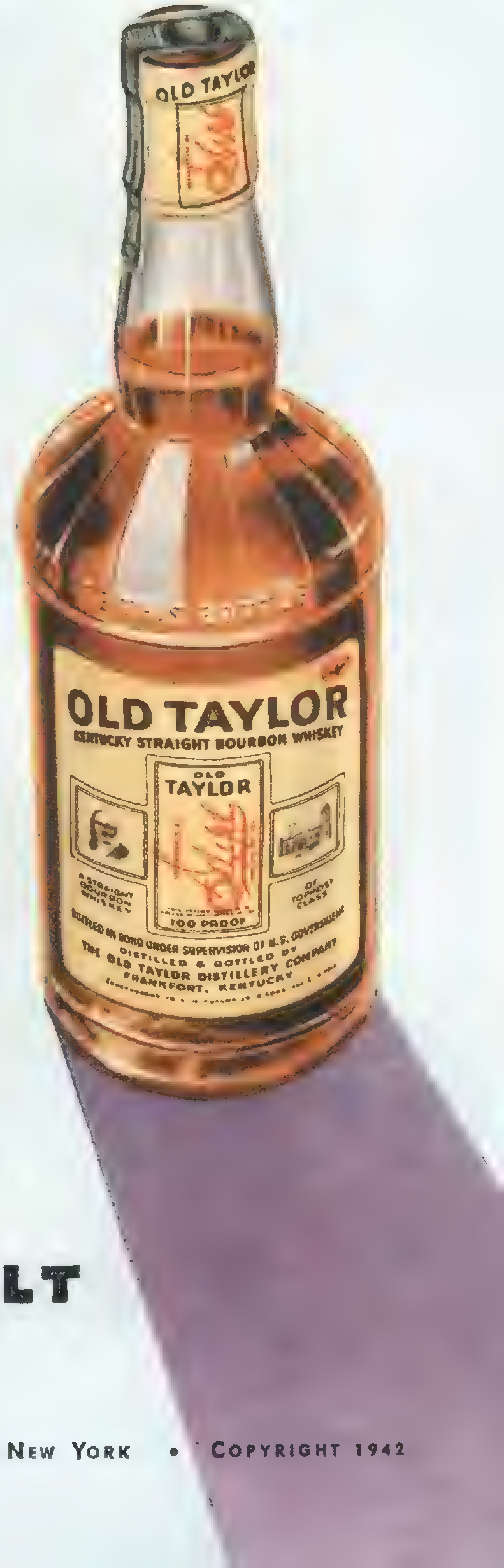
But when war steps in . . . and there have to be new types of packages to save tin . . . and new labels, new sizes, new prices, perhaps even substitutes because of material shortages, we can't escape a little sense of uncertainty.

To every user of fine whiskies the familiar names and labels of OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON speak a message of confidence.

Even in war-time the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed.

And as long as there is fine whiskey, these five labels will loom up as landmarks to say, *"Here is superlative quality, unchanged and unchanging!"*

You may have to pay a trifle more as war-time taxes are added to the price . . . but if it was worth more before to have that quality, it's *doubly* worth it *now!*


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

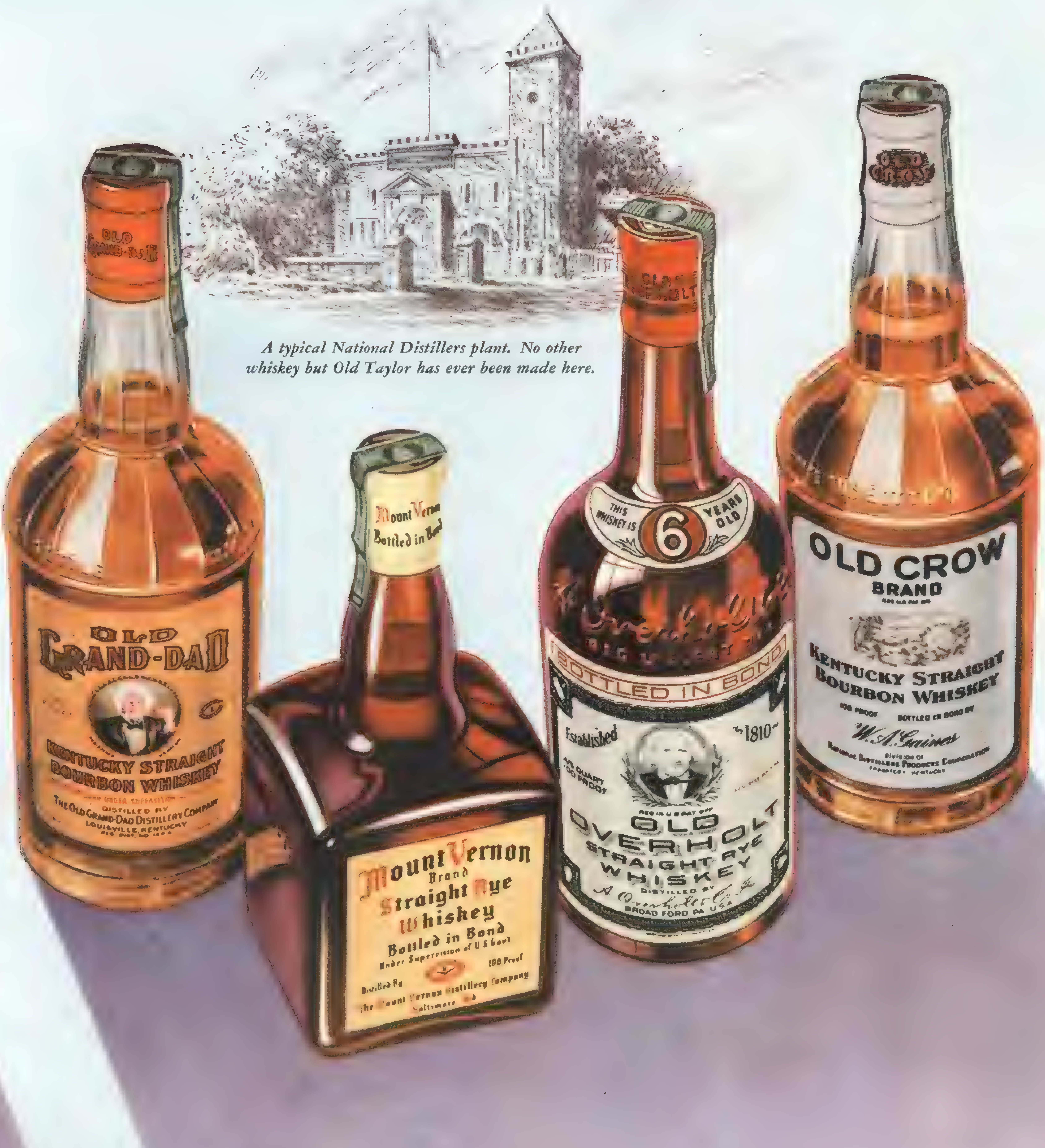
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • COPYRIGHT 1942

CONFIDENCE



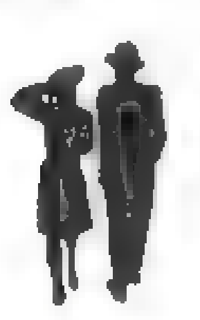
A typical National Distillers plant. No other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made here.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't
100 Proof
Distilled By The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore Md
THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD PA U.S.A.
OLD CROW
OLD CROW BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND BY
W. A. Gaines
DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
FRANKFORT KENTUCKY

THIS FREE BOOKLET WILL SHOW YOU HOW

"ELEVATORS"

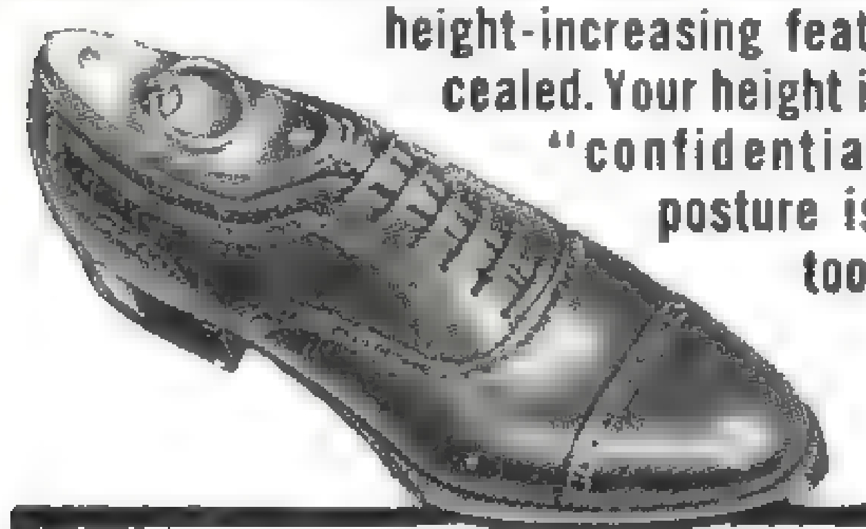
MAKE YOU IMPRESSIVELY



TALLER

It tells you how these amazing shoes make you TALLER the instant you put them on. No waiting for them to be made. Your dealer has them in stock in street, sports, dress and military styles. 'ELEVATORS' look and feel like any fine shoe you ever wore . . the height-increasing feature is concealed. Your height is increased "confidentially". Your posture is improved, too. $12.95

Slightly Higher West



STONE TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E-1
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME..
ADDRESS....................................
CITY.........................STATE........

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Learn to Speak SPANISH

FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN, This Easy Way

Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native. Now FUN to learn quickly, easily at home as thousands have! Write today for FREE book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in.

CORTINA ACADEMY, SUITE 451
105 West 40th Street New York, N. Y.

CUCKOO . . . but CLEVER!

Robust Recordings you'll Relish . . . by

DANNY KAYE

A brand new album of saucy, sophisticated songs . . . malicious morsels of merriment . . . by the supreme screwball of the season . . . **DANNY KAYE!** Biggest break in months for enlightened party-throwers. Amaze and amuse your guests with the saga of the man-milliner, **Anatole Of Paris**; a rare rendition of **Dinah** a la Russe; an electrifying version of **Minnie The Moocher**; strange ideas on **Farming**; **Fairy Pipers**; **Let's Not Talk About Love**; **Babbitt and Bromide**; **Eileen**. 4 double 10 in. discs in albums, postpaid in U.S.A., $3.10.

Write for FREE Illustrated PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 18, NEW YORK

Improve Your Golf

with MASTERPIECE GOLF DEVICE

THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Cut your strokes . . . lengthen your drive . . . have fun the year round with this clever, compact practice unit! Set it up wherever you can take a full swing! Drive for target. Ruler at base records distance; curved lines check direction; ball automatically returns to tee position!

The only device of its kind! Keep in form at home . . . in bad weather, when you can't spare time or "gas" to get to the course! You can improve your game . . . cut as much as 10-20 strokes from your score.

Give the MASTERPIECE this year instead of golf balls. Send your order today . . . limited supply. Complete with 2 extra balls . . . ONLY $5.00

SPORTS CENTER, INC.
561 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is $________ for________
MASTERPIECE golf devices.
Name____________________
Address__________________
City_____________________

Talking Shop with Esquire

STRENGTH-SAVER. Sooner or later, something had to be done to relieve bedside-table congestion and to help avoid knocking over glasses of water while reaching for a book. The answer makes for a Christmas gift possibility; a bedside Lazy Susan like the ones that are beginning to be used on dining tables again, with a convenient revolving top. This one is in nicely-textured cherry wood; it has a felt-padded base. The cigarette box on top is pewter; and that's a pottery candlestick alongside. A thoughtful gift for an invalid—or anybody who craves solid comfort.

DOG AND DAMSEL. The struggle of taking a dog along on a trip might be alleviated somewhat if you come across with a matching dog-carrier and handbag. Both are made of automobile upholstery fabric; the handbag is lined throughout with this and sectioned off to hold large quantities of paraphernalia. There's only room for one article in the dog carrier, and that's the pooch himself—which is plenty, we think—but it provides ample room for any of the smaller breeds. One end snaps open so he can stick his head out.

SHARP SUIT. Dog wearing apparel is what you might call "seldom," but what there is of it might just as well be sharp, if not zoot. For one, a colorful hand-woven collar and leash from Guatemala; it's strong enough to hold in the most urgent dog. The other collar is for blackout wear; it is studded with radium stones so that he can be easily located in the dark—no small matter, these dimmed-out evenings. For the rest, it's morocco leather . . . Noble indeed is the ceramic Harlequin Great Dane that watches and waits on the mantel.

FOR SERVICE. You can give this to someone in the Navy, Army, or Marines, or to your next-door-neighbor, for that matter, since it's useful in or out of the service. High point is its light weight—net, seventeen ounces. Only eighteen inches long, it holds an infinite variety and amount of oddments even so. It's made of heavy duck with tan leather ends, name plate, and trim. Service colors are Navy blue and olive drab; it can also be had in wine, green, and red.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

COSMETIC BRACELET

Complete with Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, 3 Puffs and 2 Mirrors cleverly hidden within the bracelet. A turn of the gold-decorated band transforms this unique bracelet into a complete make-up kit. Ultra-smart! $2.20 Postpaid complete with 9 extra refills. . . . . (Tax included) Exclusive with the
House of Gifts, Box 4550-C1, Coral Gables, Fla.

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

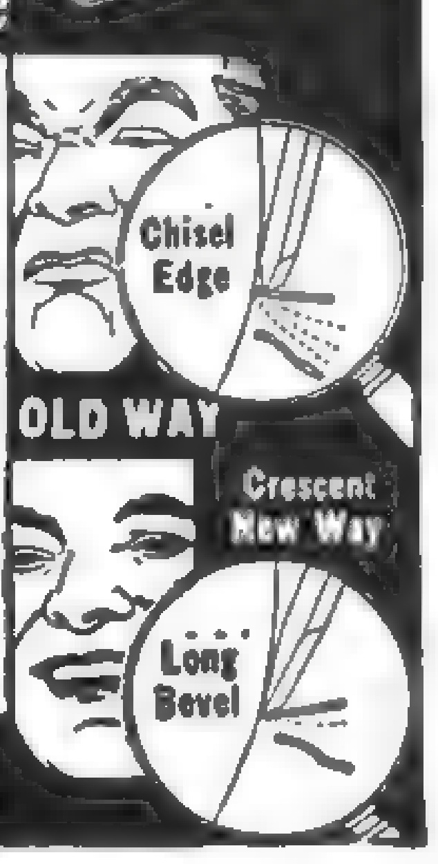
BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp.* Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 155 South La Salle St., Chicago

Famous CRESCENTS Now In 100 Blade Carton Super-Gift Package

CRESCENT RAZOR BLADES

NOW, you can meet razor blade shortage with Crescent's longer-lasting, smoother shaving single or double edge blades—100 in carton. (If not at dealer's) SEND $2. Postpaid anywhere in U. S. Par-super quality. Long-concaved bevel. Made by makers of world celebrated Crescent Surgeon's Knives. (Specify razor type.) Order TODAY.

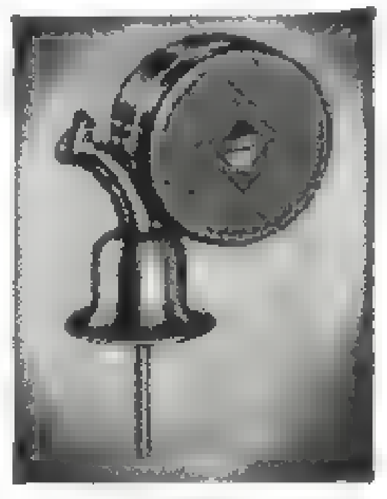


THE CRESCENT MFG. CO.
DEPT. E.Q., FREMONT, OHIO

MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS SET 2 DECKS $1 POSTPAID

Exceptional Quality
Bridge or Pinochle sets
Contrasting Color Backs
Gilded Edges
12 DECKS $5.50
Orders shipped same day received. Descriptive folders of other Unique Gifts FREE on request
Send CHECK-MONEY ORDERS or STAMPS
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PRINTING COMPANY
BOX 40, HIGHBRIDGE STATION, NEW YORK

Giftiest GIFT *of the year!*



MUSICAL POURER

FITS LIQUOR BOTTLES

Plays "How Dry I Am" when bottle is tilted. Makes a great surprise hit at parties. Finished handsomely in Chrome plate. Non-drip spout. Stock is limited. No c. o. d.

IN GIFT BOX $6.95 POSTPAID IN U. S. A.

Send 10c in coin or stamps for Tippler Catalog T411 showing many unusual gifts & novelties

"THE ONLY STORE OF ITS KIND"

THE BAR MART
62 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

What goes on here, anyway?

Axton's
VINTAGE SPECIALS
IMPERIAL SIZE

The whole thing happened almost by accident. Some time ago, as a special token of our friendship for tobacco jobbers, we set out to make the finest and most luxurious gift cigarette that money, science, and experience can produce. Here, we knew, were the most blasé cigarette critics in the world. *Then, instead of just polite "Thank-you's," they came back with eager letters urging that we let them have this new and special blend to sell this Christmas season!* So here it is. Richly boxed. You remove our name as you remove the cellophane. Inside, a cigarette of Imperial length . . . a distinctively rich and gratifying smoke. Whatever your every-day brand, *here's* the ultimate in good taste for gifts, for guests, for special moments . . . and for your own deep and contented enjoyment. Axton's V. S. At the better places by the box or in an exquisite gift carton. A bit expensive . . . with the best of reason!

© 1942, THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This

...To Help a Child's Dream Come True

A candy castle...snowdrifts of marshmallow! What youngster hasn't seen them in his dreams?

To the great candy industry of America, corn syrup is a necessary ingredient. Used in other foods as well as candy, it contributes much to the energy and nutrition of the nation. Many millions of pounds of corn syrup are produced each year by Anheuser-Busch for manufacturers of many essential products. Our Corn Products Division is an industry in itself.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Our plant is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

BAKER'S YEAST—We are one of America's biggest suppliers of standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup used to make bread.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

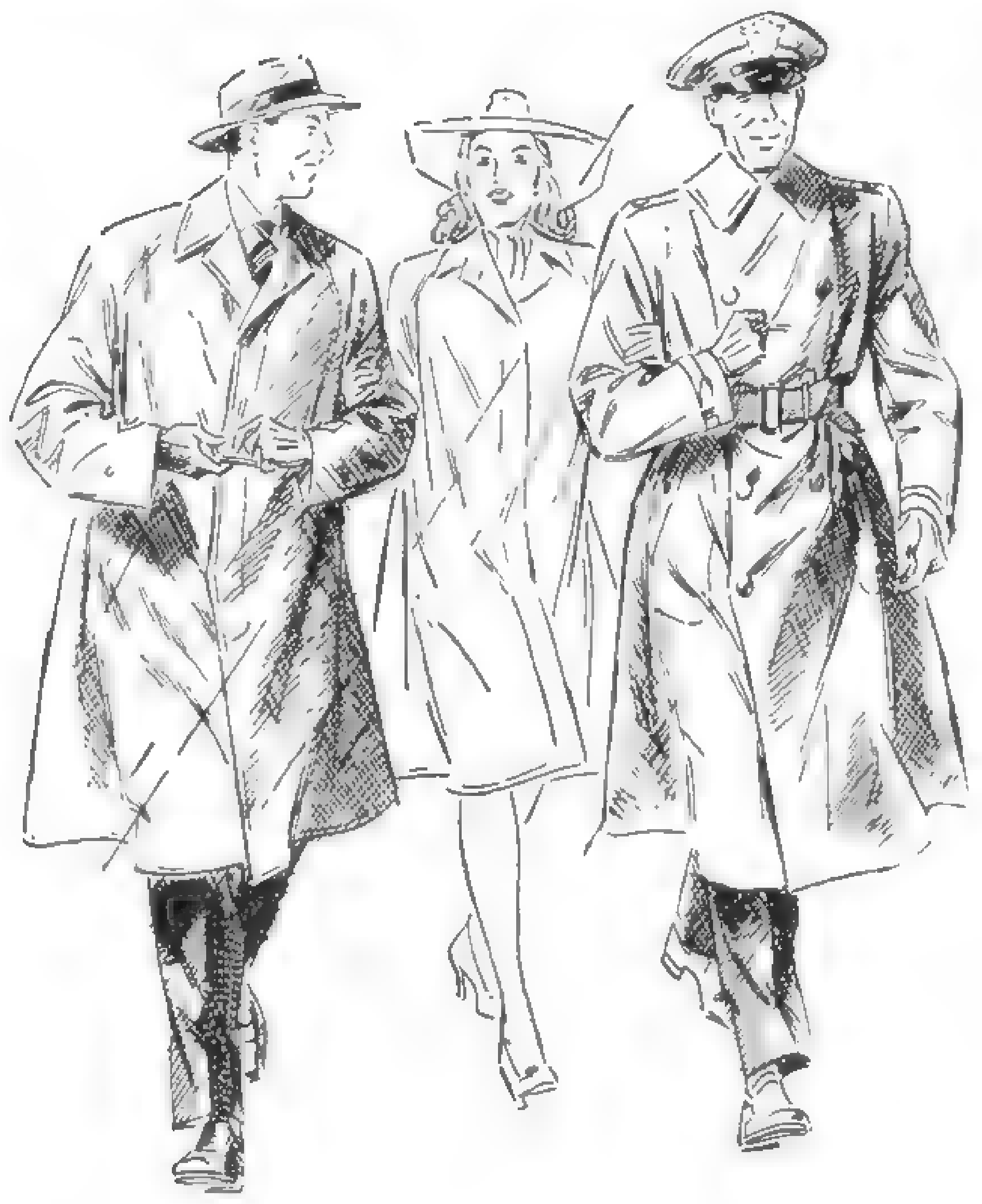
COPYRIGHT 1942

Budweiser TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

It's sure to rain . . .

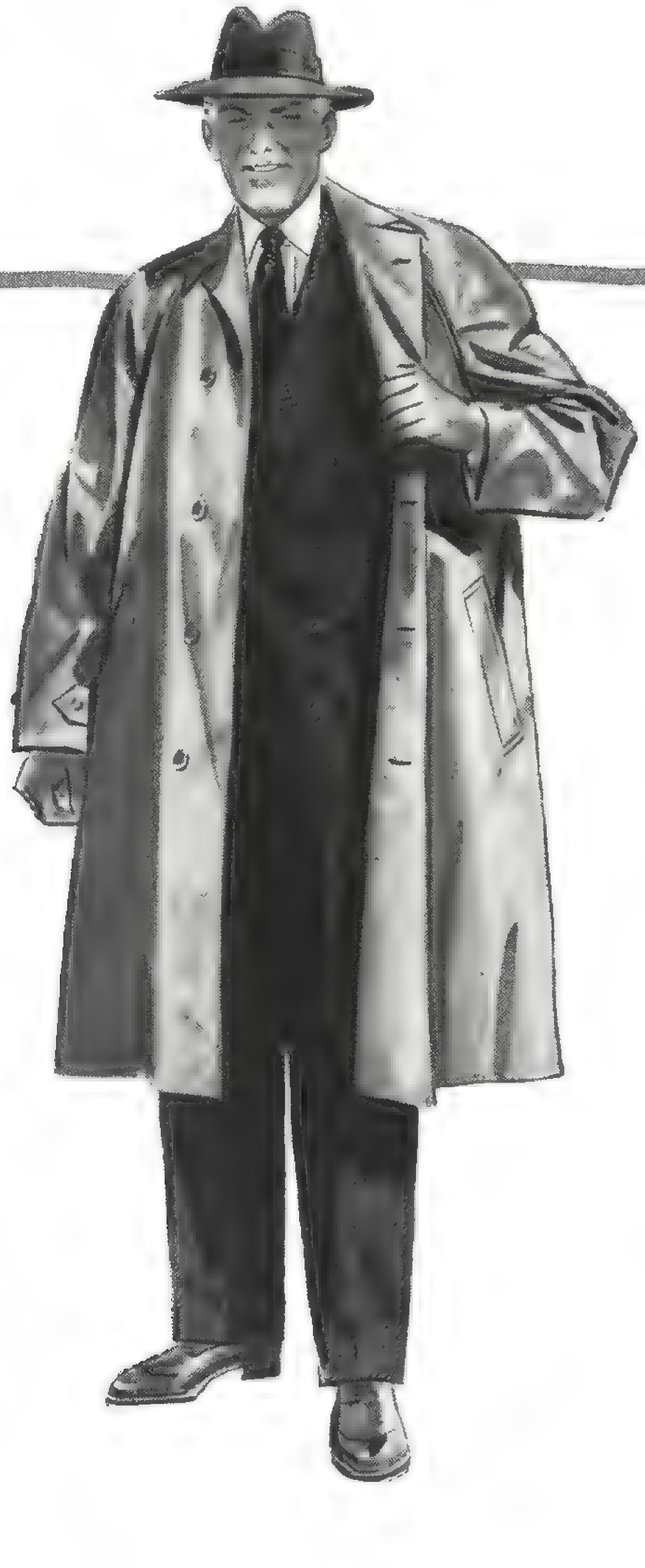
And he walks more now



—an ALLIGATOR

his gift

And how!



To keep him dry, smart and healthy—and please him immensely—give him a dependable Alligator raincoat for Christmas. You know these are walking days, and he will thank you every time he slips into his superbly-tailored, smartly-styled Alligator. Its protective fabrics are expertly processed, giving him personal health insurance against damp, chilly days. See your dealer's selection right away. And insist on the genuine Alligator—"the best name in rainwear"! THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles.

A Variety of Styles • In a Wide Range of Prices
Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR

because...IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

For Victory
BUY
WAR
BONDS

• Just about every dining and drinking place of quality from coast to coast is glad to serve you

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

Brewed by NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY of Baltimore in Maryland

NATIONAL Premium
A pale dry BEER

$45 or $6.60?

In the Regal Shoe advertisement on page 9, the left-hand shoe is the bootmaker's original, which cost $45 a pair. The right-hand shoe is the "Regal Reproduction" at $6.60! Please don't feel bad if you "missed"—even shoe experts have failed to choose correctly between the *actual shoes!* Stop in a Regal Shoe Store—try it yourself!

AMERICA'S FINEST SPORT SHIRTS AT AMERICA'S FINEST STORES

Wimbledon

COPYRIGHT 1942

Wimbledon Shirt Co. Chicago.

Masculine . . .

. . . in approach—and in retreat, too! For Seven Seas SIREN Slacks for women are hip-slimming from every angle! A practical Xmas gift with a luxury appeal! Seven Seas SIRENS are trim, tapered drape, man-tailored slacks. Styled to flatter feminine figures. Sold exclusively by better men's stores everywhere.

from 6^95

Seven Seas SIREN Slacks

IF NONE AT YOUR DEALERS—WRITE TO MOYER MFG. CO. YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Talking Shop with Esquire

OUTPOURINGS. A Toby jug is somehow or other a natural for bar decoration, and these are right in there with the spirit of the thing. One depicts Long John Silver, that man among men; the other is dedicated to the old roundelay *Nut Brown Ale*. A pourer in more modern vein is the automatic drink measure. The bottle is tilted and the top fills up with a fair share of the world's liquid goods. It's tilted a second time to pour the dose into the glass, while at the same time the measure fills up again. This could go on forever.

LATIN SPIRIT. If he or his bar seems to be lacking something in the way of gaiety, give him a sombrero from Old May-hee-co. Tacked up on the wall in all its bright color and enthusiastic embroidery, it won't stay there long. But it *might* start the party going. In the same Latin-American vein, only from Chile this time, are ceramic creations of a pair of South American brothers with a gift for color and caricature. The figures are action shots in the round, of Chilean life as it is lived.

CROCKERY COOLER. The best way to keep beverages cool is in pottery, which should make this crock a welcome addition to the hospitality-dispensing equipment of a busy host. In an off-white glaze, embellished with a prancing blue horse, it's adaptable to both indoor and outdoor entertaining. Has a spigot and an infinite capacity for all kinds of cold drinks. The matching mugs have the same equine decoration, with "The End" inscribed on the bottom of each.

A TOUCH OF FLAVOR. No doubt that Christmas is coming, with a gift compendium done up with the fervor of this one. Reading from base to pinnacle; a polished wood cheese tray, indented in three places to mark off imaginary boundary lines between varieties of cheeses; and three crocks, each containing a different type of fine cheese—Cheddar in sherry, Gorgonzola in brandy, Edam in sauterne. The crocks themselves will have a full life of usefulness long after the cheese has been eaten, which shouldn't take long.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

BLACKOUT JEWELRY

Exposed for a minute to an electric light, they'll glow brilliantly in the dark for hours! Lasts indefinitely. Simply elegant for the theatre or blackouts. Necklace is in gay multi-color. Earrings are Sterling Silver, made of genuine tropical shells. Ultra-smart with formals or slacks. Your choice; Necklace or Earrings—$2.20 (Tax included). Shown exclusively by:

House of Gifts, Box 4550-DR, Coral Gables, Fla.

Better than a money belt

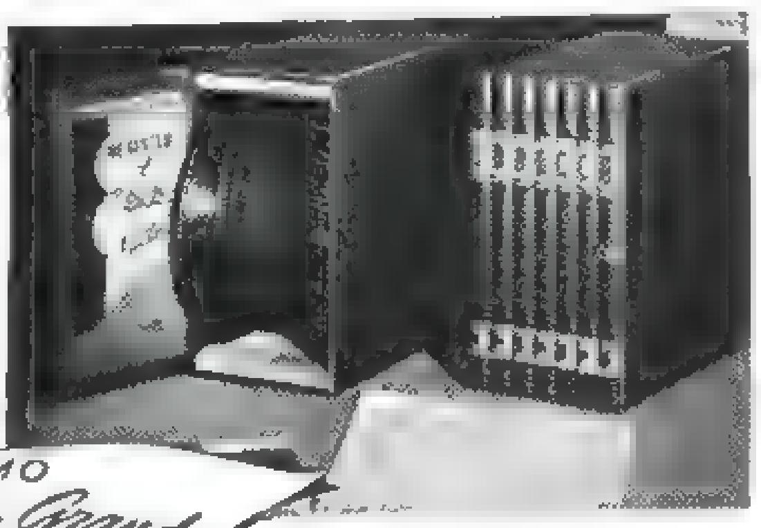
THE *Spur* MONEY POCKET

Hangs around neck, worn under the shirt. Slide fastener, water repellent, will hold bills, coins, jewelry, keepsakes. Individually boxed. Ideal for Service men. Absolutely safe. More comfortable to wear, and easier to use than a money belt. **$1.00**

If you do not find a Spur Money Pocket at your retail store, send $1.00 to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

NEW Amfile for PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

★ Holds Records Upright
★ Individual Compartments
★ Easier to Find and Put Away



MEMO
It's a Grand Gift

THOSE PRECIOUS RECORDS—

You'll like this beautiful, well built cabinet 5¾" wide that holds 25 records. Looks like a matched set of books. Pin seal simulated leather finish. Maroon, blue, green or black.

Each record stands upright and does not come in contact with its neighbors. Records are easy to get at—will not break, bend or become warped. Even a child can keep records in order with the simple numbering system.

For 10" records **$2.75**, For 12" records **$3.25**

At Stores or sent Postpaid on 10 Days Money-Back Trial

AMBERG FILE & INDEX CO.
Filing Specialties Since 1868
1615 Duane Blvd., Kankakee, Ill.

ORDER TODAY
Best Gift of the Year for a Friend or Yourself

In Sterling Silver, Platinum Finish

New Flato U. S. Naval Reserve Ring $10

Turn to page 192

there's a real thrill in being

TALLER

For free information on how you can be taller, write . . .

Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue
(near 113th Street) Dept. 125, N. Y. C.

Name ________________

Address ________________

Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
Rowend

Fragrance for a woman beloved

For the one-woman-in-the-world . . . to make her heart beat faster . . . Houbigant has created Chantilly. A precious perfume, stimulating, slightly spicy . . . delightfully feminine. A fragrance never-to-be-forgotten . . . intoxicating as a kiss!

Perfume—3.00—6.50—10.00—16.50
Dusting Powder de luxe, *with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff—3.50 . . .*
Personal size—1.00
Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightfully refreshing—2.00—3.00

RED HORSE
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR
D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Xmas Tree Cordial

The knowing host serves "twig" Peppermint. Delicate peppermint flavor lends itself to delightful ... romantic service, hours on end.

RED HORSE

Twig Crystallized

PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS

D. J. Bielzoff Products Co. Chicago, 60 Proof

Make
HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES
brighter with

Dagger Jamaica Rums

97 PROOF

WRAY & NEPHEW
THREE DAGGER
Jamaica Rum.
10 YEARS OLD
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD

Three Dagger

97 PROOF

A superlative rum, smooth and fragrant as liqueur. Makes a glorious Rum Old-Fashioned—a delightful Rum and Soda. Carefully aged *10 YEARS.*

One Dagger

97 PROOF

A rum of distinctive, pleasing flavour. Puts a special sparkle in holiday cocktails. *5 YEARS OLD.*

Dagger Punch

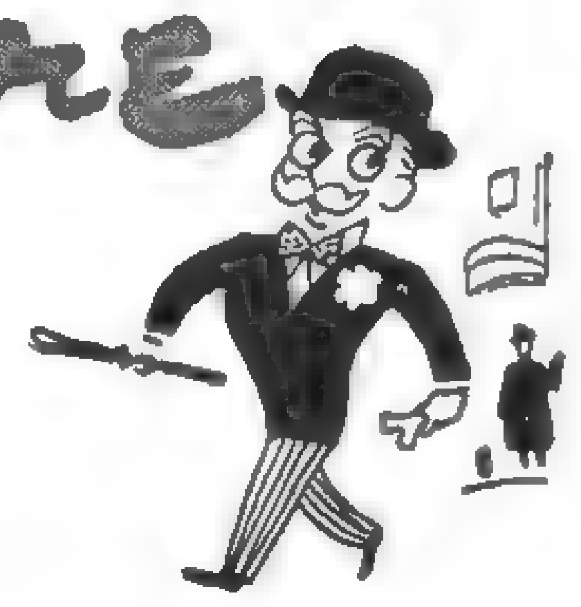
97 PROOF

Rich, mellow, soft and satisfying. Guests applaud its refreshing fragrance and "different" flavour in punches, cocktails and highballs. *8 YEARS OLD.*

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 118 years.

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Painting the Town with Esquire



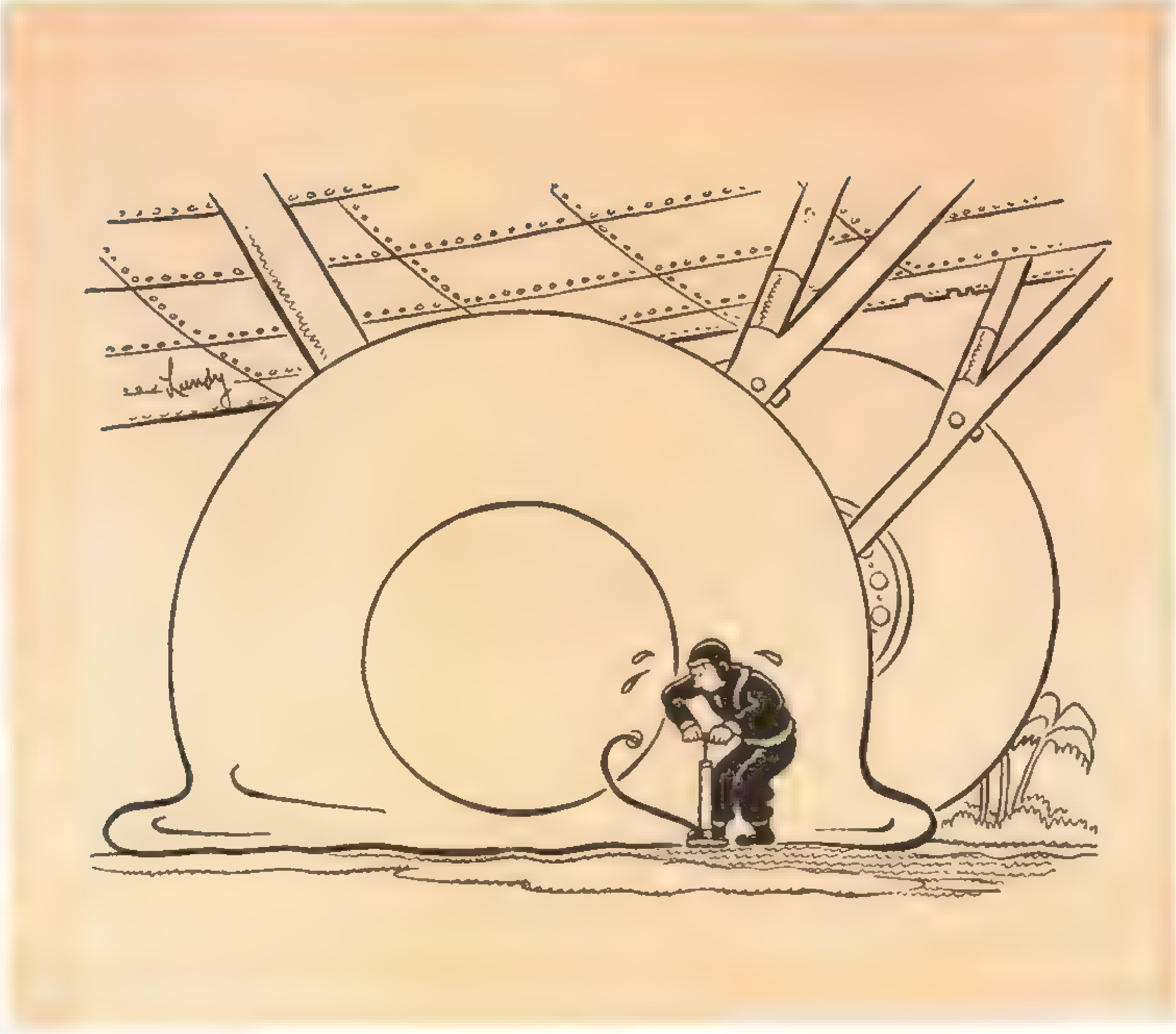
HANDS THAT RULE the social roost are busy plauditing artful magnet-trixie Hildegarde at the Hotel Plaza's Persian Room where new décor has connived with her fresh-culled repertoire in causing a general breaking out of Champagne. Nourishment is servitored under the omniscient eye of door-dignitary Fred; Bob Grant and his orchestra instil strange genius in the human shank.

WE THOUGHT we were standing on our head at the Monte Carlo, but it was just a misapprehension contrived by the ceiling mirrors which are part of the grand re-bedizenment by Franklin Hughes who has schemed in tongue-in-cheek deference to Queen Victoria to the extent of chandeliers, tassels, and fireman-red backgrounds offset with navy blue and touches of teal blue. On account of the music of Sonny Kendis and rhumba bandster Quinton (with Narita chorusing) the dance floor has been enlarged. In the Beach the bar, erstwhile fantastically super-fruited, has been transformed into a snack counter groaning with British provender. As a sentiment-rouser this easterly annex offers the dulcet music of an intime ensemble led by gypsy violinist Joe Fejer of old Delmonico fame. How it all takes you back and forth!

OF THOSE KEY men of civilization known as maîtres d'hôtel, Leo Calienti of the Latin Quarter is Broadway's No. 1. Personable and attired in a manner which would make a fashion plate crinkle with envy, he functions as welcomer, diplomat, and service generalissimo. Nothing ruffles him. Seven hours at his post, spent bowing and hovering between hectic telephones and frantic applicants at the rope, don't wilt him—but it distresses him that *you* should be kept standing two minutes.

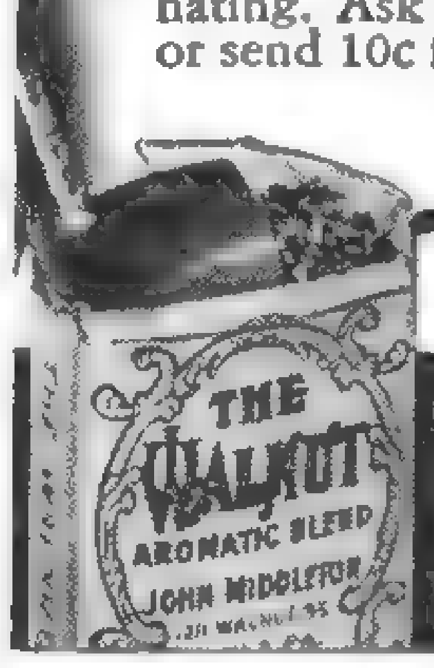
THE SNOOTLOFTY attitude that Boston brahmins take toward New York is to be blamed on Boston's Hotel Copley-Plaza, which Back Bay fondly regards as the first and last word in patrician comfort, cuisine, entertainment, and all round éclat. Specifically they cite that hotel's glamour apartments, its snug bachelor quarters, its stellar-talented Oval Room, its New Bar and Cocktail Lounge, its Pub (males only), and its celebrated Merry-Go-Round Bar. Which are hard arguments for Father Knickerbocker to scoff off.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



For 1 Pipe Smoker in Every 50

Are you that *one* man who recognizes that in pipe smoking *it's the quality of the tobacco that counts?* Exacting smokers gladly pay a little more for the much greater pleasure they enjoy in John Middleton's WALNUT. The exclusive Middleton blending of the world's 7 finest tobaccos makes WALNUT *naturally* aromatic...delightfully fragrant...amazingly mild...truly different from any other pipe tobacco. WALNUT is the overwhelming choice of the discriminating. Ask your dealer for a trial size or send 10c for a sample package. John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



John Middleton's
Since 1856
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO

RING IN '43
WITH A BANG
AT WORLD FAMOUS
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 NEW YORK

THEODORE'S
4 E. 56th ST. PLaza 3-6426
LUNCHEON . $1.35
Superb DINNER $1.90
Restaurant open Sun. 5:30 P. M.
LE RUBAN BLEU

LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

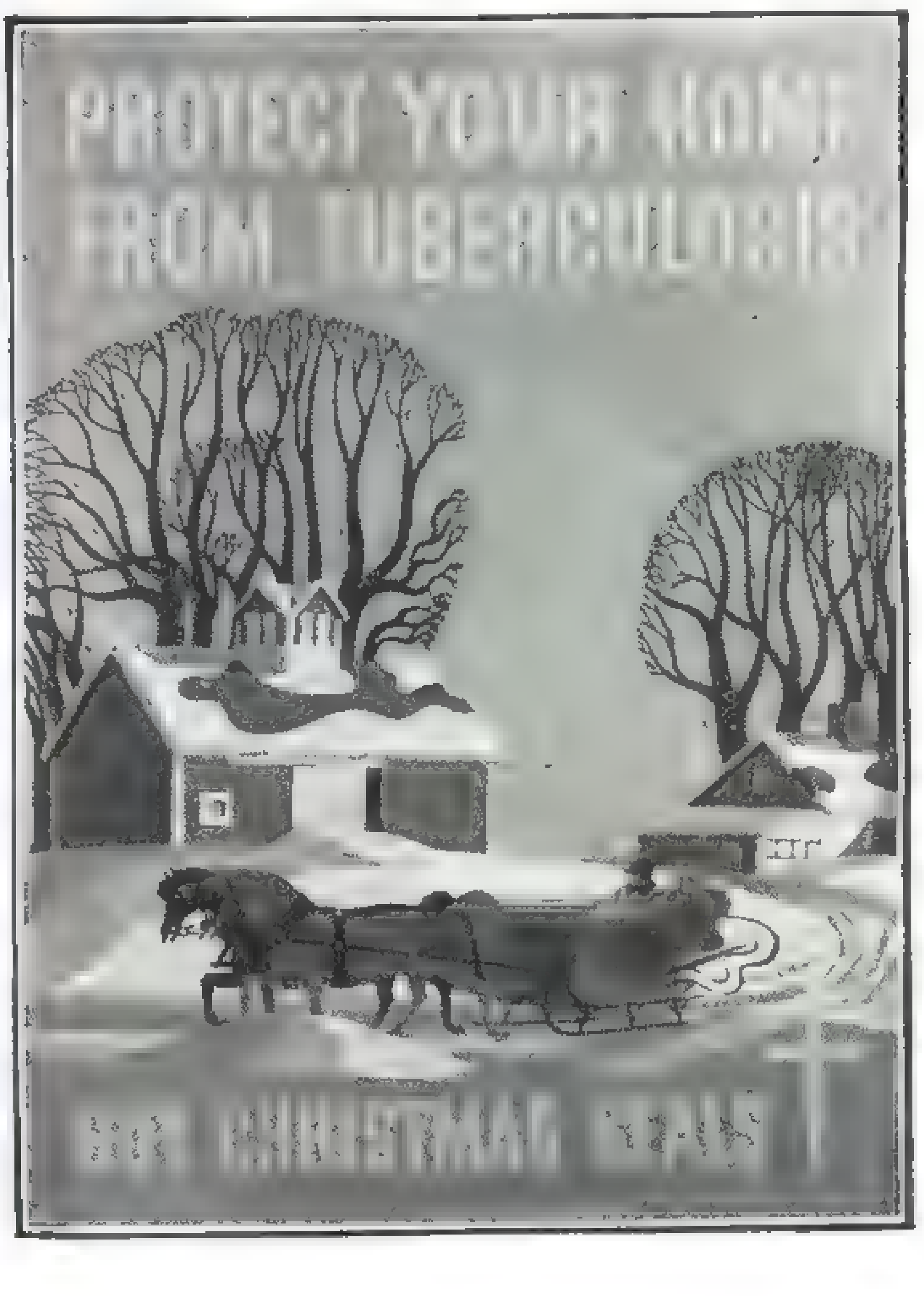
LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

EAT—DRINK too much?

THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP

FERNET **BRANCA** SINCE 1845

At good bars, hotels, restaurants, grocery and delicatessens everywhere
FRATELLI BRANCA & CO., Inc., N.Y.


PROTECT YOUR HOME FROM TUBERCULOSIS
BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Present it with Pride...

I.W. HARPER
Season's Greetings
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

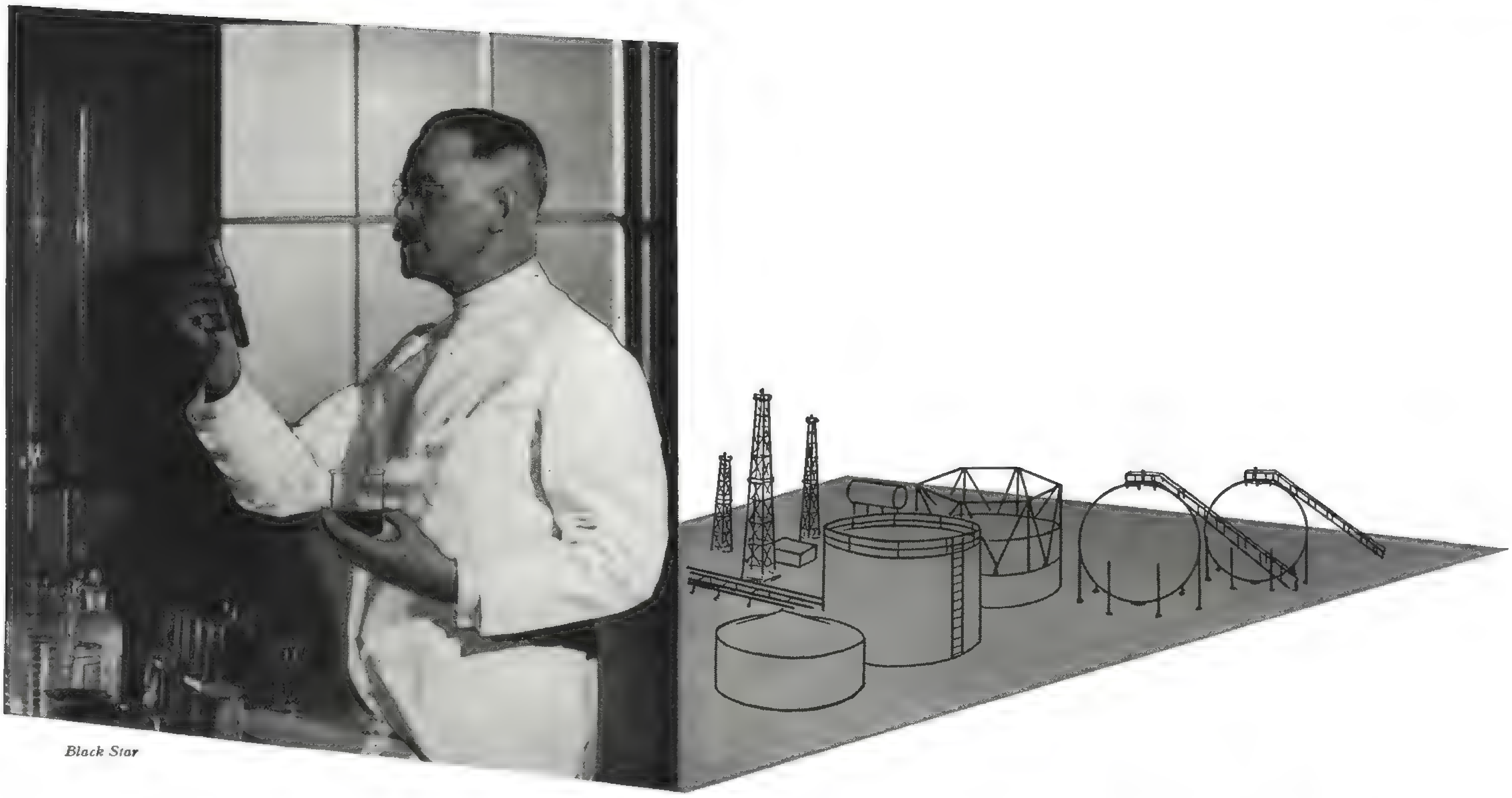
Drink it... with Pleasure!

The finest tribute you can pay a man
who likes fine whiskey is to present him with
I. W. Harper . . . . Those who judge a whiskey by
its quality, invariably think I. W. Harper
costs much more than it does.

I. W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond H *100 Proof, Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*



Black Star

You can't get away from FUNDAMENTALS

Most everything we can think of has been revalued in the light of our present state of war. A myriad of changes has taken place during the past year, but America still holds to fundamentals.

To perform many of this nation's vital wartime tasks, we depend upon the ingenuity and determination of America's great research laboratories—just as we've drawn on these same fundamental assets for so many of our peacetime needs.

Selling, too, has undergone considerable re-examination since shortages, ceilings and priorities have entered our economy. But the basic media needs of wartime advertising are the same as those that contributed to the success of advertising in other years.

In the world's greatest market, The New York Sun provides the same effective penetration, today as in the past. It puts your message where you want it—in people's heads. The Sun is one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America, with one of the highest ratings in readership of advertising among a representative group of the nation's leading newspapers.

To reach both men and women in New York's middle and better income groups—to do full justice to your New York advertising, put it in The Sun!

The Sun
NEW YORK

REPRESENTED IN CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER CO.

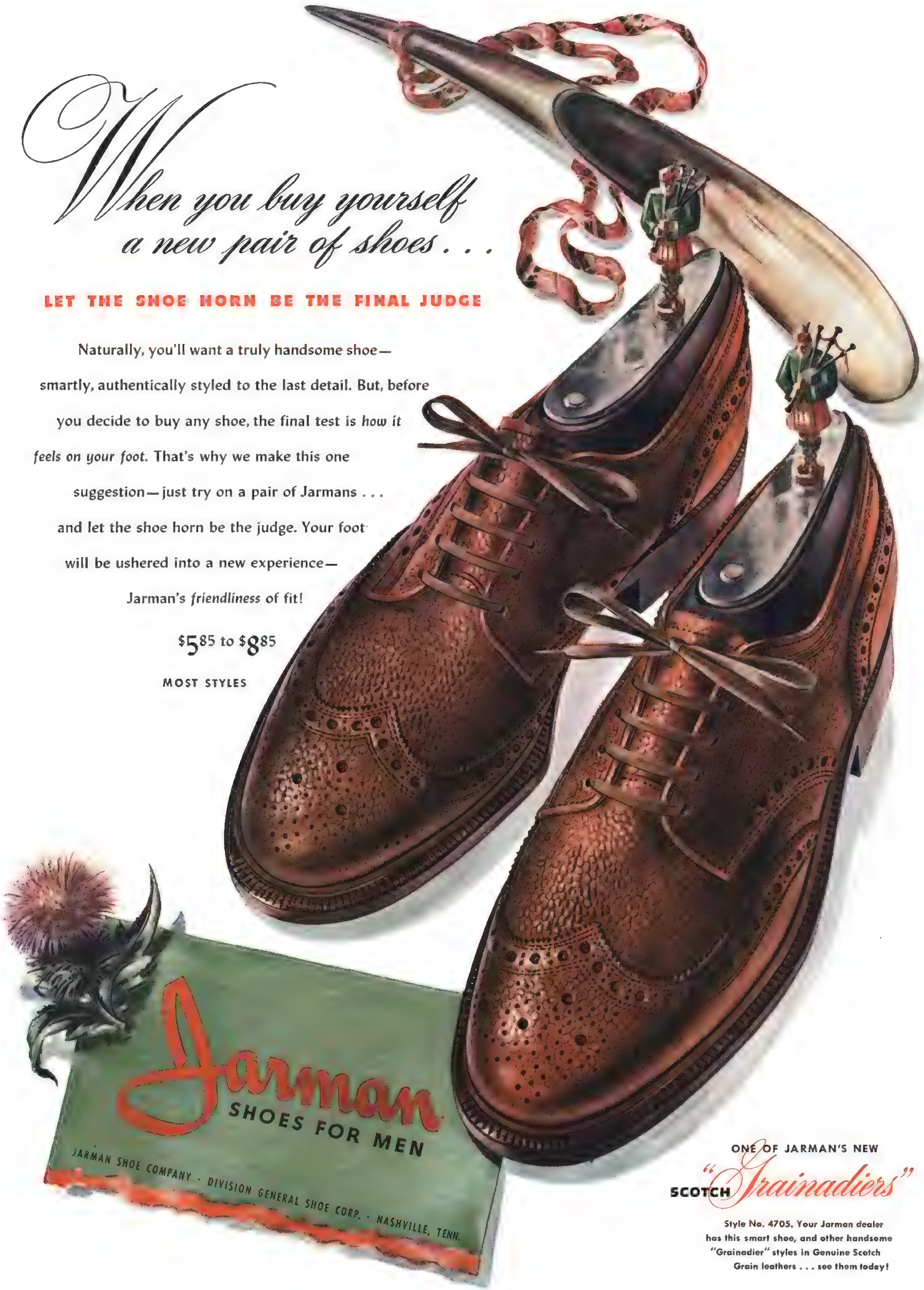
When you buy yourself a new pair of shoes . . .

LET THE SHOE HORN BE THE FINAL JUDGE

Naturally, you'll want a truly handsome shoe—smartly, authentically styled to the last detail. But, before you decide to buy any shoe, the final test is *how it feels on your foot.* That's why we make this one suggestion—just try on a pair of Jarmans . . . and let the shoe horn be the judge. Your foot will be ushered into a new experience—Jarman's *friendliness* of fit!

$\$5^{85}$ to $\$8^{85}$

MOST STYLES


Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN
JARMAN SHOE COMPANY · DIVISION GENERAL SHOE CORP. · NASHVILLE, TENN.

ONE OF JARMAN'S NEW

SCOTCH *"Grainadiers"*

Style No. 4705. Your Jarman dealer has this smart shoe, and other handsome "Grainadier" styles in Genuine Scotch Grain leathers . . . see them today!

TRY ON A PAIR OF JARMANS TODAY LET THE SHOE HORN BE THE JUDGE

Esquire's
Date Book

(actual size)

into its 3rd big printing!

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hurry, Esquire, send me the new 92-page Date Book. I understand that this attractive 5″ x 7″ plastic bound Date Book features the 26 most popular Hurrell photographs of all time—12 in full color and 14 in black and white on heavy, deluxe ivory-like board.

Send me_____Date Books @ 50c each, for which I remit $_______, payment in full.

name____________________________________
(Please print)

address__________________________________

city and state____________________________
(U. S. orders only. No stamps please.)

Esquire's Date Book is a smash hit. The S.R.O. sign has hung out twice. And now the presses are grinding out a third printing of that 92-page plastic bound wonder volume of unbeatable usefulness and beauty—with its entertaining dope on dating; and its 26 pages —12 in full lifelike color and 14 in black and white—of the most glamorous photographs of the most gorgeous girls that Hurrell has ever posed on a bearskin rug.

What other book could be so perfect for your own—and your friends'—enjoyment? What other book could warm the stoniest heart; stave off—momentarily—the tax collector; or flash a sweet bit of remembrance into the otherwise blank mind of the amnesia victim? No wonder Esquire's Date Book has sizzled to such a success.

So before the mass quest for Esquire's Date Book snowballs into an avalanche, better order your own and your gift copies. Just toss this coupon, with your name and address, into an envelope—with 50c for each Date Book—and send it to Esquire today.

"I'm giving him a Brush-off*...in a nice way"*

SHE: I don't know why I should spoil you so, but here's a brush-off that will do you wonders...something that will go to your head.

HE: Yhow-ee! I get it! A miniature hat-box with a gift certificate swap-able for a new Stetson...plus hat-brush to keep it new. Darling, here's this for that.

SHE: A kiss? Why, thank you, sir. Now don't forget you're a family man with a wife who loves you.

HE: Couldn't! But you'd better keep an eye on me, just the same. When I get my new Stetson, competition is bound to boom.

SHE: I'll chance it. It's worth the risk to have you in a Stetson.

GIVE HIM A STETSON HAT FOR CHRISTMAS

STETSON HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN FROM $5 TO $25 • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

Christmas Traditions of Old Boston

CAROLS ON BEACON HILL . . . GIFTS OF OLD MR. BOSTON LIQUORS

AGAIN, as for many, many years, Boston's Beacon Hill is alight with the spirit of Christmas—candles gleaming behind frosted windows—venerable brick houses garlanded with holly and evergreen.

Here a merry group climbs the stairs of a house—a door swings open giving an enchanted glimpse—family portraits by John Copley—shining mahogany. And through a window opposite we see a festive group gathered about a punch bowl—in the square beyond stands a band of carollers lifting their voices beneath the Christmas stars.

Candlelight glows across the snow from every doorway—speaking of warmth and friendliness within—the ancient hospitality of Christmas. A hospitality Old Mr. Boston is proud to share—offering rums and brandies of great excellence—for Yuletide punch bowl or gifts—gifts that reflect the tradition of the city whose name he bears.

OLD Mr. BOSTON

Importer and Distiller of

thirty-three fine whiskeys, gins, brandies, rums and liqueurs

Bronze Label Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof; Rocking Chair, 85 Proof (80 Proof in some states), 75% Grain Neutral Spirits; Creme de Cacao, 60 Proof; Sloe Gin, 70 Proof; Creme de Menthe, 60 Proof; Pinch Bottle Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits; Imported Rum, 86 Proof; Apricot Nectar Liqueur, 70 Proof; Rock & Rye, 70 Proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 Proof. Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

OLD Mr. BOSTON
Old Mr. BOSTON
CREME de CACAO
ROCKING CHAIR
OLD Mr. BOSTON
ROCKING CHAIR
Blended Whiskey
OLD Mr. BOSTON
OLD Mr. BOSTON
FOAMY TOP
OLD Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
Mr. BOSTON
Pinch Bottle
OLD Mr. BOSTON
Old Mr. BOSTON
BRONZE LABEL
BOURBON
6 THIS WHISKEY IS YEARS OLD
CONNOISSEUR
Old Mr. BOSTON
Creme de Menthe
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON MASS.
Mr. BOSTON'S
Pinch Bottle
Here we

OLD Mr. BOSTON BRAND RUM
OLD Mr. BOSTON
OLD Mr. BOSTON BRAND
Imported RUM (dark)
THIS RUM IS IMPORTED FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS IN THE WEST INDIES
IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY BEN BURK, INC. BOSTON MASS.
OLD Mr. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
A BEVERAGE LIQUEUR
Old Mr. Boston
70 PROOF 4/5 QUART
Blackberry flavored Brandy
True Fruit and GENUINE BRANDY
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY BURK, INC. BOSTON MASS.
OLD Mr. BOSTON
ROCK & RYE
among the leaves so
CHRISTMAS EVE ON BEACON HILL, BOSTON

Painting the Town with Esquire

ROGER ("Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen") Chauveron, high priest of gastronomy at the Chambord, 803 Third Avenue, luckily bethought himself of his native Perigord in time to lay in awesome stocks of the black nuggets of that region (flavor keynoters), along with terrines galore of the liver of the plump goose, and other treasured specialties now unprocurable. Gourmets wander through his cellars starry-eyed, holding their breaths lest they disturb a bottle's dust. And in the banquetted salle de knife and fork maneuvers these delectables, solid and liquid, are assailed with a gusto heightened by the fact that kitchen activities are carried on in full plate-glass view. As for the tableside lampwork by maitre René (or his understudies Paris and David) in crêpes-Suzette-ing with Brandy, Curaçao, and Grand Marnier, it's strictly from Aladdin.

GADSTERS TIRED of playing mole in the city's dimth find bright relief in the solid block (Park to Lexington, 49th to 50th Streets) occupied by the Waldorf-Astoria. For here is cheer of every sort worth seeking: Peacock Alley cafés and lounges, Norse Grill, sumptuous Sert Room, and gala Wedgwood Room of dancing and entertainment. Hospitality ranges from a Scotch and Soda at the Men's Bar to suite residence in the palatial Towers. But, despite stupendousness, accommodations are scarce nowadays due to widespread discovery that this is a swell way out of suburban struggles. Indeed, impression grows that prexy Lucius Boomer knows how to keep a neat roof over your head.

AS A CHANGE from caviar (after all, why let one's palate get into a rut?) Gene Cavallero's socialited Colony Restaurant has devised Blinis Colony: voluptuous hot sauce of minced clams draped upon buckwheat flapjacquelines. Laved down with a bottle of Beauclair white wine, made from Johannisberg Riesling grapes grown in Napa Valley, this starter of the meal really gets you off the ground . . . Libby Holman, laying down the torch and uplifting Deep South folksong art at La Vie Parisienne has us still dazed. Next thing we know, Eddie Davis of Leon & Eddie's will be revised into The Man With the Hoe chanting about The Woman With the Rake.

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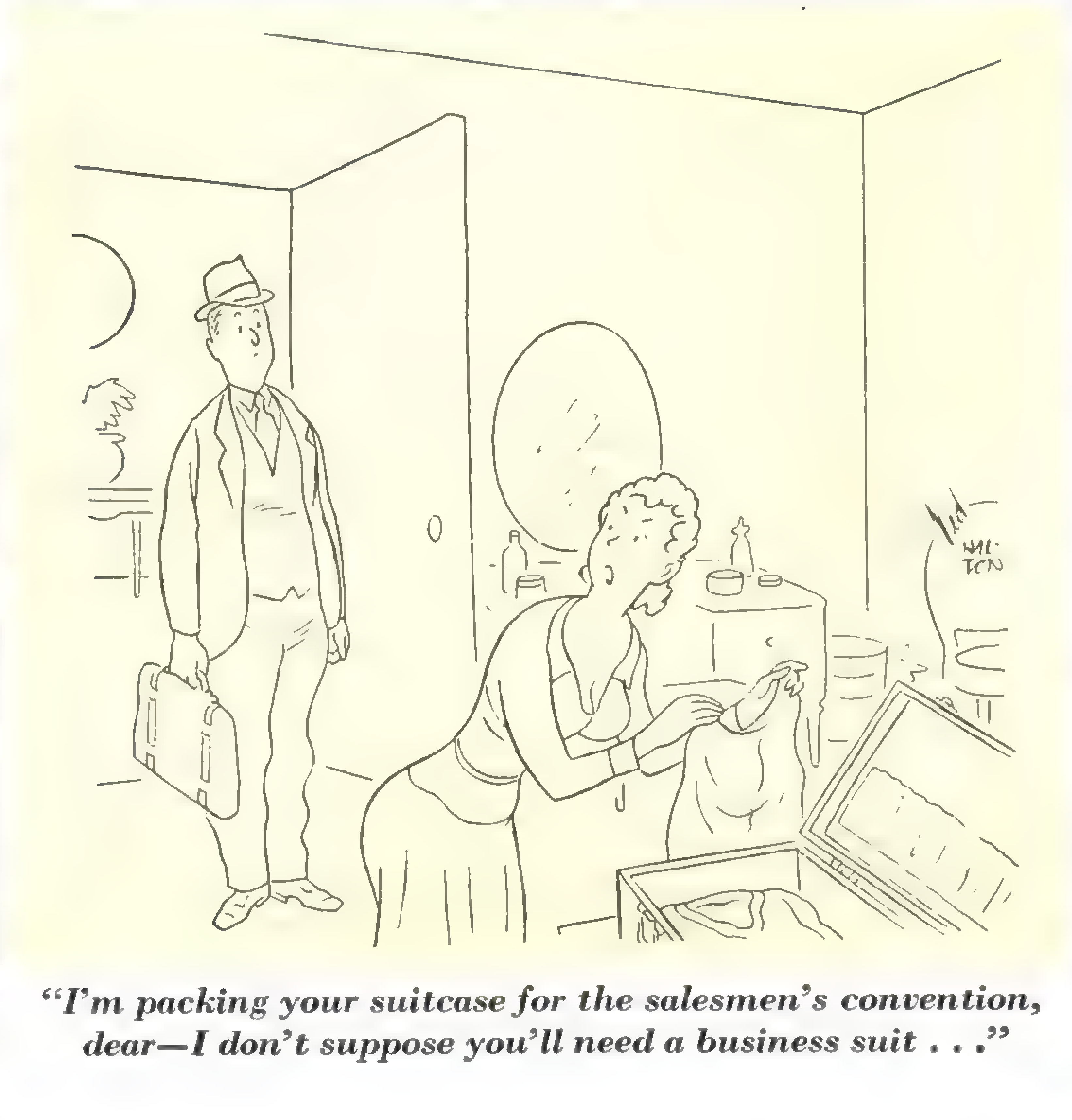


"I'm packing your suitcase for the salesmen's convention, dear—I don't suppose you'll need a business suit . . ."

For those precious
LEISURE MOMENTS
What better way to spend an idle evening hour than with good companionship, a good fire and a cheering drink made with Myers's—the *dark* Jamaica Rum? For wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF
For new free Rum Recipe Book write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F-1, 57 Laight St.,
New York

SPEAS APPLE JACK BRANDY
86.5 PROOF
Good Taste
FOR ALL DRINKS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Enjoy the smooth richness of this delicious Apple Brandy —neat—or as the perfect liquor—for all mixed drinks.
Distilled and Bottled by
SPEAS COMPANY, Sebastopol, Calif.

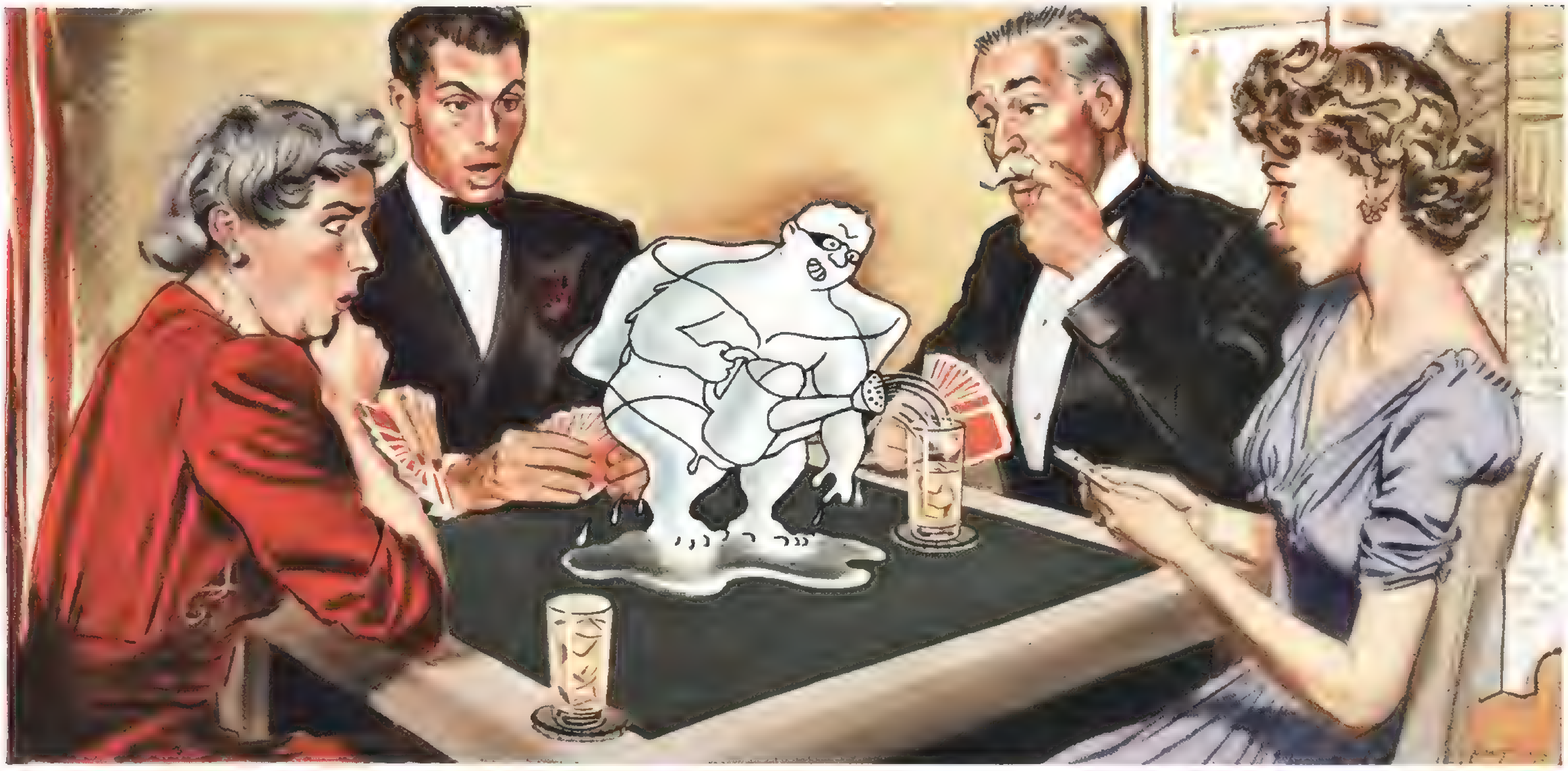
SPEAS
APPLE JACK
BRANDY
ONE PINT

Manhattan Furlough
With the war holding you so close to your job, you need the relaxation of a holiday weekend at the Plaza!
ROOM TARIFF
From $6 single
From $8 for 2 persons
Suites from $12
HILDEGARDE
at dinner and supper
Persian Room
The
PLAZA
New York
Henry A. Rost
President & Managing Director
FACING CENTRAL PARK · FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST.

MOM LET'S ME BRING MINE HOME—HE SMOKES
LONDON DOCK TOBACCO
FOR CHRISTMAS—GIVE AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10¢
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE

Problem of the Uninvited Guest



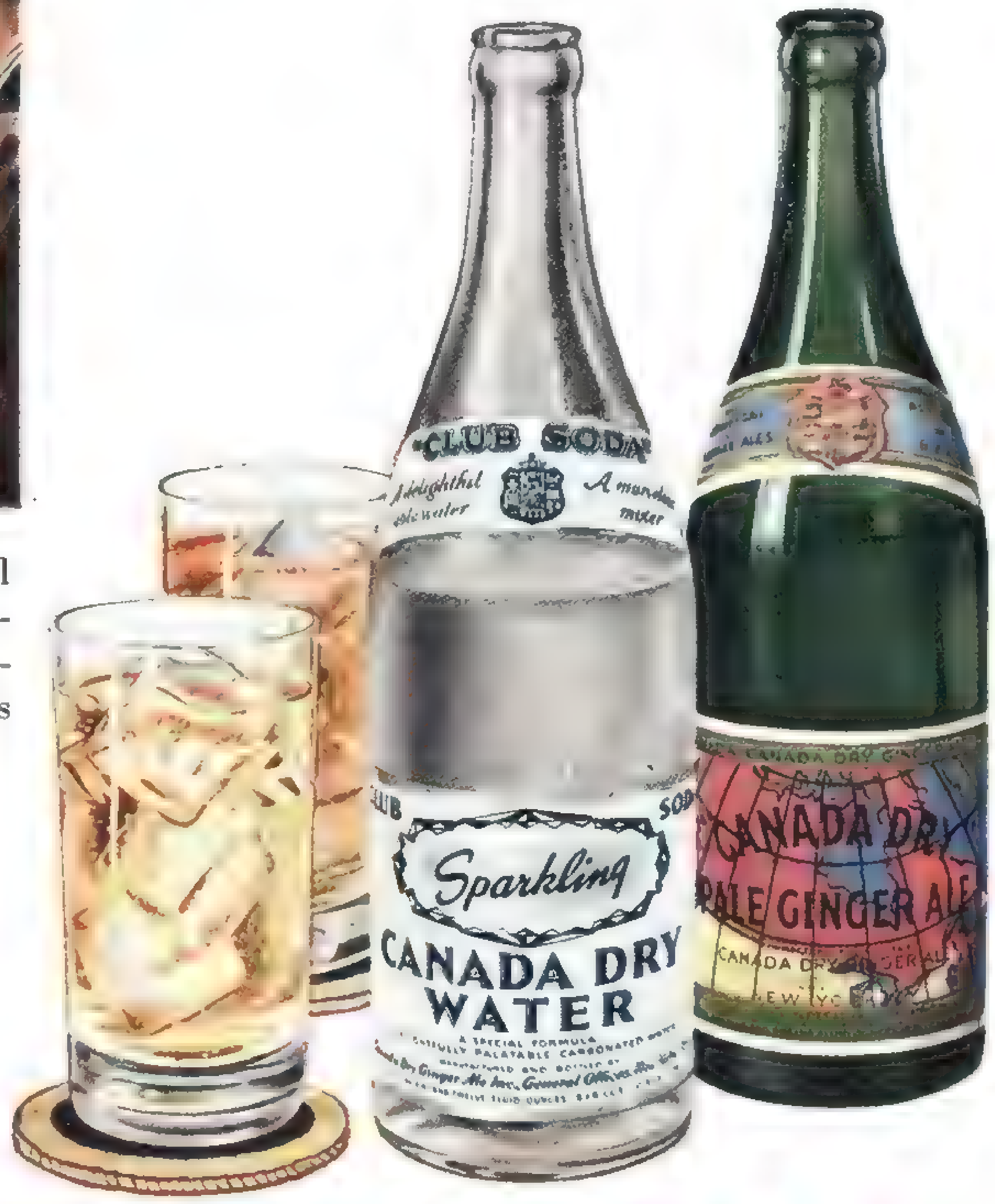
A WEIRD LITTLE GUEST lolls around watering the average highball. Who is he? Melting Ice. His air bubbles sneak out, swallow highball bubbles whole, and go joy-riding right out of your drink. Ice water dilutes what's left. That's when sparkle fades . . . flavor fizzles . . . in highballs made with ordinary mixers. Flatness creeps in . . . and guests feel like creeping out. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your mixer. There's one word for that . . . *wasteful.* What to do?

ARREST THIS NUISANCE. Use Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, as smart hosts do, and sip finer-flavored drinks. Their "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles—keeps sparkle *alive!*

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

WHAT? STILL DANCING? Yes! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, recapped and put in the refrigerator, holds its sparkle . . . its liveliness!*

P. S. When you're out, speak up for these finer mixers and get better drinks.


CLUB SODA
A delightful table water
A mandarin mixer
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

CANADA DRY

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

Water • Ginger Ale

TOM COLLINS MIXER • LIME RICKEY

Buy the big bottle — save money — conserve caps

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

William B. Ziff

From boyhood William B. Ziff has had an intense interest in weapons, and has a large and valuable collection of small guns, daggers, war clubs, cross bows, spears, brass knuckles, and suits of armor, many dating back centuries. They were picked up along the banks of the Seine; in the Bazaars of Jerusalem, Algiers and Marseille; in the Central American jungle and in hobby shops all around the world. It is his contention that our whole civilization has had—improperly—a callow disrespect for weapons. "We have felt it unnecessary to employ weapons," he explains, "with the resultant calamitous rise of the Hitlers and Hirohitos of the world." A digest of his recent book, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, appears on page 109 of this issue under the title: *"31 Lessons for Brass Hats and Bureaucrats."*

•

Thom Yates is a publicity writer for the U. S. Military Academy in the Public Relations Office at West Point. Before taking this assignment two years ago he worked for daily newspapers in his home town, Newburgh, New York, and in Poughkeepsie. *West Point's First Captain* marks his second appearance in these pages. He is twenty-five.

Thom Yates

Joseph Wechsberg was a European political writer and special correspondent for leading continental papers before they were nazified. He covered the wars in Manchukuo, Ethiopia and Spain. During his diversified career, he has worked as a musician in Paris' *Folies Bérgère*, witnessed the great American invasion of Montmartre, played aboard ships, filmed the first siege of Shanghai, was assistant manager on a Malay rubber plantation, and twice jailed by the Japs for what they call espionage. He says eventually the Japs took away his camera, the Italians his violin, the Nazis the royalties of his last book, but he still has his typewriter and, best of all, his first U. S. citizenship papers. The information contained in his article, *School for Saboteurs*, was smuggled out of Europe through private channels and carefully rechecked. For obvious reasons the names of persons and locations cannot be revealed. He now lives in Hollywood.

George A. Barton

Now rounding out his thirty-eighth year in newspaper work, much of it devoted to covering American Association Baseball, George A. Barton is well acquainted with the career of Mike Kelley which he recounts in *Big Man in a Minor League*. Barton is also nationally known as a boxing referee, having officiated at such important fights in Minneapolis and St. Paul as Jack Dempsey and Billy Miske, Gene Tunney and Harry Greb, Mike Gibbons and Mike O'Dowd, Tommy Loughran and Dick Daniels, Pete Herman and Johnny Ertle.

•

It was when John Decker was a caricaturist on the *New York Evening World* that he first met the late John Barrymore, whose antics he describes in *The Unpredictable Profile*. Born in San Francisco, Decker spent quite a time in England as a scenic artist for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, was for several years an actor in the theatre in New York before joining *The World*. In later years he took up serious painting and lately has had several successful shows at the Frank Perls Gallery in Hollywood. His painting representing *The Death of Van Gogh* is in the Los Angeles County Museum.

•

Ever since Fritz Loosli's piece expounding his method of ski instruction ran in Esquire, Otto Lang has been smoldering with dissension which finally took form in his current article, *Parallel Skiing vs. Stem.* Lang was born thirty-five years ago near Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, studied in Salzburg and Vienna, worked with Hannes Schneider at St. Anton am Arlberg, and came to America in 1935. He organized and conducted ski schools in the Pacific Northwest, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker and Mt. Hood, and last year took over the direction of the Sun Valley Ski School, largest in the United States. 20th Century Fox engaged him as technical advisor on *Sun Valley Serenade.* He directed and wrote the narration for *Basic Principles of Skiing*, the first War Department film made for the training of ski troops, and is the author of innumerable articles and two hand books on skiing.

Otto Lang

•

Lawrence Gould has sold some two hundred articles to magazines in the past three years, which he thinks proves that everyone is interested in the Freudian viewpoint if only it's expressed in familiar language.

•

Mel Matison says: "I am twenty-seven with falling hair. Was born and raised in Boston. Attended three high schools and two colleges mostly Boston University but hold only a Sunday school diploma. I come from a line of people long identified with belles-lettres. My father was a newsboy, my grandfather a printer's devil and three cousins are linotype operators. I am a former Hearst man, *Boston American,* where I was reporter, rewrite man and news radio announcer. *Rose Into Cauliflower* is my first fiction sale. And there'd better be more fast to keep masculine supremacy intact at home as the wife sets a neat pace at a Boston publishing house. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Mel Matison

•

Below is no Neanderthal, but William A. Krauss, snapped aboard his boat *Simbi* on a run to Sand Cay in the Gulf of Gonave. He writes from Port-au-Prince, Haiti that the biographical sketch which ran in our September issue no longer applies, for "My wife and I have scrapped the lotus, chopped down the jujube trees, and (like just about every other American everywhere) gone to hard work. My wife's an emergency Foreign Service Clerk in the American Legation; several months ago I was given a State Department appointment as junior economic analyst attached to the American Legation. We've moved to the sea's edge in a country area called Cote-Plage, some ten kilometers from Port-au-Prince. We have a good garden of the native tropical fruits, a good pen for our ducks and chickens, and half a mile offshore a good reef on which to set our fishtraps. This is, in fact, the setting for *Black Angel Reef.*"

William A. Krauss

SPIRIT OF '43
V

AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON finds us giving up much—ready to give up *everything* needed to bring victory and lasting peace.

Our gift to free peoples everywhere is this high spirit of sacrifice, the winning morale, that will achieve victory. Many a *Schenley* man has left us to do his share in the war effort; *Schenley's* distilleries are now on a war footing—turning out vast quantities of essential war alcohol.

The *Schenley Royal Reserve* you enjoy today is drawn from our reserves—the largest in the U. S. A.—made and laid down in years gone by, and blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness.

As in every crisis, America makes the best of everything. That is the "Spirit of '43"—and America's spirit until victory is achieved.

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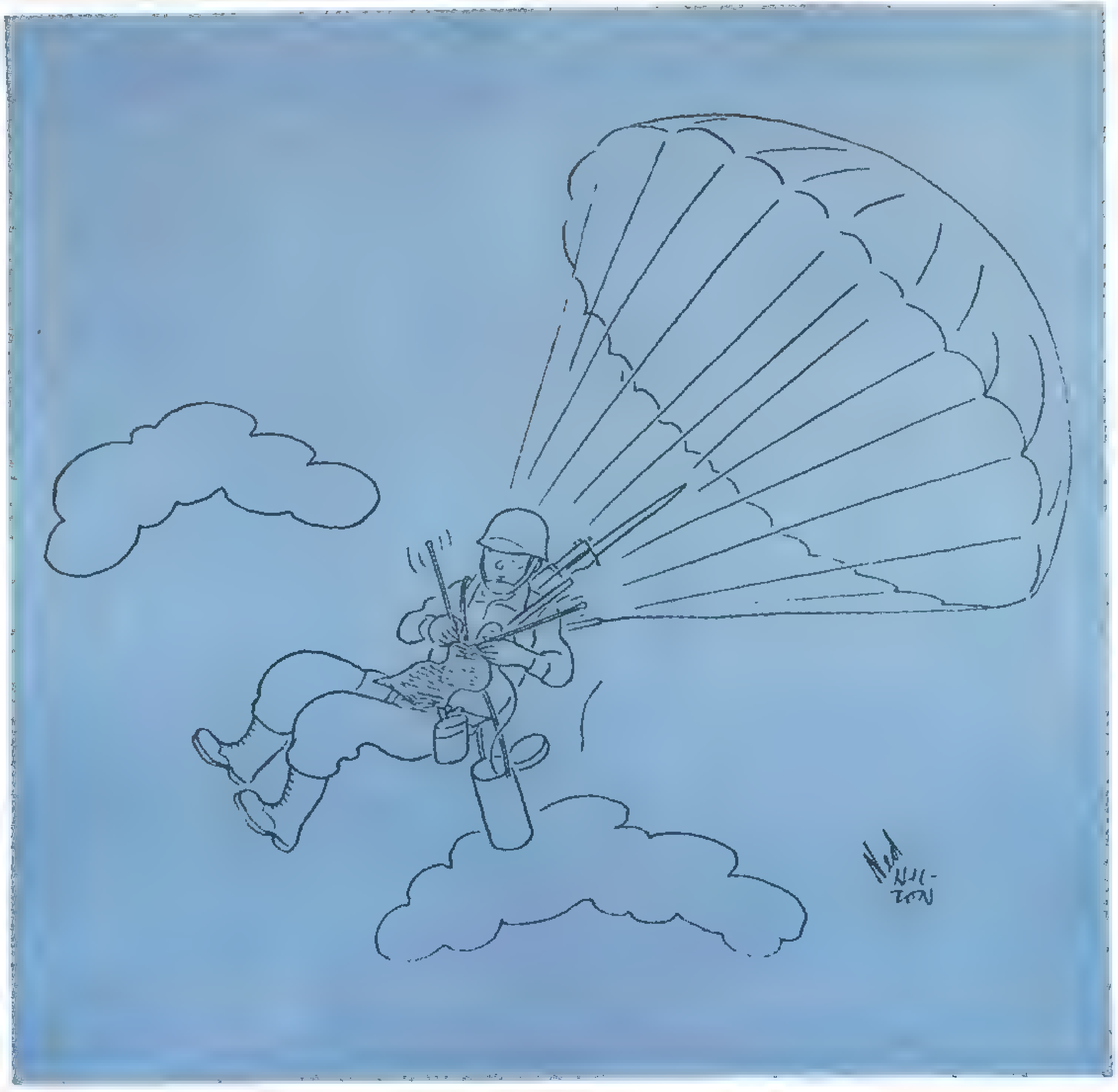
TIPS ON TIPPING (in response to requests from readers): Ye olde 10% idea has few friends on the receiving end. Should be 15%. At a dance spot or upper grade restaurant your waiter will expect never less than $1.00 per couple. *He* has to give percentage to bus boy . . . The captain, attentive rover, should be tipped if he does some special service such as carving your entrée, concocting salad, or preparing Crêpes Suzette. For him, a buck, or nothing. If you patronize this place often, the best system is a Five once in a while . . . If wine is ordered from, and served by, a sommelier (wine butler), the latter is entitled to 50¢ or $1.00 per bottle.

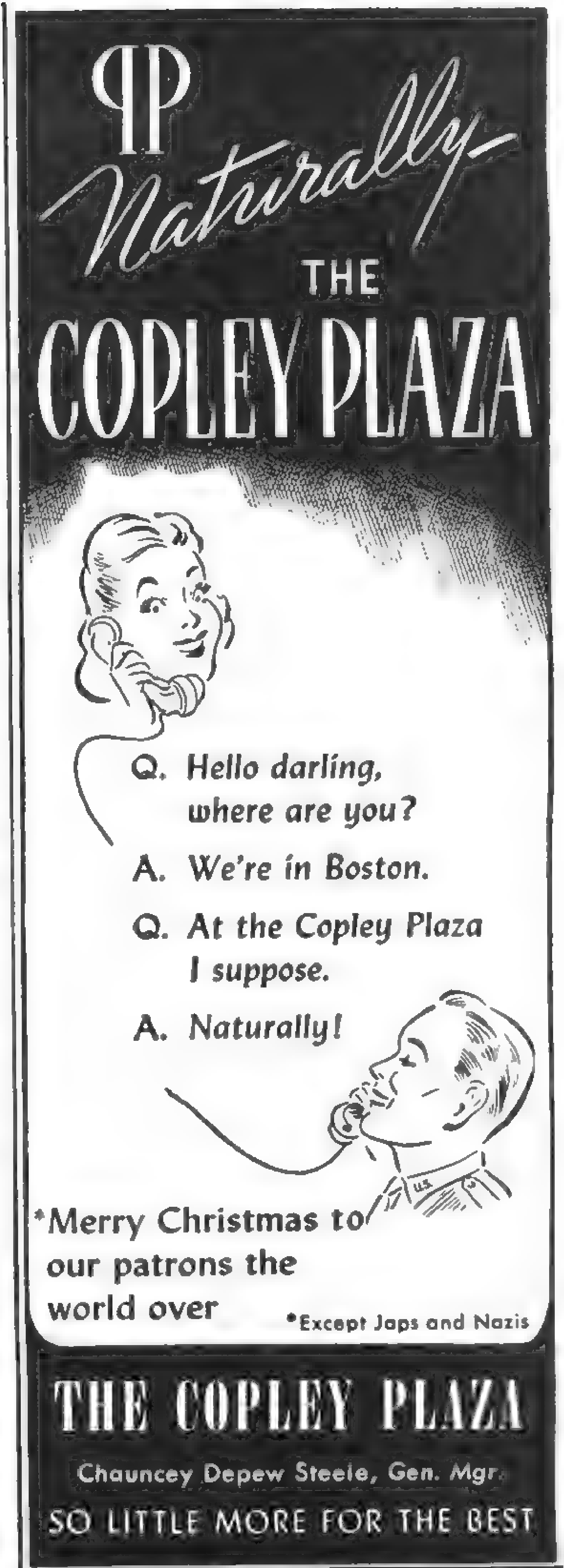
TABLES RESERVED in advance at a glamour spot are tipped for on arrival: $1.00, or more, per couple, given to man in charge at door. Lacking reservation, give tip to whoever ushers you to table, unless latter is drug on market. (Nix for seats at danceless restaurants unless jammed or ultra select) . . . Sophisticated way of tipping distinguished presider at door who knows you, is to wait till departure; then "shake" folded bill (sizable) into his palm in goodnighting him . . . But don't try to tip any owner or manager; their prides bruise easily.

CIGARETTE GIRL, coat checky, and washroom attendant get a dime or quarter. Ditto the doorman as you leave; if raining and he has to chase a cab, reward is upped . . . Bartender draws a quarter if you are treating friends, or if you park lengthily. For acting as audience for your economic and political opinions, $1.00.

MEALS SERVED by "Room Service" are tipped for at restaurant rates unless you insist that the waiter stand around while you eat, depriving him of errands elsewhere, in which case he is entitled to half as much again . . . Overnighter owes nothing to the chambermaid; regular owes her $1.00 a week. Bellboy who brings you and your bags to room or down, 25¢. Arriving, you owe the doorman nothing unless he carries your bags in. Leaving, give him a quarter and your key if you haven't already surrendered it. Hotels can't get duplicates because Uncle Sam needs that metal.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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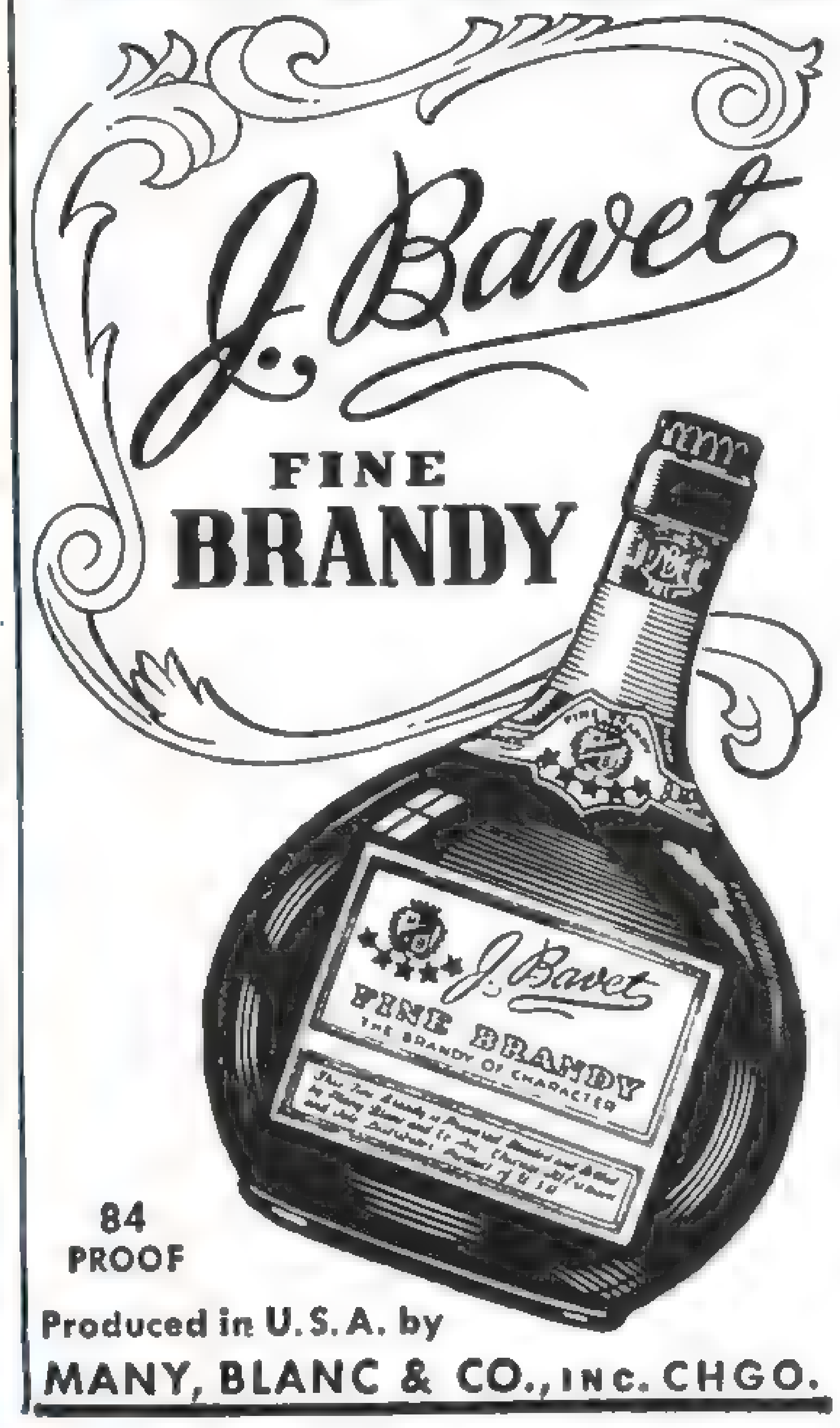
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A GRAND SLAM...WITH 52 VARGA QUEENS

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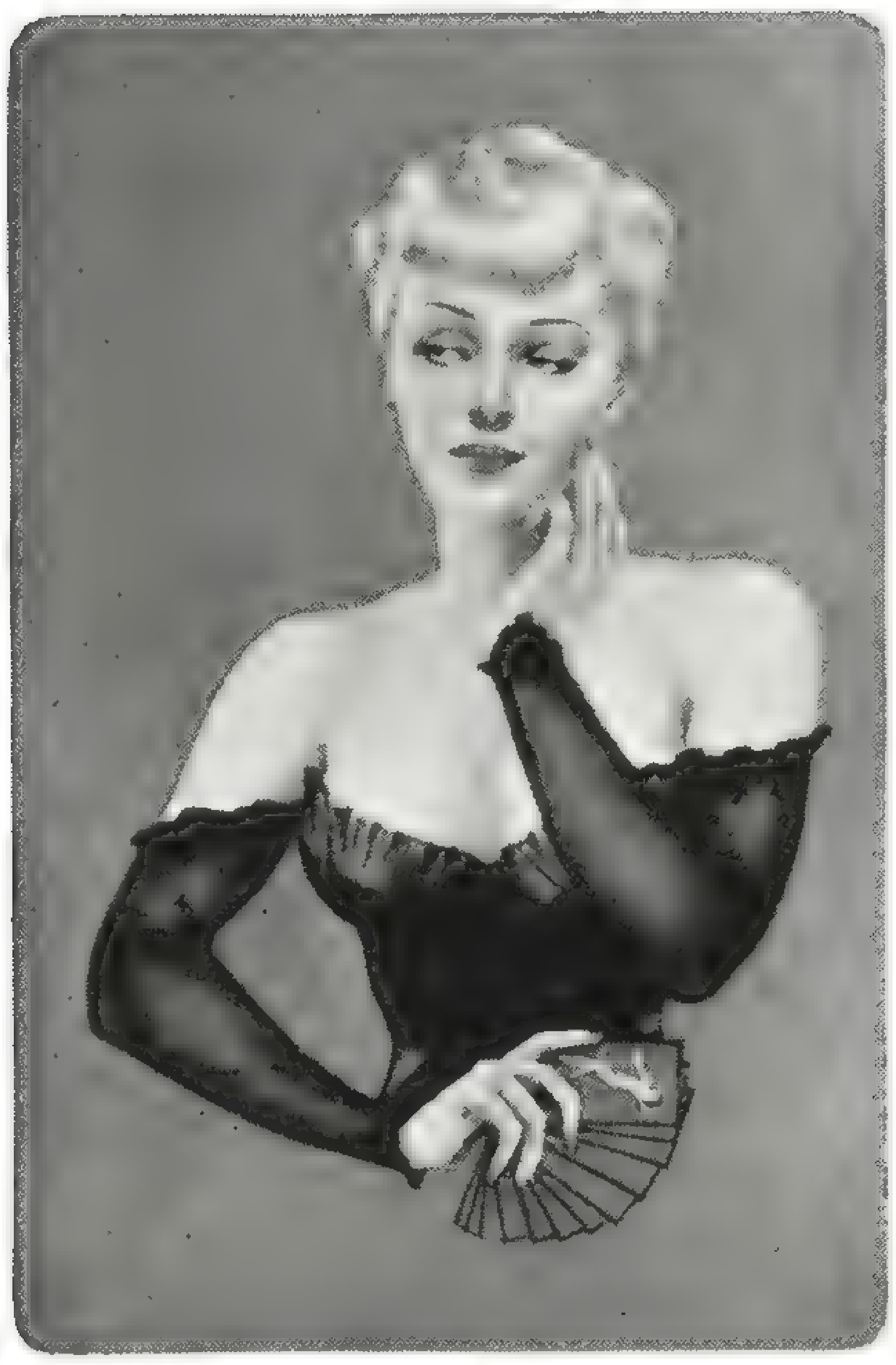
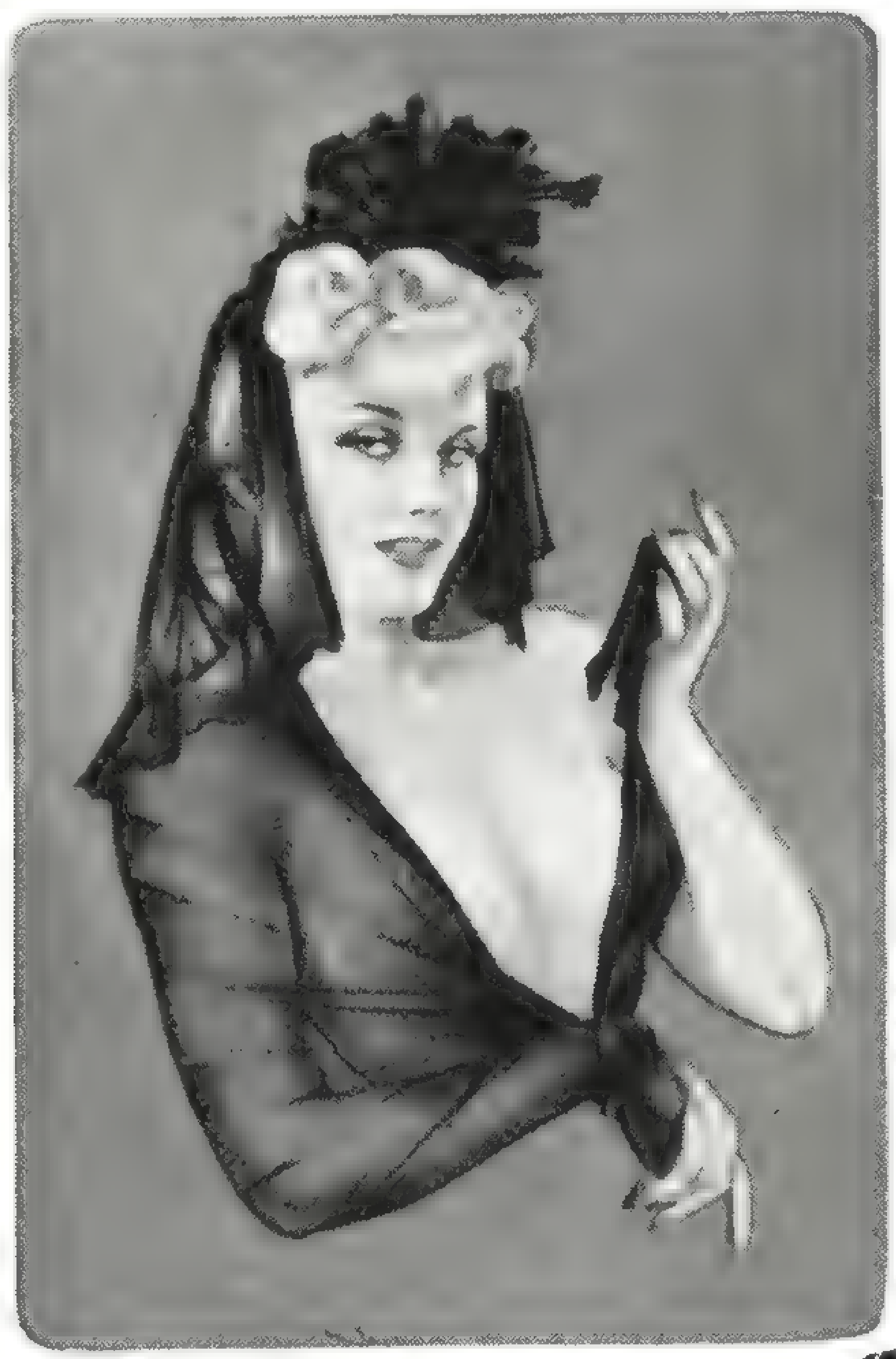


"A" DECK



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"B" DECK

Unlucky at cards? Quick, send for a pack backed with Varga queens. Or double your luck with two packs, and a complimentary Compleat Card Player. The luscious lassies will guide you with their enigmatic glances, and reshuffle your luck faster than you could rub the Magi's lamp.

Printed on sturdy 2-ply stock, and coated with glass-like cellulose, Varga's provocative pair will allow, even dare you to spill your drinks. You can whisk away glass rings from their pellucid complexions without a thought of stain.

And, as if it weren't enough to just look and be led by these twin winners, we'll send Esquire's Compleat Card Player free with every pair of Dollar Decks. Compact and complete as a crystal ball, the Compleat Card Player will steer you through any game, from Solitaire to 20 kinds of Poker; from Gin Rummy to Three Handed Bridge.

If you don't agree with us that the Varga Cards are the slickest, smoothest, most shock-proof cards you've ever owned—and that the Compleat Card Player is most comprehensive and concise—we'll gladly refund your money. So beat the usual Varga whirlwind and clip the coupon right now. You bid but eight bits a deck—and get a grand slam.

keep him smiling by sending a pair of the Varga Dollar Decks to a man in the service, and we'll match your gift with these two free specials:

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2. A beaut of a red-white-and-blue card, designed especially for announcing your gift to a Service Man. We'll pen your name on the card and mail it to arrive with the Varga decks.

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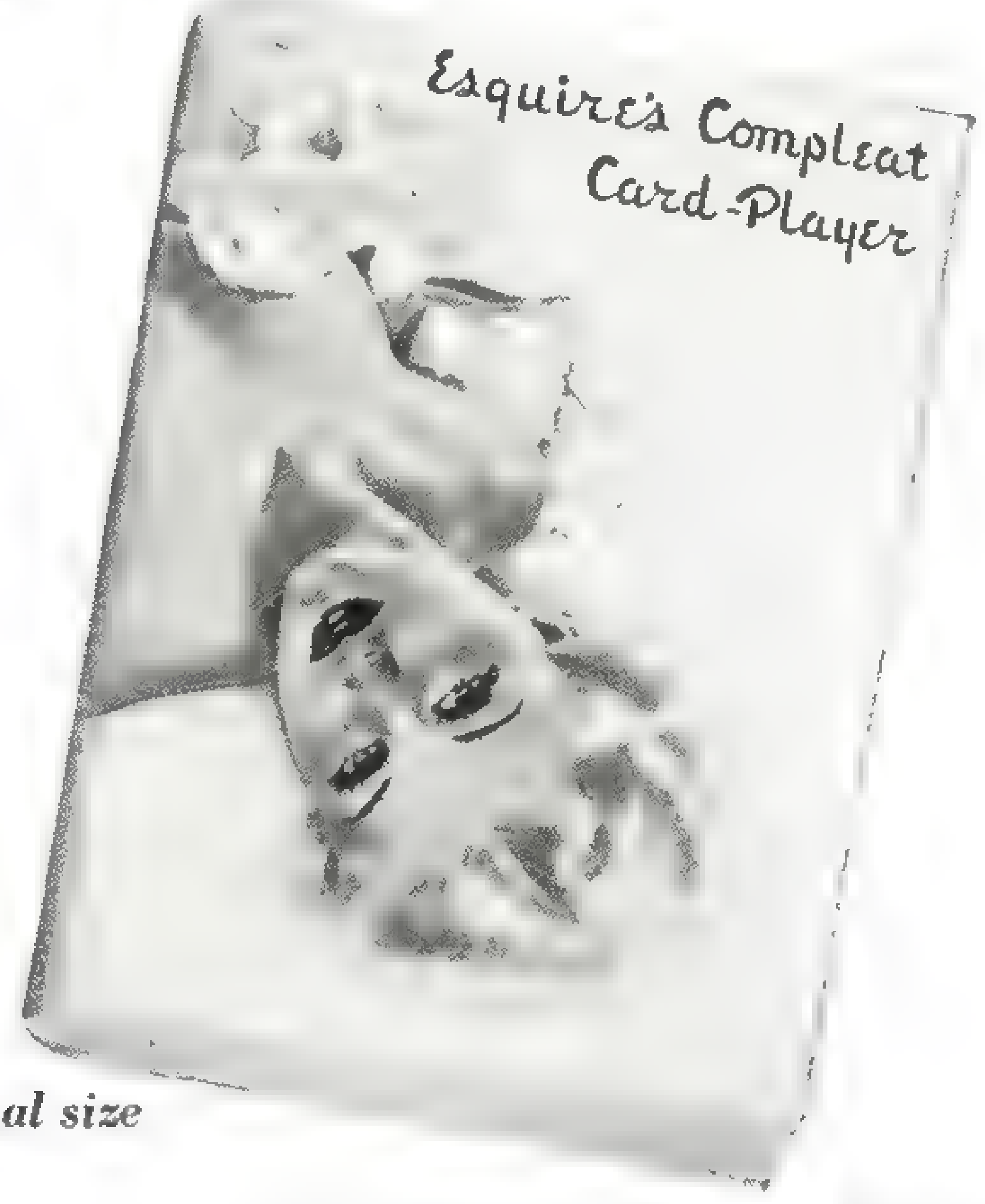

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Here's my order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards (moisture-resistant and cleanable). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return them and that my original purchase price will be refunded.

I enclose $____ Please send me:

____pairs of both decks (in double box) @ $2 per pair

(Note: With the above order only, with each pair of Dollar Decks, you will receive also a free copy of the limited edition of Esquire's Compleat Card Player.)

____*"A" decks @ $1 per deck;* ____*"B" decks @ $1 per deck.*

My name ____________________
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USE THIS COUPON FOR YOUR GIFT TO A SERVICE MAN

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Ordered by ____________________

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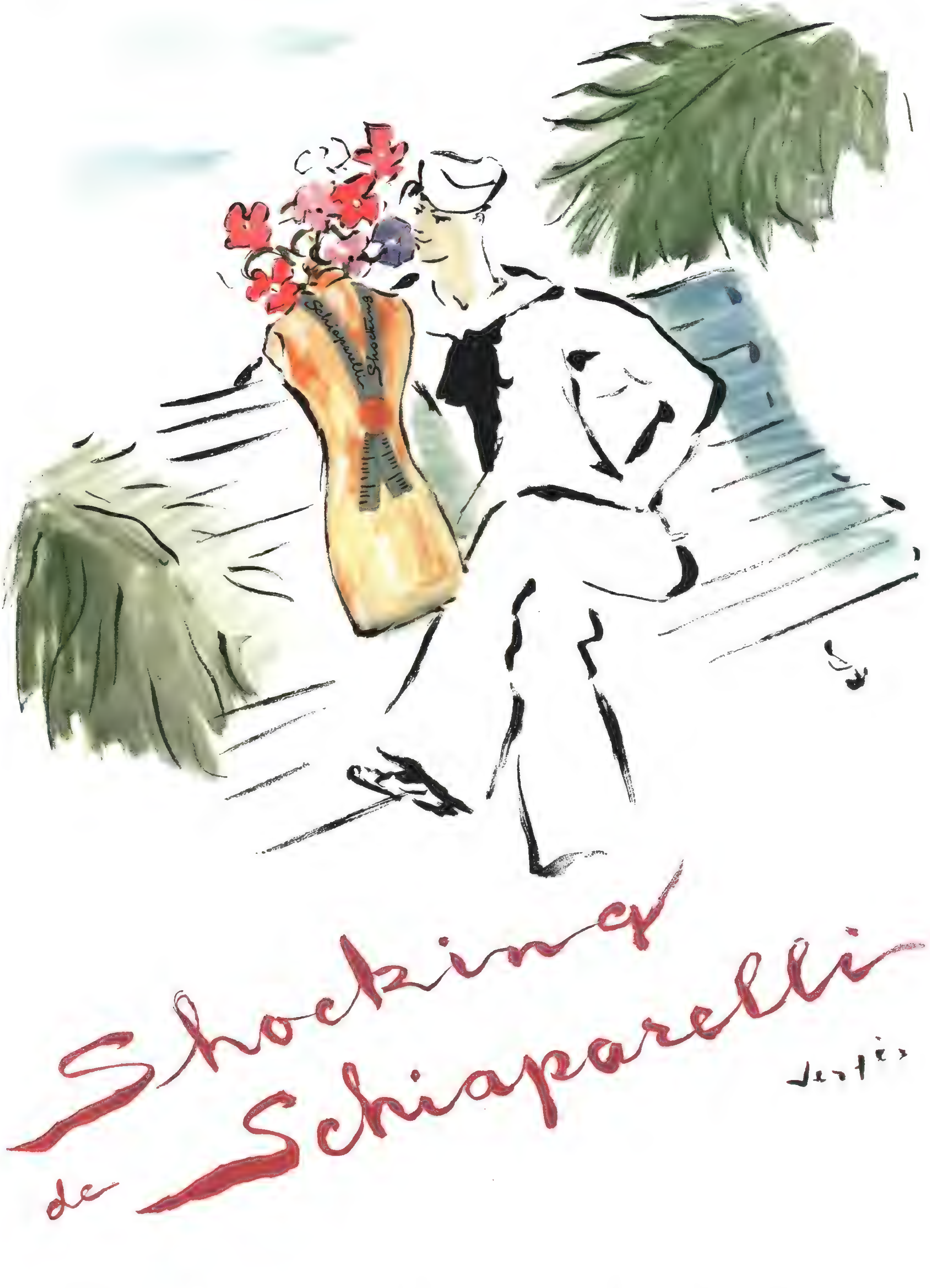
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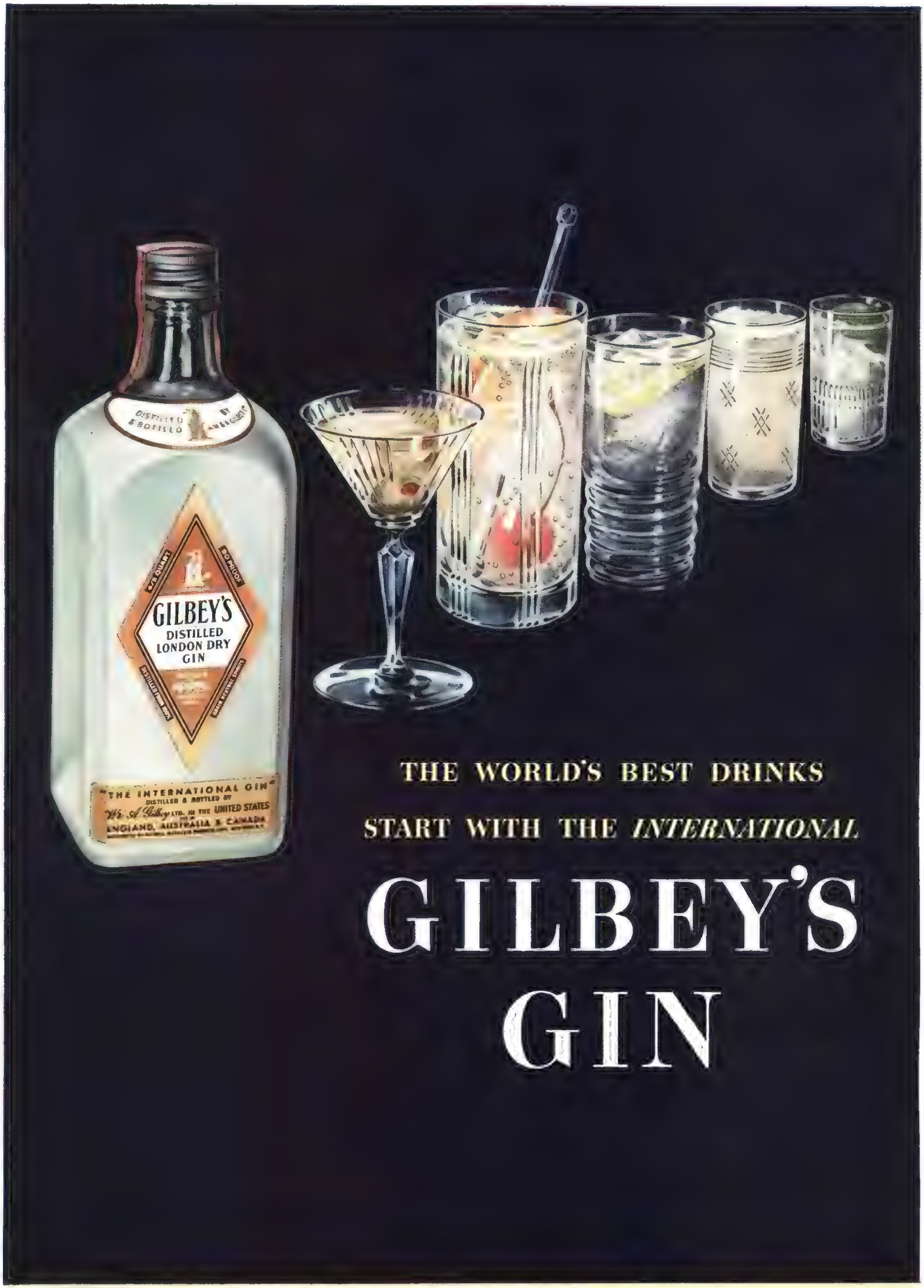
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The Christmas Surrender

As the Sergeant commented, Christmas and war in the desert do not usually go together, yet the Spirit prevailed

by **MANUEL KOMROFF**

FICTION

IT SEEMED like any other day, or so it began, but as soon as the great red desert sun began to drop in the airless sky events took on a strange turn. Not even war and all the powers on earth could hold back the evening of Christmas. The greatest plot in the world and all the dynamite in Libya could not hold it up.

The plot was not really a plot at all, but they spoke about it as though it were a plot. In the morning when the sergeant and his one soldier left the camp, a slight drizzling rain was falling. There was a chill in the air. The mist settled low in the pockets of the sand dunes and they tried to avoid these by walking along the high ridges weaving in and out.

During this two-mile walk from the camp to their post not many words were exchanged between the soldier and his sergeant. The job was routine. They had done it for many days on end and there seemed nothing to say.

But once during this early morning walk the sergeant remarked: "Christmas in a warm country is no Christmas at all."

The soldier did not reply.

At length they came to the low hill, where they relieved the two who had stood guard all night long.

"Has the mail come through?" asked one of the men.

"No," replied the sergeant. "Not yet. But Colonel Trotter sent a wireless to Cairo last night."

"It would be nice if the truck got through," said one.

"Christmas in a warm country," repeated the sergeant, "could never feel like Christmas anyway."

The two who had stood duty all night lost no time in idle talk but started out at once to return to the camp. They were tired, sleepy and hungry. They too avoided the deep ups and downs of the dunes and kept to the high ridges.

The sergeant and his soldier saw them walk away wearily. Soon their forms were lost in the fine drizzling rain.

During the morning Sergeant Hatcher again made note of the effect of a warm climate on the Christmas spirit. But all this time Private Fipp had been turning things over in his mind and for little else to do he challenged the statement.

"Don't see why it should make any difference," said the soldier. "It is not a thing dependent on hot or cold. In fact Scrooge and Marley might have been Cairo merchants and . . . Come to think of it, the very first Christmas in the world took place in a desert country and in a warm climate."

"Well, that may be true," admitted Sergeant Hatcher. "But a little snow can make a lot of difference."

"I really think," said Fipp, "there is a deep plot to destroy Christmas. In this whole business we are outnumbered."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, each year we seem to grow less in number. Of course the Orientals never had a Christmas. And they outnumber the Occidentals anyway. And now the Germans are pagans and they will force their paganism upon the rest of Europe. We are becoming a small minority. Every year smaller."

The rain stopped falling and the sun tried to filter through the clouds. The rapid evaporation caused a steam-like vapor to rise from the ground. Here and there a glint from the sun fringed the edges of vapor clouds with a gay band of spectrum colors. In this fairyland setting the grim business of war was carried on. The sergeant and his private walked back and forth and kept a sharp lookout.

"Christmas is a home thing—a fireside thing. And war is . . . They don't go together," said the sergeant.

"No. They don't."

"Yet last year my uncle sent me a crisp five-pound note at this time. And I must say it felt very good. It felt almost like Christmas."

They walked up and down in silence, each thinking his own thoughts. Sergeant Hatcher imagined he was walking the streets of London on this day and in his mind he saw the radiant faces of the throngs laden with packages, eager to get home to those they loved.

And Private Fipp recalled a scene from the Christmas Carol. He saw it vividly before him as it was played each year in his school, and this not many years ago. And he heard the stern words of old Scrooge as they were recited in the first act of the play: "Bah! Christmas is a humbug! I mean it. Merry Christmas, nephew! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough. Bah! Christmas is a humbug!" And as he walked up and down he imagined he saw the ghost as it appeared in the second act of the play. "Who and what are you?" he seemed to hear the frightened Scrooge call. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Past," came the reply.

But suddenly they stopped pacing up and down.

"Listen," whispered Hatcher. "Do you hear a voice?"

"It sounded like something."

"*Comarada,*" came a distant call.

"Halt!" called Hatcher, bringing his rifle into position.

"*Comarada,*" the voice repeated.

Looking out over the dunes they could see a small square of white cloth attached to a short stick. It was being waved over the edge of a sand bank.

"Are you alone?" shouted Fipp.

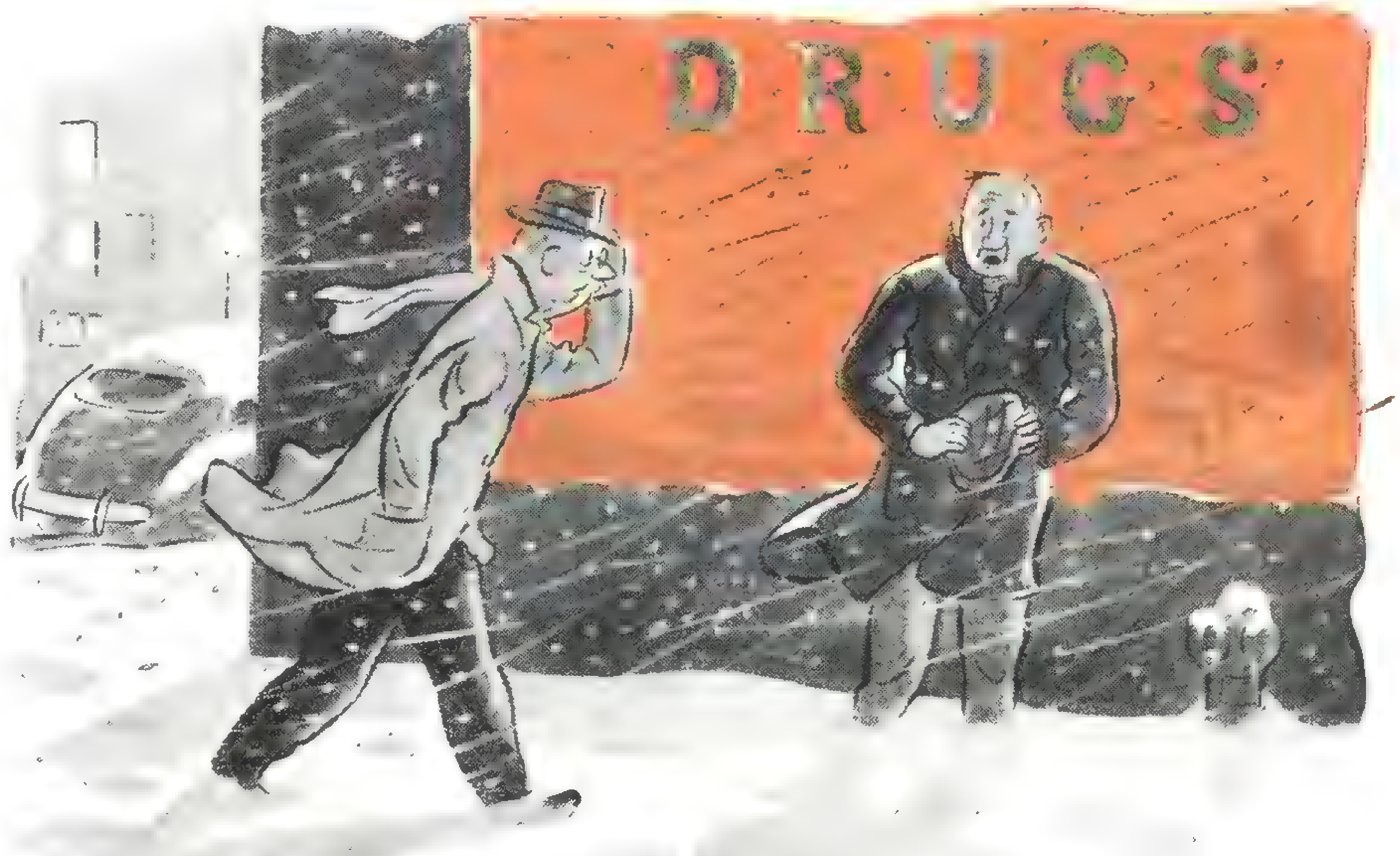
"Yes, alone."

"No tricks or we'll fire!" shouted Hatcher.

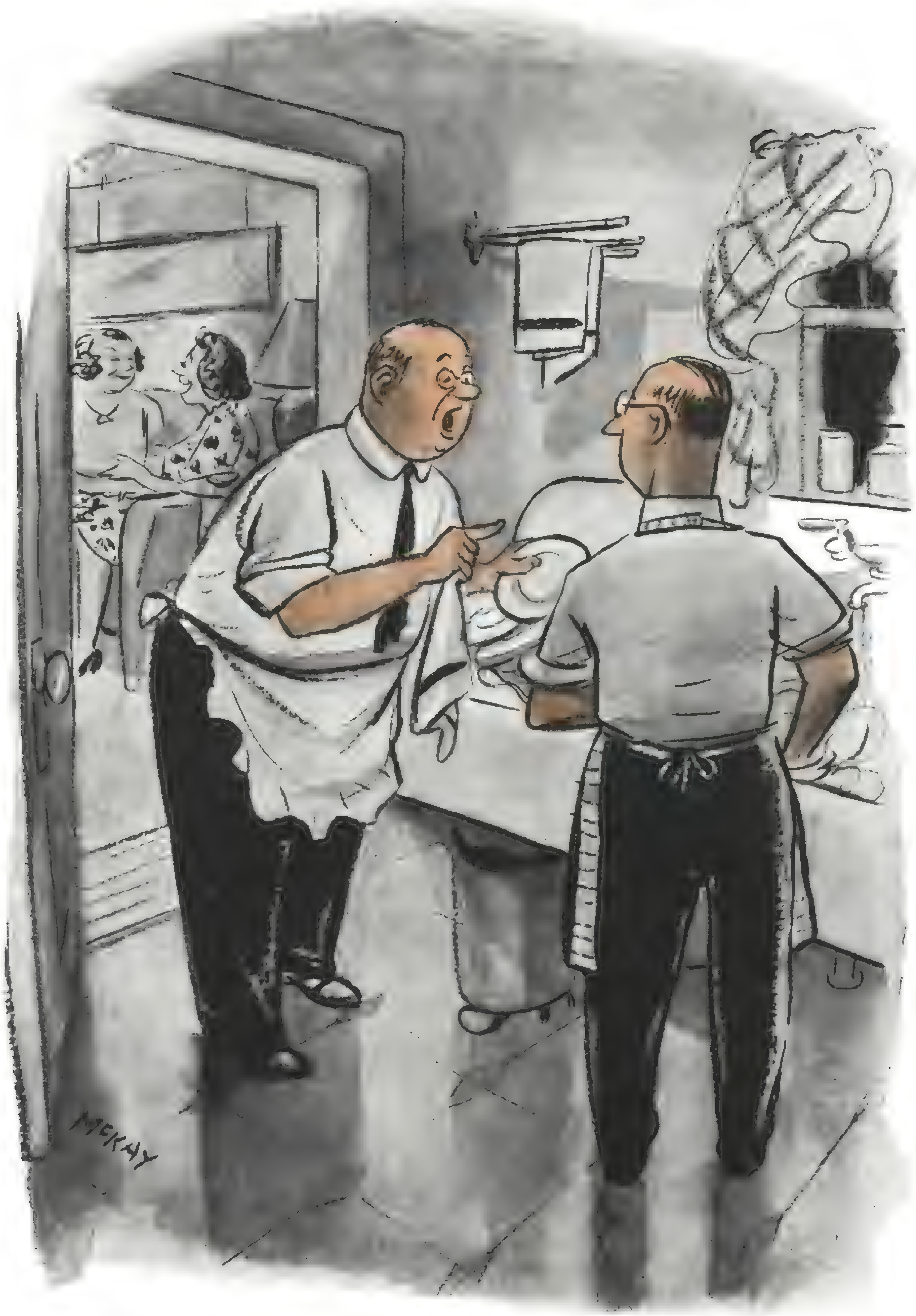
"No tricks, *comarada.*"

It was evident from the accent that the

Continued on page 181



"Buddy, could you spare a dime for a couple of Vitamin D Tablets?"



"But I tell you, Leonard, we Americans never would stand for a dictator!"

School for Saboteurs

In the Nazi-dominated countries of Europe, sabotage is a highly mechanized game which demands technical skill and hard training

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• ARTICLE •

THERE was hardly anything suspicious about the few Czechs playing their favorite card-game of "marriage" in the beerhouse of the small Bohemian town. The two Gestapo agents at a nearby table were getting bored. What a dull assignment! Watching the players, listening to the time-worn jokes of the kibitzers! All because there had been three cases of camouflaged railroad sabotage near the town lately and Gestapo Headquarters at Prague had ordered a close watch over the whole male population.

At the players' table the kibitzers were getting into a silly, noisy squabble.

"Those pig-headed Czech idiots!" one of the Germans muttered in disgust. He took out a copy of the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and gave his comrade part of the paper. They hadn't the faintest notion that at the very moment one of the "pig-headed Czech idiots," a man in the dark-blue uniform of a minor railway employee, was saying to the other players in a soft, cautious voice, "Let's repeat yesterday's lesson. We've been talking about the three methods of railroad sabotage."

One player, apparently busy with his cards, said, "First, disruption of tracks by explosion, obstacles placed there or by removal of rails. Second, dismantling of rolling stock by damage to wheels and brake system, or sawing through the connection between two cars. Third, disruption of signals and telegraph."

The kibitzers were still pursuing their endless argument. The railroad man nodded, arranging his cards. "Listen carefully. I'm going to tell you a new method how to remove rails . . ."

The Gestapo agents were reading their paper. They were thorough, efficient, brutal, but they lacked imagination. They would sneer if someone told them that the "dumb" Czech railroad worker was holding a school for saboteurs under their very noses!

Sabotage is the only weapon left to the enslaved peoples in the Nazi-dominated countries. They make the most of it. Today the game of sabotage is less glamorous than in the First World War when the "sab cats" caused terrific fires, railway crashes, shipwrecks or such spectacular explosions as that of Black Tom in New York Harbor. Himmler's hordes punish every attempt of sabotage with wholesale executions; a memento for the saboteur of 1942 to avoid melodramatic actions. His present aim is to foster slowly, methodically the cancer within the power stations of the Nazi war machine. Like war itself sabotage has become a highly mechanized game demanding supreme technical skill and thorough, specific knowledge that can be gained only by hard training.

Thus "schools for sabotage" have sprung up mysteriously all over the Nazi-dominated countries. They are not schools in the conventional sense of the term. There are no schoolrooms, no pulpits, no textbooks. Their complete obscurity and the lack of any romantic sensationalism explain why they have been overlooked even by the most perspicacious observers and correspondents on the European continent.

In a small Dutch harbor the young folk are enthusiastic soccer players. Every afternoon the members of the local football club meet at the playgrounds for a training. While they huddle around the goal, one man instructs the players in the subtle methods of naval sabotage; how to open the valves of the reserve oil tanks in the port and starboard engines; how to place emery dust in the machinery; how to destroy certain cargos by the application of salt water. The football field is guarded by German sentries; but, of course, there is nothing *verboten* about a ball game. Yet in a few weeks, there will be more cases of sabotage in the harbor and the authorities of occupation will be facing a mystery.

Somewhere in Belgium a group of youngsters are having fun around a billiard table. Harmless fun as it seems to the owner of the place, a Nazi-paid *spitzel.* He doesn't know that the players are just learning how to treat oil gauges on truck-and-auto-motors so they will indicate the presence of enough lubricating fluid while actually they are almost empty—a little trick that will disable the motor sooner or later.

There are no secret meetings at midnight, with mysterious passwords and other theatrical requisites of conspiracy. They are as outmoded as the weapons of the last war. Those methods were practicable against the Secret Police of the Tsar or the gentlemen-detectives of Scotland Yard. In order to outwit Himmler and his devilishly cunning henchmen, more original ideas had to be used.

A high-ranking Czech army officer is said to be the first who had the ingenious plan of beating the Nazis with their own weapons of skill, efficiency, thoroughness by organizing schools for saboteurs, right under the eyes of the Secret Police. He realized that amateurish acts of sabotage would result in terror, that only systematic, subtle underground activities would seriously hamper the German war effort. Many new tactics of organized mass-sabotage have come from the former Republic of Czechoslovakia. The Czechs have learned how to resist in three hundred years of Habsburg oppression; they are the inventors of "Sveikism" (so called after Jaroslav Hasek's immortal "Sveik, the Good Soldier") which comprises any sort of petty annoyance and non-cooperation without provoking actual violence. Machine gun parts disappear mysteriously from the factory; shells are found defective; shipments for the Reich are diverted by "dumb railway-men" to wrong places; on narrow highways a wrecked truck

Continued on page 207

US
GAS
MASK
Bill O'Malley

"But, dear, I need my helmet, too"

Strictly Legitimate Deals

While his draft board had put a small crimp in Pvt. MacClusky's career you can't keep a shrewd business man down

by LOUIS PAUL

FICTION

"It is not I who figgers out the regulations for this here barrack," said Corporal Smith. "Accordin' to the rules, it is ony suppose to be one close locker to each soldier."

"That's okay, Corp," said Private Benny MacClusky. "I won the use of this other locker off of Private Redbanks on a bet."

"Bettin' is also again the rules."

"This was a secret bet, Corp. Where else am I going to keep all this junk?"

"That's your tough worry. The regulations states that ony one locker goes to a customer."

"How would you like to make ten bucks?"

"What are you tryin' to do, bribe a non-commissioned officer?"

"You got me all wrong, Corp. This is a proposition. Let's just forget about the locker. I'll make a deal with Private Redbanks to pay him a buck a month to let me keep my junk in his closet."

"You ain't got no right to have all that junk," said Corky Smith. "This is the army, not no rummage sale."

"How would you like to buy a nice pair of five-dollar military hair brushes for four bits?" asked Private MacClusky.

"I never haff to comb my hair," said Smith. "It awys looks like this no matter what I do with it. Where'd you git them brushes?"

"They're interest on a debt. I took them in as collateral on a loan to Private Horan. But about this ten bucks. How would you like to make ten bucks regular every month, Corp?"

"Doin' what?" asked Corky suspiciously.

"Well, I need a partner in my business," said MacClusky. "I need a kind of a tough guy, preferably a non-com, to threaten some of my delinquent accounts."

"I don't git it," said Corky Smith.

"It's very simple, Corp. Nothing illegal, you understand. All my deals are strictly legitimate. But take Private Walso, for example. For a nominal charge of three-fifty I introduced Private Walso to the cashier at the Beanerie. I advanced him another three and a half to take her to see the Ice Follies. When payday came around he only paid me back the three-fifty cash because he said as soon as the show was over this cashier gave him the brush-off."

"So what?"

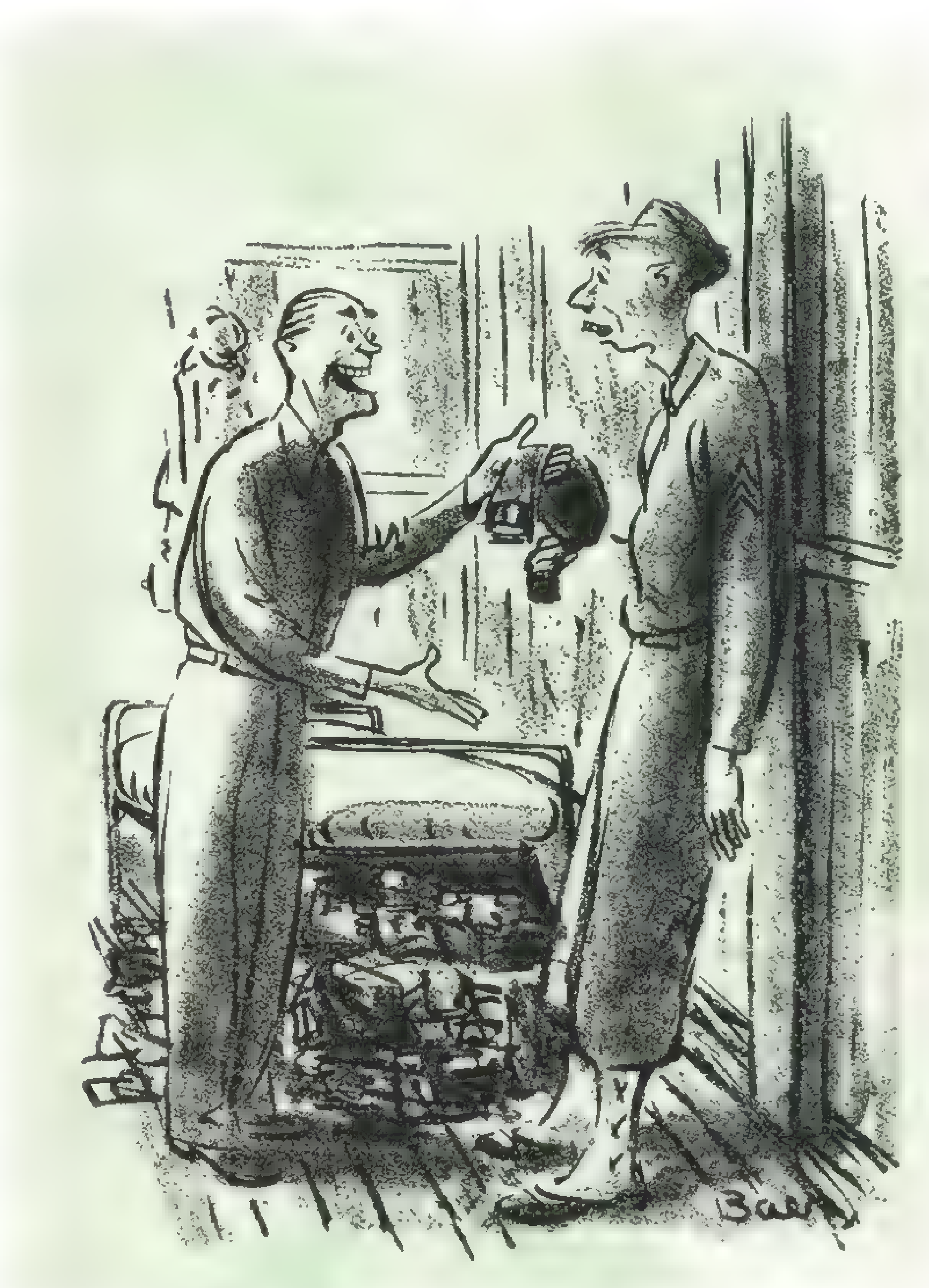
"So I really need a business partner to help me collect my legitimate debts, somebody to get tough and threaten them that if they do not come across they're liable to get a punch in the nose," MacClusky explained.

"Why don't you punch them in the nose yourself?"

"I'm a business man, not a pugilist, Corp. Physical violence is very abhorrent to me. What do you say—ten bucks a month, and five per cent of the gross collections."

"You would do better, MacClusky, if you'd put your mind on soldierin' instead of on propositions."

"I can't help it, Corp. I guess I'm a business man at heart. Think that deal over. In the meantime, if you don't need any military hair brushes, how about this fine suit of silk underwear? I picked it up for three packs of cigarets. I'll let you have it for four—I like to take a small profit with a large turnover."



"What would I do with silk underwear, go out on maneuvers with it?"

"You never know," said MacClusky brightly, "when a suit of silk underwear will come in handy. Some future affair of the heart, perhaps. Endows one with a certain nonchalant self-confidence."

"The best thing you kin do," said Corky Smith, "instead of foolin' around with junk like that, is to git your bunk made up and swept under."

"Oh, that's all taken care of, Corp. Private Hapgood's doing my chores this week. He'll be around shortly. He made a bum guess on Michigan State last Saturday."

Corky Smith scratched his wiry head. "Up to now we have had some very odd characters which have came and went in this here compny, but I figger you take the cake, MacClusky."

"As a matter of fact, Corp, I've got a very fine fruit cake here somewhere that I can let you have cheap. Somebody's grandmother made it for him and I took it over in part payment for a credit slip good for five gallons of gasoline that he needed to get some place with. I've also got three sweaters, an electric razor, and a set of books that teaches you how to be a cabinet maker. If you can use—"

"Maybe you never heard that we got a war on," said Corky.

"Certainly I heard of it," declared MacClusky. "Also that draft board that drafted me heard of it too. And just when I was on the point of going into business for myself. This was a wonderful business I had lined up. I had a deal on to sell sailors to the navy."

"Sailors," said Corky Smith, running his hand over his face.

"That's right."

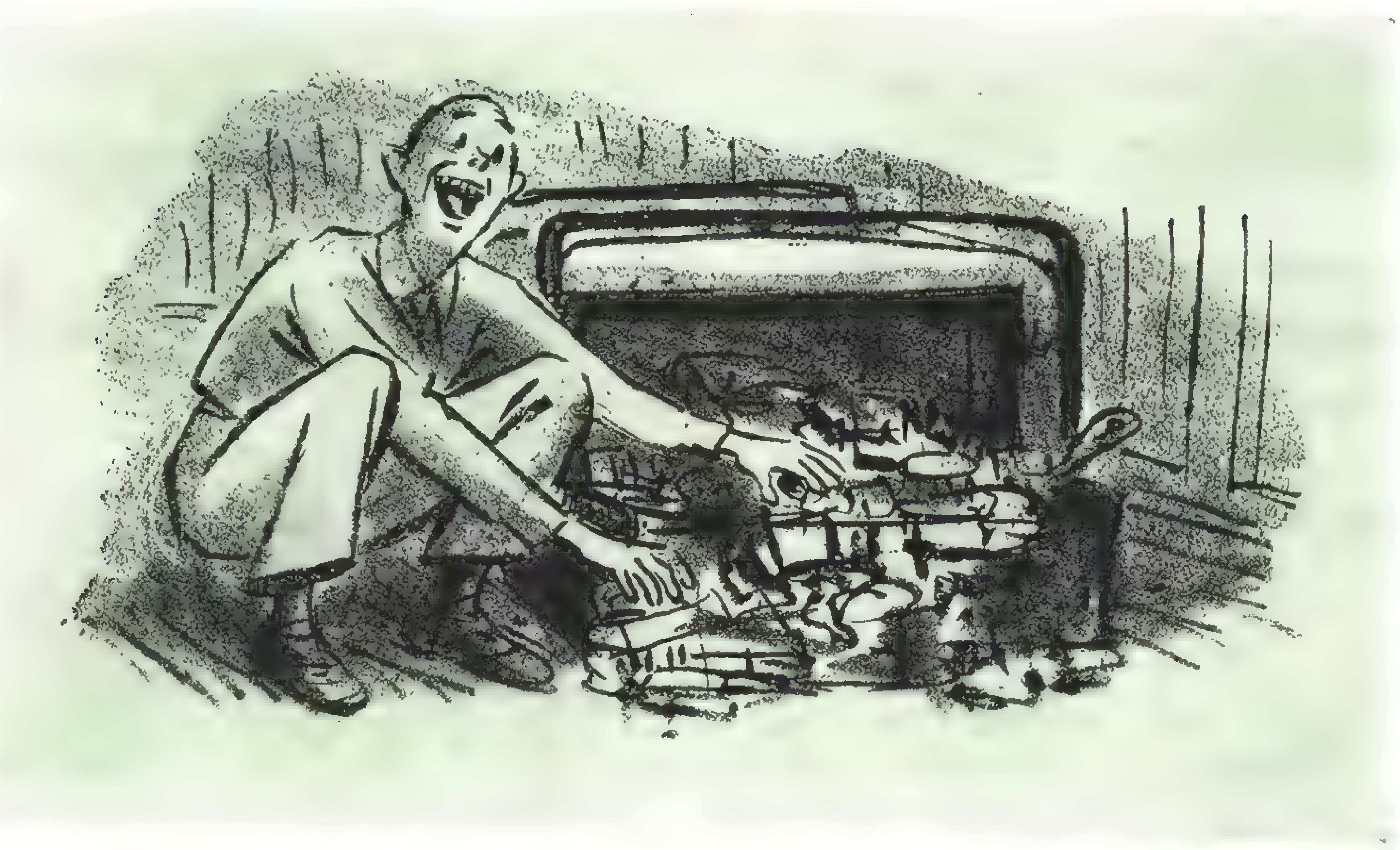
"Pardon me for seemin' to be acquisitive, but since when is the navy started in buyin' sailors?"

"Not the navy, exactly. I had this deal worked out with a guy in the naval recruiting office. He was going to give me five bucks apiece for every man I brought in because if he piled up a big record he'd be made a chief petty officer or a commodore or something."

"And how did you figger you would git these here guys to go into the navy?"

"It was all very simple. I figured I'd go canvassing from door to door. The way I used to sell vacuum cleaners was to go around from house to house and I would scare the ladies into buying them and in that way I made good. They used to have an advertisement in the paper saying, 'Our Mr. MacClusky made a hundred and twenty-three seventy-five last week, why can't you?' I figured I'd go around scaring guys into the navy. I figured after I perfected this system of scaring guys into the navy, I'd build up a crew under me and assign them to different territories, and—"

"Jist a minute," Corky interrupted. "I think I got lost somewhere. In the first place, how possibly is anyone able to scare ladies into buyin' a vacuum cleaner?"



"First I'd get my foot in the door. I would ring the bell, and when the lady opened the door, the first thing I'd do is stick my foot in so she couldn't close it, and then I'd say, 'Good afternoon, madam. I am not here to sell you anything'."

"But—"

"Then she'd make some wisecrack, maybe, like, 'The hell you say!' or, 'Tell that to the marines,' or something. 'This is no kidding, lady,' I'd say. 'I'm here to give you a vacuum cleaner absolutely free—nothing down and five years to pay for the equipment that goes with it. And you better take it or I can guarantee you're liable to be dead in six months.' That was the gag that got 'em. When I was invited in to explain why they were liable to be dead in six months, I'd open up their carpet sweepers and put a pinch of dust on a slide and stick it under a microscope I used to carry around with me for this very purpose. When these ladies saw the germs doing the conga on that slide, the rest was easy."

"So what is germs got to do with scarin' guys into the navy?"

"I figured I would operate on the same principle. I had it all worked out to go from door to door and talk to a lot of these guys that were going to be called anyway and prove to 'em that more people get killed trying to cross busy intersections than get drowned in the navy, and by a few other arguments to show 'em how better off they'd be if they came with me and signed up. Only just when I had this plan all worked out, the draft board got hold of me."

"Them draft boards is sure hell on guys, ain't they?" said Corky.

"I almost had a nice deal figured out to get to be a member of one of those draft boards," said MacClusky. "I figured if I was a member of a draft board I would probably be more sympathetic to the excuses I could think up for being deferred."

"Ony you never got on it."

"I had a nice plan. The way I planned to be made a member of one of those draft boards was to become a big merchant in one of those communities, so I rented a store and filled it up with different kinds of merchandise that I bought at a fire sale. As soon as a vacancy occurred I was going to apply for it. What knocked this scheme on the head was that the vacancy occurred in the army first, and I never got a chance to defer myself."

"Well, you are a soldier now," said Corky Smith, "and there is a war on. And if we ever expect to go ahead and win it you better git down to business and study them infantry drill regulations."

"Don't worry, Corp. Pretty soon I'll know 'em by heart. This Private Kiplinger who used to be a teacher in civilian life is my special tutor. I sold a guy a pack of cards with this Varga girl on the back of 'em for his pork chops at Sunday mess during our six weeks' basic training, and then I made a deal with this Kiplinger, who is very fond of pork, to be my private teacher in exchange for those chops. So don't worry about those regulations, Corp."

"Any time I have got a guy in my squad that does nothin' but figger out screwy deals like these deals you are tellin' me about, I am gonna go around with a continual headache until he is assigned some place else."

"A headache," said Private MacClusky, a sudden smile illuminating his features. "A headache. Corp, you are in luck."

"Why am I in luck?"

MacClusky began rummaging around in the pile of junk lying in the bottom of his locker. "This is something I intended to treasure for my own personal use. I hadn't intended to part with this, Corp. I go around boasting about being a business man, but I'm afraid my heart is softer than my head. When a friend makes an appeal to my better nature, Corp, I am lost. Here."

MacClusky held up a fantastic contraption, his eyes surveying it with rapturous admiration.

"What the hell is it?"

"What is it!" MacClusky slowly shook his head from side to side. "Words are ineffective to describe the wonders of an ever-advancing science. Do you know what aspirin do to you when you swallow them? They bust inside you. They detonate with the explosive force of a thousand-pound bomb—in proportion to their size, of course. Well, this miraculous device altogether eliminates the use of drugs, sedatives, injections, purgatives and pills. It dissolves the phlegm, it regulates the pulse, it softens the arteries and hardens the nerves."

"Yeah?" said Corky Smith, hypnotized.

"When these therapeutic machines are finally manufactured for general public use, the word *headache* will be removed from our dictionaries. The man who invented it, a Professor Sienkewitz, was forced to discontinue making 'em because of a shortage of basic materials. Only four of these devices are now extant in the world today, and here you see one of them."

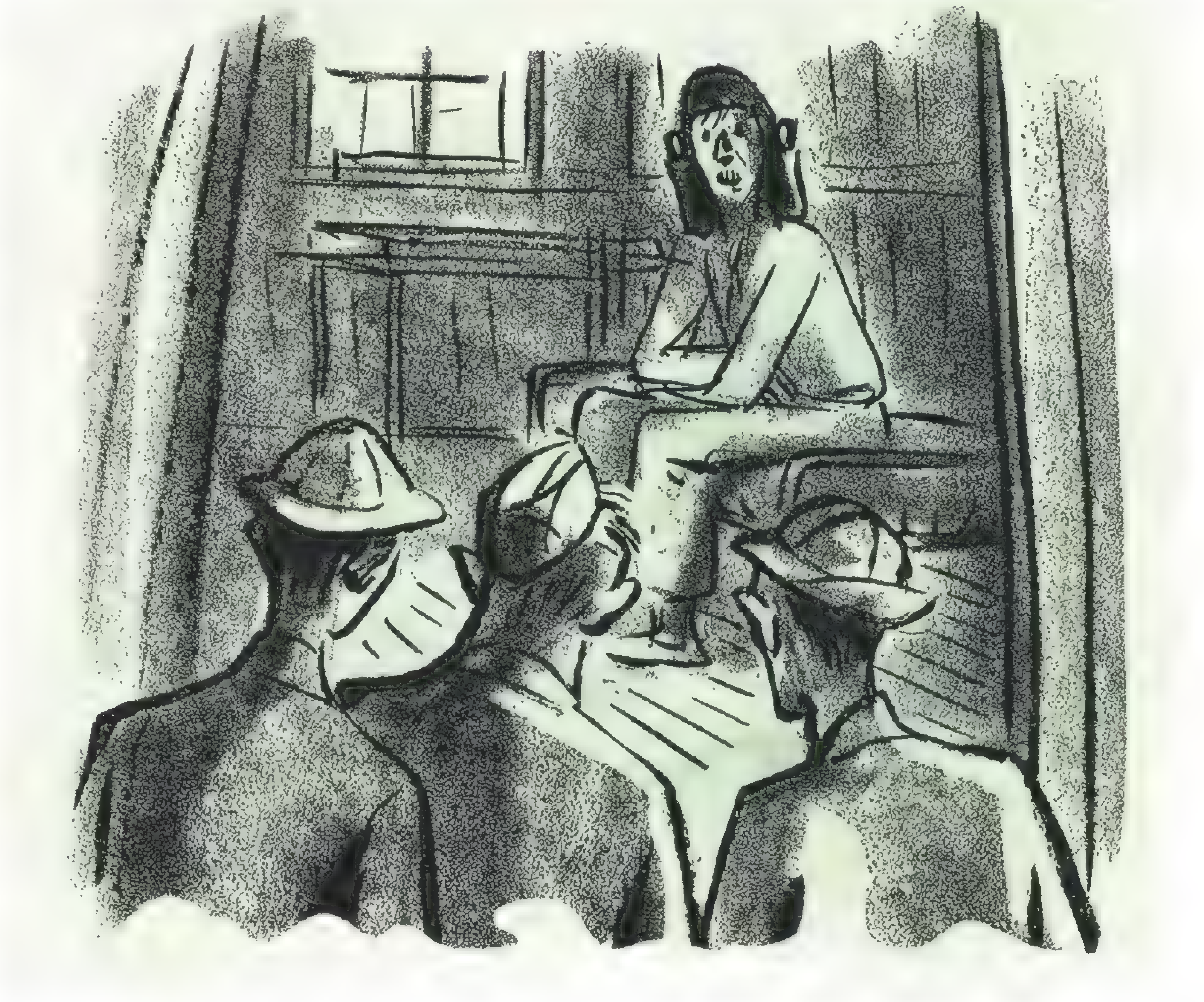
"What do you do with it?"

"You draw it over your head, thus, then tie it under your chin. In these pockets, on each side, you will observe two small storage batteries which send a mild discharge of curative current coursing through your ductless glands."

"It sounds like a good thing if it does you any good."

"I used to have a hacking cough before I began wearing this helmet—we call it the Electric Doctor. Now I'm not only cured, but

Continued at top of page 145



Marriage Makes Strange Bedfellows

Man and wife are not made one by wedding and like nations bound by a treaty may still wind up in war

by **LAWRENCE GOULD**

• ARTICLE •

At the marriage of a cousin of mine when I was a boy, a lady in the congregation wiped her eyes, and whispered to my mother: "I do think a wedding's so much sadder than a funeral, don't you?"

No doubt she was thinking of the "terrible experience" the innocent and unsuspecting bride would shortly have to go through, as well as the hard lot of a woman who had to live with one of the dreadful creatures she thought men were. But, Victorian as her viewpoint was, I thought then and still think the old girl had something. To induce a man and woman to promise to live together "until death do them part" may perhaps be rated Nature's most ironical achievement. For despite their irresistible attraction for each other, any man and any woman are still on the whole so alien in mind and spirit, and instinctively so hostile and suspicious that no permanent relationship between them can help meaning undeclared or open warfare a good deal of the time.

Indeed, hard as many of us still cling to the fairy-tale picture of the prince and princess "living happily ever after," the improbability of such an ending to romance has long been recognized by both law and religion. For example, in a recent divorce suit before the High Court of London, Mr. Justice Alfred Buckhill ruled: "We cannot assume marriage a state to which the word 'happy' can properly be applied. It is enough if the spouse can say it was normal. It may then be understood that 'normal' means there is nothing much to complain about. And that is quite enough for anybody." And not only do most religious bodies hold that mere unhappiness of either or both parties to a marriage is no valid ground for divorce, but it has often been frankly stated that the real purpose of marriage is "spiritual discipline," not mutual enjoyment.

This is much like the position of those who regard war as the normal state of human existence: indeed, the same forces that produce war operate in marriage almost as inevitably. The relations of a man and woman are a microphotograph of those of two adjoining nations which, because of differences in culture and tradition, don't become "one" by signing a treaty of alliance, and even when they have signed it, may still wind up fighting one another. Let's picture the average married couple as a Romeo and Juliet who've escaped the harsh fate the dramatist had in store for them and feel that their troubles are now over. No matter how much in love they may be, the time will still come eventually when they will discover that their apparent interests and aims in life are in hopeless conflict.

The trouble may begin with the family income, which is seldom big enough to cover everything they both want. What there is of it must clearly be saved for the things that really matter, but there's likely to be quite a difference of opinion as to which things these are. Who shall have the new coat this year, since they can't both have one? Shall they buy new furniture, or insurance? Shall they join the country club, or save for taxes? Shall they spend their vacation in the woods where Romeo can relax and rough it, or go to a summer hotel where Juliet will get away from housework and have a chance to show off her wardrobe—such as it is?

Admitting that these are trivial matters which could be disposed of by using a little common sense and good will, the *feeling* that they embody is *not* trivial. To each of us, his own needs and desires seem self-evidently more important than anyone else's, and he feels whoever cannot see this is deliberately stubborn and thick-headed. From Romeo's standpoint, because he is the bread-winner, his mental and physical requirements mean the family welfare, while to Juliet it is too clear to be arguable that the home must come first, and that she as the home-maker has the first claim to consideration. Both may be much too polite to press the issue—or at first, to admit its existence—but it's just as real as the feeling of each of the present warring nations that its claim to supplies and munitions should be met before all others.

Then there's the eternal problem of the children. If Juliet is typical of her sex, she feels they are her god-given life work, and can't understand why Romeo should get the idea he's neglected if she's too preoccupied with them to give him much attention. Does not he keep dinner waiting when—as he claims—he can't get away from the office? But if Romeo in self-defense begins to take an interest in his offspring, that creates new grounds for disagreement. For not only do both he and Juliet have a full set of the fears and prejudices which we like to dignify as ideals, but each feels the children must be brought up by his or her special pattern because this is "right" and all the others are "wrong." Romeo wants Junior brought up a "real Montague"—a he-man; while Juliet says all the Capulets have been known for their polished manners and she doesn't want her relatives to think her son a roughneck.

So much for the matrimonial *casus belli* which everyone who has thought about the subject seriously, recognizes. There are others that go deeper, and are generally more or less unconscious. To begin with, there's the basic impulse that makes people marry at all—and I'll be surprised if you are thinking of the same thing I am. The impulse I'm thinking of is not sex, even though the idea that sexual desire ought to lead to marriage has been so deeply impressed on most of us that it seems part of the nature of things. Animals have

Continued on page 174

"This is she—this is her—wait a minute till I get my dictionary"

Benedicts, Awake!

by FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

DRAWING BY VARGA

Men sleeping beside your wives, Awake!
Awake to gaze longingly, lastingly
Upon soft-skinned thigh and softer breast
revealed by careless gown.
For has not fate decreed deprivation?
Has not Hitler written and Tojo demanded
Your lot shall be the stinking bodies of
men, the living and the dead?
Return not to your restless sleep, Awake!
Awake with memories of other men awakening
in the foxholes of Bataan!

Men sleeping beside your wives, Awake!
Tomorrow her unopened eyes will be a memory.
That distant rumble is not a squirrel at play
on a shed's tin roof.
Has it not been ordained the benedict must suffer?
The sanctity of your marital bed has been invaded.
Your lot shall be toil and sweat and blood,
droning motors, fire, smoke, grease, dust.
Restless sleep is not forgetfulness, Awake!
Awake with memories of Malayan jungles, where
men awoke who shall not awake again!

Men sleeping beside your wives, Awake!
Awake and seek the sweet caress of lip and arm.
Time awaits, not upon your pleasure, because
destiny and doom are one.
For this there is no meaning in the stars,
Hitler and Tojo propel Fortune's wheel.
Garand walnut curves gracefully, and,
flowing blood too is soft and warm.
Desire not sleep, nor yet forgetfulness, Awake!
Awake with visions of those other
awakenings that are to come.

Testimonial to Hillel

After fifty years in America he told his friends he had no complaints, he was as wealthy as when he first came

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION

I don't like flag-wavers. I never have. I can't stand to see things for which I have a deep affection handled with casual and even brutal good humor. I can't pay people grand compliments to their faces no matter how much I like them, and it embarrasses me to have anyone do that to me. It isn't modesty or inferiority; I think it is a matter of taste. I mistrust the loud cheerers because I have seen with what ease they can become the equally loud booers. I would rather have, and give, quiet appreciation. If it's sincere it lasts longer and is firmer, sounder. I am prejudiced, of course.

These are thoughts that occurred to me as I was thinking of Hillel the Wealthy and of what I saw happen to him today. It was a quaint, touching ovation, but there is a Hillel in nearly every community in the land, and it may be that similar occasions have been, or will be, planned for them. This Hillel, although regarded as an unimportant man, signed many important papers in his lifetime. I am sure that if he had been alive then, and had had the opportunity, he would have signed those other great documents that we are just beginning to appreciate. I am thinking now of the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He would have done it without hurrahs and posturing. He would have done it because it was right to do.

He is not a man whose name or picture would ever get into the newspapers or even into biographical dictionaries. For he is too plain a man, with roots that go deep into the common soil.

* * *

Fifty years ago Hillel the Wealthy arrived at Castle Garden. He was then a tall, redheaded young man in his twenties with a small bronze mustache, light reddish eyebrows and deep green eyes that looked out unafraid at the New World. He was broad-shouldered and hard-muscled, but it could not be said that he was afraid of no man. In his short span of life he had been afraid of many men who, because of vile laws and circumstances, had used him and his kind in cruel ways. That was why he had left his village to seek the freedom across the seas.

He had no money; he had not even friends. With the few coins he had brought he secured a peddler's pack and went out among the farms to sell and to trade. At first Hillel slept only by the roadside or under trees. Then he found that none of the farmers minded when he asked to make his bed in the barns. He walked free. He picked up the new language and he talked free. He found that he did not have to drop his eyes and duck his head. A shudder passed through him when he first realized how free he was, for he was not by nature a thinker and came to understand things slowly.

He sang as he walked the roads and the American sun burned his forehead and the American wind stung his cheeks. When the rural people waved to him he waved back and his heart leaped with gratitude. There was even a kind of friendliness in the barking of the dogs. What a land this was! he thought. It was true that he worked hard, harder perhaps than ever before, but he could raise his head freely and know that no one stood behind him with a knout or a cruel decree.

He made friends quickly, not only among his own people but among the farmers and the townsfolk to whose doors he came. They thought his name, Hillel Goodman, was odd, but he was a man who stood upon his own feet and asked no favors, and they liked him. When he was dubbed "Hillel the Wealthy" he hardly remembered, but it was given to him in jest long before he had more than two coins to rub together, and the name had clung to him.

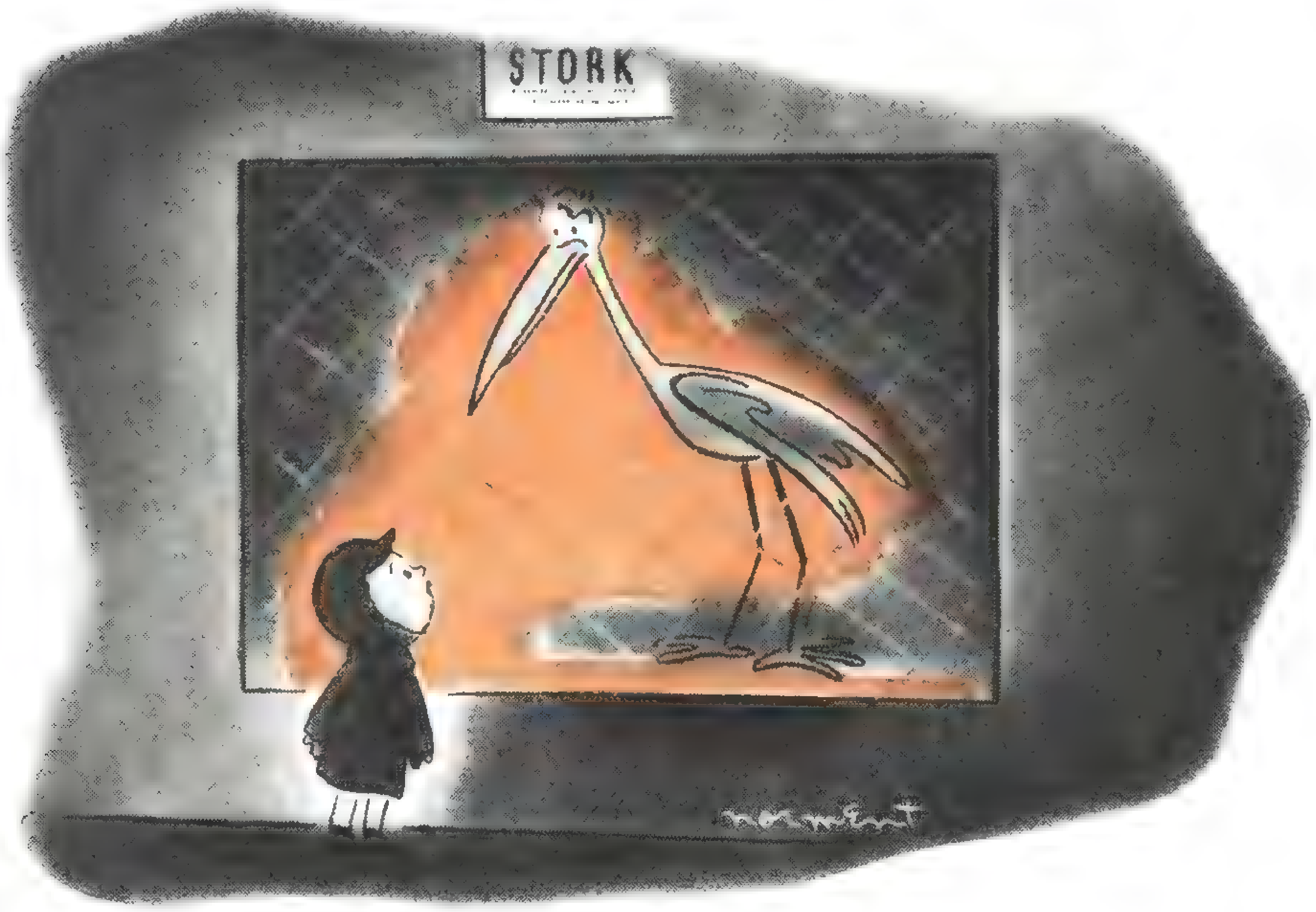
From the old country he brought over his mother and his father and several younger brothers and sisters. He accomplished that little by little even before he had prospered, putting by a few dollars each week for that purpose, because he dearly wanted his family to share in the new freedom. Twenty years later when "Hillel the Wealthy" was a name to be reckoned with and a great war was on the horizon he was still helping others to leave a dark continent and come to the light of a New World.

Hillel the Wealthy had "arrived." He was a "self-made" man, as they say, a big man, tall and broad and stoutish. He was still red-haired and even the hair on the backs of his hands was like brass. His face was full, clean-shaven and bristling with the same bronze mustache. Across his vest hung a heavy gold chain and he wore a gold wedding-band. When he was lost in thought he plucked at the lobe of one ear and jingled the coins in his pockets.

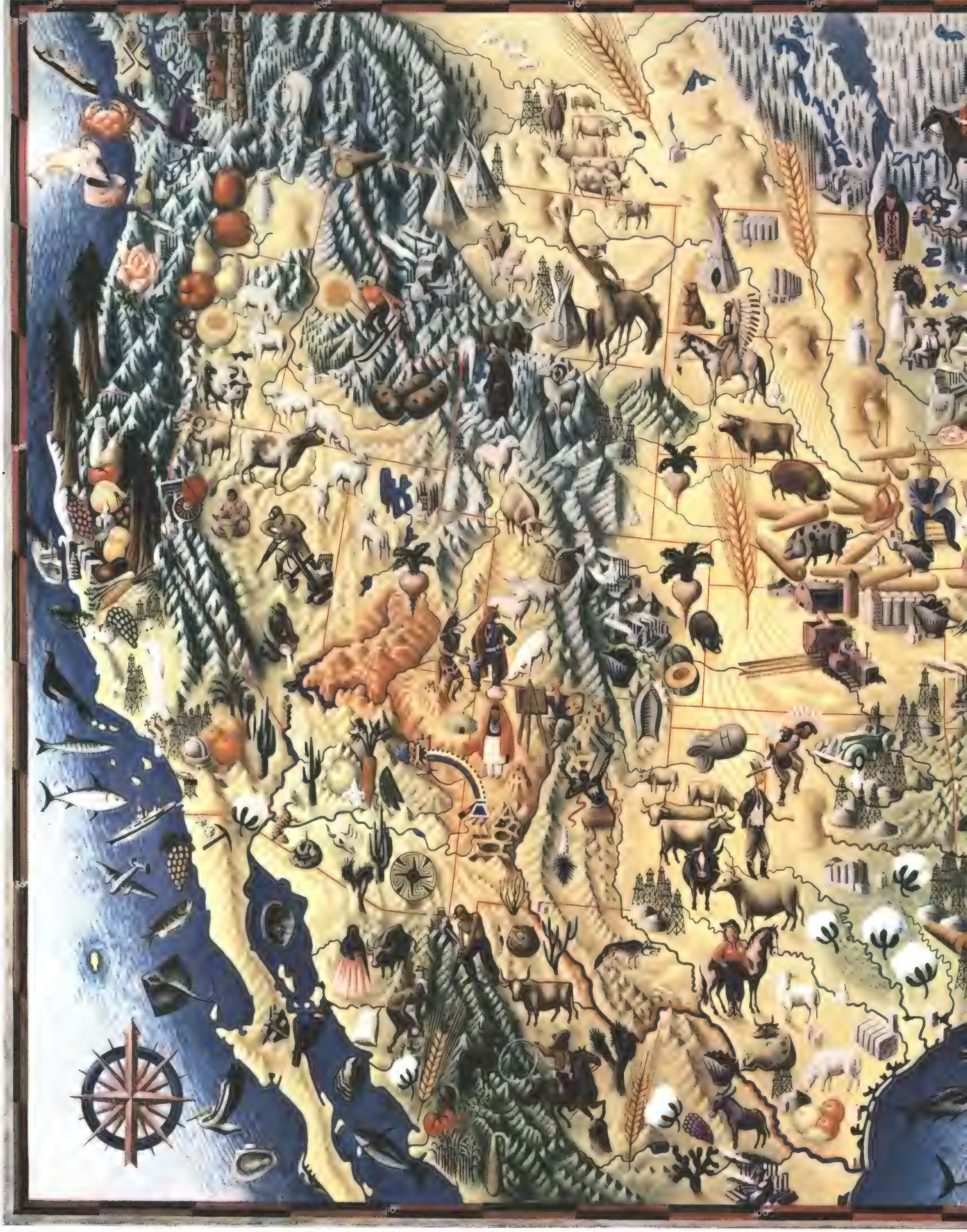
The peddler's pack had long ago been put by. Now he headed a corporation which dealt in wholesale scrap metal and he bought and sold in ton lots and carloads, and employed many people. All day a row of wagons streamed into the Goodman yards as other peddlers brought their scrap metal to sell to him. He dealt with the largest bank in the city and carried out transactions where his word went as collateral.

He was a close-mouthed man, but openhearted. He lost a son in the Argonne forests and his grief etched sharp furrows in his cheeks. His youngest brother came home a shell-shocked invalid and Hillel took over the burden of his family. He led the community in contributions for charitable causes and yet made no public appearances and got his picture in no press notices. Quietly, he kept up a considerable correspondence with kinsmen in the old village, many of whom depended upon his remittances for their livelihood. With all this, he confided to few, not even to

Continued on page 157



"It happened the night of March 16th, three and a half years ago—going on four—I was the McIntosh baby. Now do you remember?"



NOW in time of war, we are latently awakened to the grandeur, color and infinite variety of this America we fight to defend. The pine-clad hills of Maine where broad-antlered Moose defy the hunter and the tropical Everglades of Florida . . Texas with its great cattle ranges, where there's elbow room for everyone and kids learn lariat throwing along with the three R's. The billowing wheat fields of the Dakotas . . Plymouth Rock, Mass.,

where the Pilgrims landed, now fenced
hunters . . California where all things
ancient Redwood forests of Yosemite
stars . . Vermont where farmers are as
maple syrup obligingly drips from th
corn is even taller than they sing it an
buildings of steel and stone thrust t

90°
70°
THE★UNITED★STATES★OF AM
40°
30°
90°
80°
COVARRUBIAS

off from chisels of souvenir
are colossal, including the
and the salaries of movie
s terse as Cal Coolidge and
e trees . . Iowa where the
d Manhattan Island where
heir spears into a smoke-laden sky . . Oklahoma where many an Indian strikes oil and sends his children to college in a limousine . . Something of the flavor and scope of this America, something of its large tolerance of differences are here conveyed by Miguel de Covarrubias. A key to this map, by which you may learn the identity of every last fish, tree and shock of grain is on page 121. Here you may also learn where copies of the map may be procured.

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

To Mary by V-Mail . . .

And, darling, when I see you reflected
in the mirror of my memory I can almost
feel your smooth cheek pressed against mine
It's then I know that Victory is worth
any price — a hundred lonely Christmas
days like this one — because I know —
that when I come back the world will
be bright and shining and happy again . .
for you, for us,
Forever,
Barry

The Unpredictable Profile

Around the clock with the late John Barrymore whose uninhibited offstage remarks were perhaps his best comedy

by **JOHN DECKER**

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE gray dawn and the California mist hover over the Tower Road estate of the Prolific Profile, affectionately known to his intimate friends as the "Monster." Somehow it has a resemblance to the Tower of London, not so much in appearance as in an eerie feeling. The great totem pole towering above, overlooking the "Chinese Tenement House" as he called it, has a raven nesting in the hollow head of the top figure and the croaking would have put Poe to shame.

In the distance one hears the faint hooting of an owl. Above, in the misty sky, in large circles, majestically and with great dignity, swoops an eagle once belonging to Barrymore, and later given its freedom.

The grounds seem alive with ghosts of animals, once alive, which he brought back from his various trips around the world. Sometimes one seems to hear the chattering and gibbering of Clementine, the pet monkey, which took a terrible dislike to one of Barrymore's wives and through jealousy, drank itself to death.

The unpredictable Barrymore is asleep, to the great relief of his servants and attendants. There is a great silence in the household as if it had turned into a mausoleum. Not even a clock ticks. There are no clocks. Not even calendars—for time means nothing and goes on tiptoe in the presence of the "Monster."

Even Viola, the Afghan hound, lies with her ear cocked, tense and quiet in front of his door; Viola was named by Barrymore after Viola Tree, the daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. The dog had the same dignity attributed to the English society girl in looks as well as attitude. Her long wavy gray hair and solemn look gave her the appearance of a melting icicle, and yet, a certain elastic vigor resembling an English society girl "carrying on."

Every ear is tense and alert to hear the first grunt or cough of the Master awakening, or rather, the strange sounds that Barrymore was heir to.

The morning sounds were between an orchestra tuning up and the cries of the wounded on the battlefield, ending in a crescendo like a bull moose calling for his mate.

In the kitchen, libations are lined up that might suit the whim of the Great Profile—buttermilk, iced clam juice, absinthe, anisette, vermouth, raw egg with Worcestershire sauce, tomato juice, iced tea and rum, Seven-up, Coca-Cola, stewed oysters, (iced) Roses' Lime Juice, Fernet Branca. Each one is mixed and ready for instant use at the command of the Master.

At the moose-calling stage, the servants pick up enough courage to enter the bedroom and ask his bidding.

His Man Friday—who might also be called Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., since the help was changed so often—asks Mr. Barrymore what he will have for breakfast.

"Bring me a bloater and a nine-minute boiled goose egg. Be sure it is just nine minutes. And some terrapin with horseradish—and don't forget the Worcestershire sauce and the hickory-smoked barbecue salt."

Immediately all the servants rush to the telephone, trying to find stores that carry these items. Finally obtaining them, a great hustling and bustling and preparing of the breakfast goes on. It is carried in to Mr. Barrymore with considerable pomp and ceremony.

He looks at it with an admiring eye, saying, "Isn't it beautiful! But I can't eat it. Put a little crushed ice on a plate, pour some of my old brandy over it and bring me a teaspoon with which to eat it!" and he explains, "You see, the brandy sticks to the ice and doesn't jar the stomach."

The servant returns with this concoction and Barrymore sits up in his bed and eats his first drink of the day.

His noises become fainter and weaker and he now is his normal self once more.

Then reaching beside his bed, he picks up a piece of paper upon which he has written, during his sleepless night, a few things of which he wishes to be reminded:

1. Move bird-bath fountain about twenty-four feet nearer the house. (This little whim will incidentally cost around 300 dollars.)
2. Get me a hog's head.
3. Schiaparelli perfume (with which to spray the bedroom).
4. Narrow blue ribbon for Viola's topknot (the Afghan hound).
5. Get possum.
6. Phone Thomas Meighan who knows about it.
7. Remind me what day it is and when is my broadcast?

To his servant he says, "Get Mr. Meighan on the telephone."

"But . . . Mr. Meighan has been dead for ten years, sir."

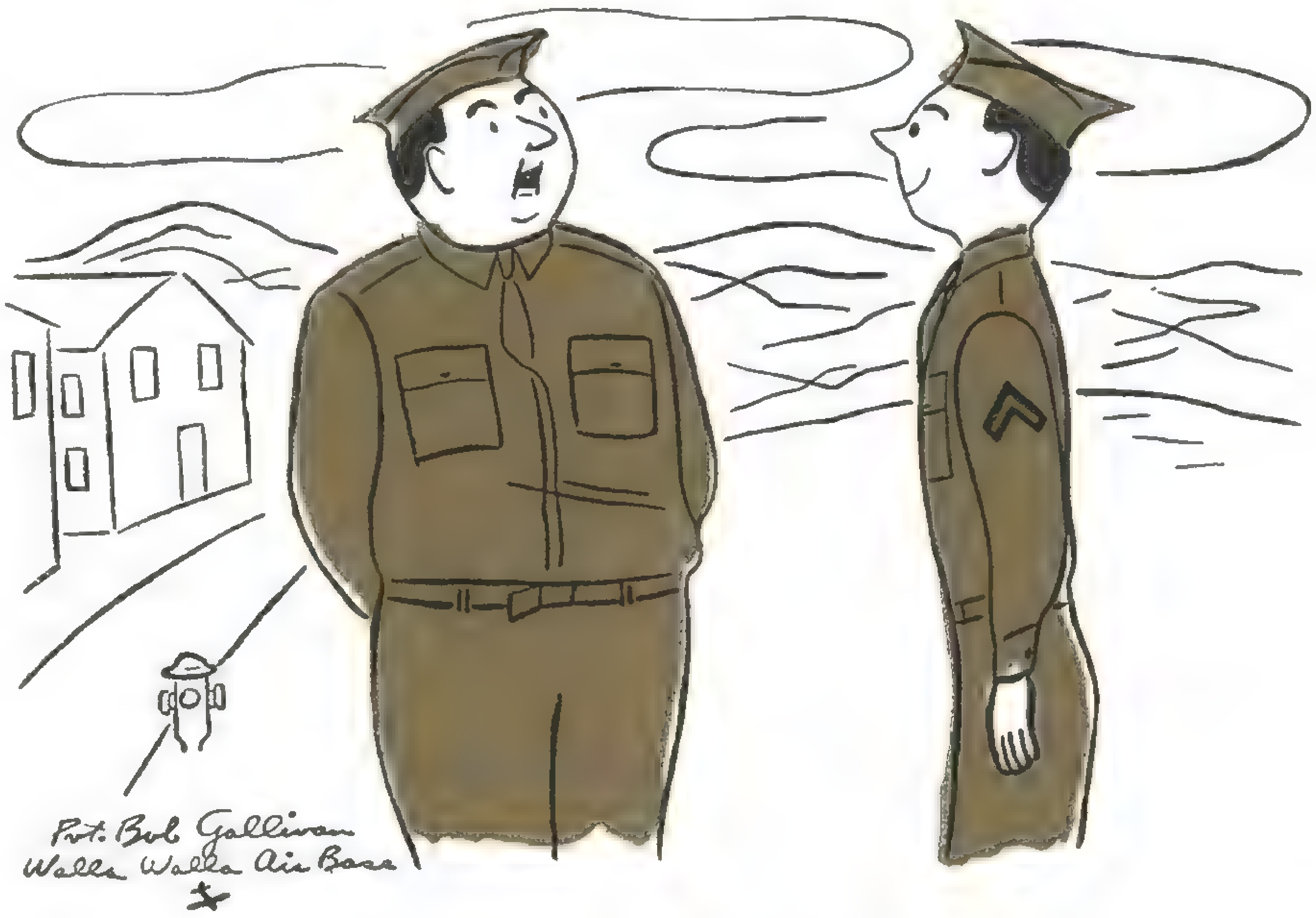
"Come off!" roars Barrymore. "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things. Get Roland Young on the phone for me. He knows about possum. He even looks like one."

Waking Mr. Young out of a dead sleep, Mr. Barrymore goes into a long conversation about what Mr. Young is doing . . . what picture he is playing in . . . when he is going to see him . . . how much he would like to go to the Ballet with him . . . a conversation lasting about half an hour and terminating with Mr. Barrymore saying, "Thanks for calling, old man!"

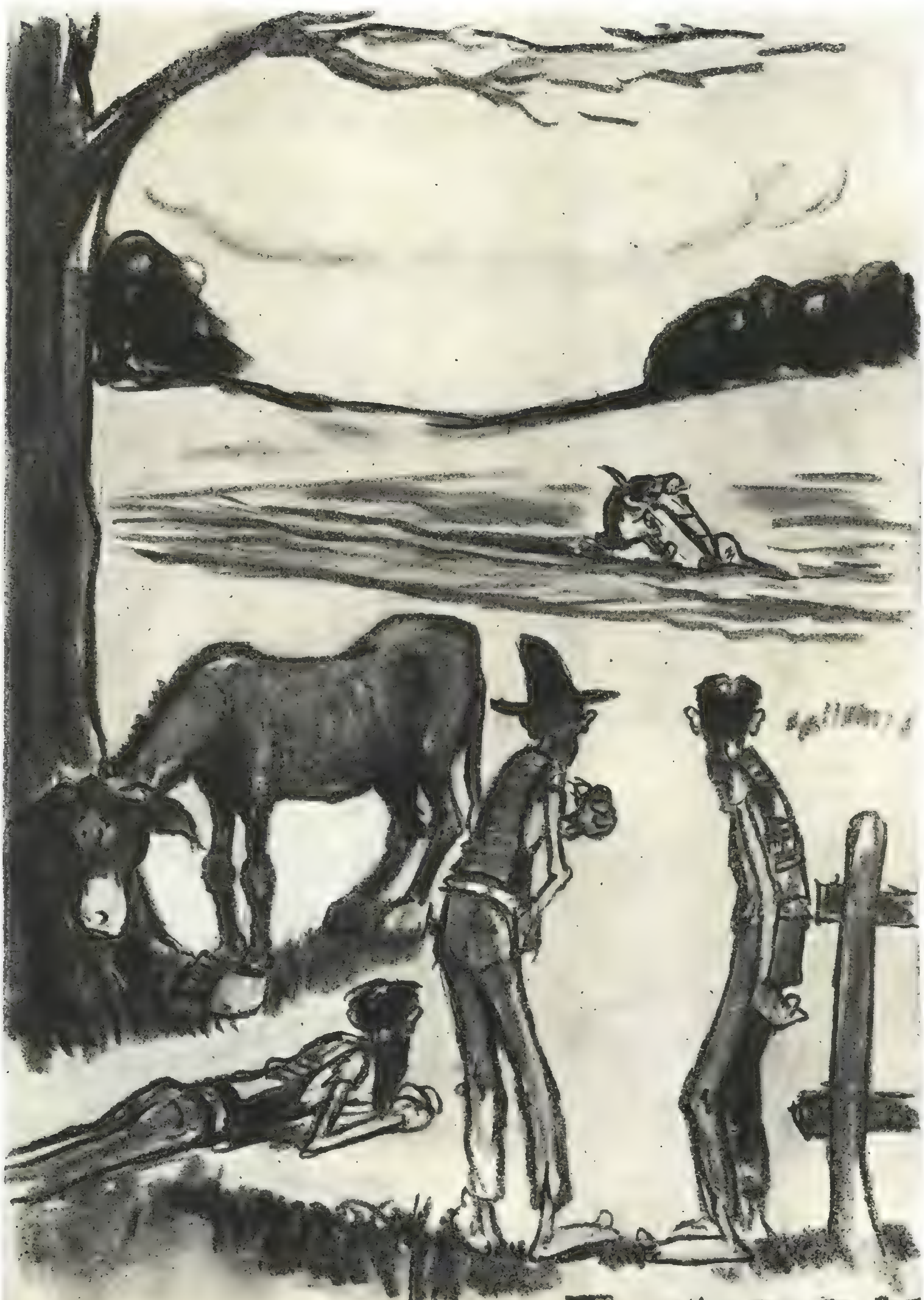
Hanging up the receiver, he says to Man Friday, "Now just what did he want?" adding thoughtfully, "Great fellow."

He hands the empty brandy-ice saucer to

Continued on page 162



"While I was playing hard to get she got married, divorced and married again"



"Them army fellers turned down poor ole Bessie here—too bad they didn't git a look at Gran'maw"

Parallel Skiing vs. Stem

Disapproving Fritz Loosli's short-cut mode of teaching dubs to make Parallel Christianias their first day of skiing

by OTTO LANG

• SPORTS •

So you want to learn how to ski? Step right up, folks, and make your choice. You can have the new "Parallel Technique," as advocated by Fritz Loosli, being the latest and much ballyhooed attempt to compete with Madame La Zonga's famous six lessons; or you can have the "old-fashioned" Arlberg-Technique, some twenty-five years old and still holding up its world-wide reputation.

As per advertisement Loosli needs a minimum of at least eight days to make a parallel skier from a dub. I must admit it takes us from the old school considerably longer to come anywhere near this mark.

Loosli claims that his is a simplified method of instruction, streamlined and quick; that he surged ahead from where the immortals of skiing, Hannes Schneider and Arnold Lunn, left off. In short, it is the "parallel technique." He is modest enough though not to proclaim himself the Messiah of an entirely new technique, for he is well aware that any skier halfway familiar with the subject knows that there is hardly anything new or revolutionary about this "parallel technique." In fact, it is as old as skiing itself since it rose to become a most popular sport from a plain medium of locomotion over snow-covered territory.

Loosli's method takes us right back where we started many decades ago, for that was the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries, Austria and Switzerland. No one with a little sense and knowledge of the history of skiing will dispute that these two countries are the originators of modern skiing, whether you call it Alpine- or Arlberg-Technique. Yes, they are responsible and to be credited, not blamed, for all this Stemming, Snowplowing and such. But why did they do it? Certainly not just to antagonize these first pioneers from the motherlands of skiing who skied with their skis held tightly together. An obviously more pertinent reason must have forced them to deviate from the sacred principles their first mentors taught them.

First of all there were no principles and they had no method of imparting their knowledge to others eager to learn. "Look here, just follow me," they said, "this is the way it is done." And that was all, no more.

Also, to ski in Norway, Sweden or Finland was one thing (as it was practiced then, it consisted mostly in cross-country running and touring over gently rolling terrain) and to ski in Alpine territory with its steeply pitched slopes was another matter. Thus, the beginning of this modern skiing technique, adapted to the most trying of circumstances, was evidently not invented by the urge to make matters more difficult and complicated. On the contrary, it was created by necessity and the burning desire to master the new and yet untraveled slopes of those Alpine giants in the simplest and most efficient manner. This gradually led to the Stem technique, which has had an "unparalleled" success and still is the technique used by our champion skiers.

Generally speaking, it can be observed that the standard of a skiing technique in any district where skiing is a popular sport shows a direct relationship to the terrain and prevailing snow conditions. In other words, the easier the terrain the less efficient a technique will be necessary in coping with the hazards. On the other hand, the more difficult the terrain, the steeper the slopes and the deeper and more varied the snow, the more highly developed a skiing technique will be obligatory and most likely found as a natural evolution.

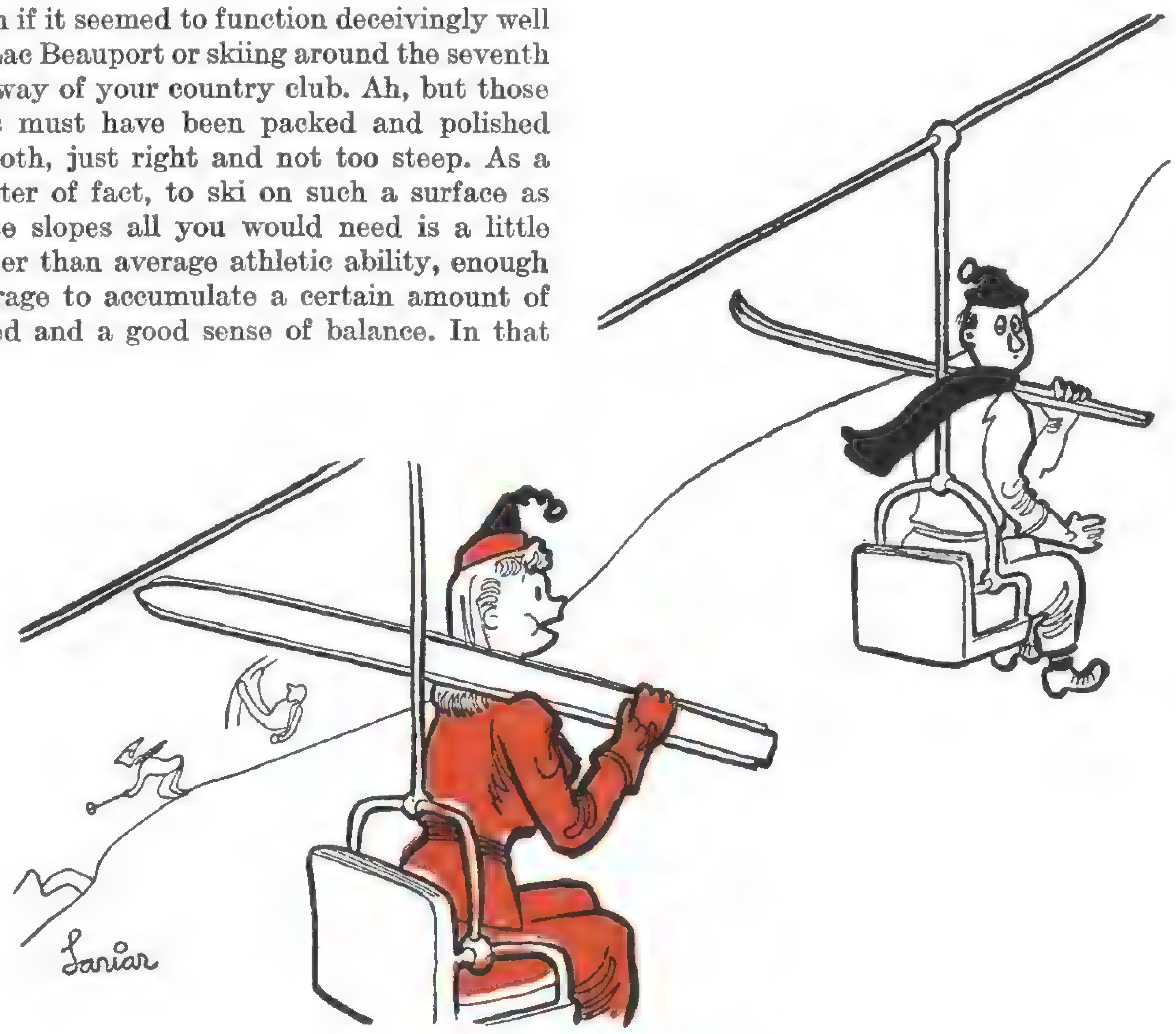
To ski at Lac Beauport where Loosli teaches his Parallel Technique is one thing. But to ski down the reputed Taft Trail, or the Headwall at Tuckerman's, or to run Warmsprings, or the Diamond Sun Standard Course on Mt. Baldy at Sun Valley with a vertical drop of a mere thirty-one hundred feet for two miles in total length—that is another matter.

I doubt if you would get very far on these runs with your so-called Parallel Christiania even if it seemed to function deceivingly well at Lac Beauport or skiing around the seventh fairway of your country club. Ah, but those hills must have been packed and polished smooth, just right and not too steep. As a matter of fact, to ski on such a surface as these slopes all you would need is a little better than average athletic ability, enough courage to accumulate a certain amount of speed and a good sense of balance. In that case why bother with any instruction at all.

Basically, the art of skiing is equivalent to the mastery of a repertory of turns adapted to various pitches, changes in snow conditions, quality and quantity as well, and, above all, to varying speeds. It is the turn which controls the speed, but the rate of speed governs the type of turn. The ability to judge properly and to apply these various maneuvers stands for control—and control is the essence of skiing. The ideal solution to this problem would be the creation of one type of turn only; that one turn to replace all others under every imaginable circumstance. The idea, of course, is not novel. It has been tried repeatedly and advocated vigorously during the past years. There were vogues and rages in the ski world favoring one turn or another from the Open Christiania and Telemark to the Jump Turn and Parallel Christiania. After each rage, it was the Stem Turn and Stem Christiania always coming out on top again.

In spite of the diversified schools of thought, ski experts share at least a few doctrines and principles. One is the essential requirement of

Continued on page 169



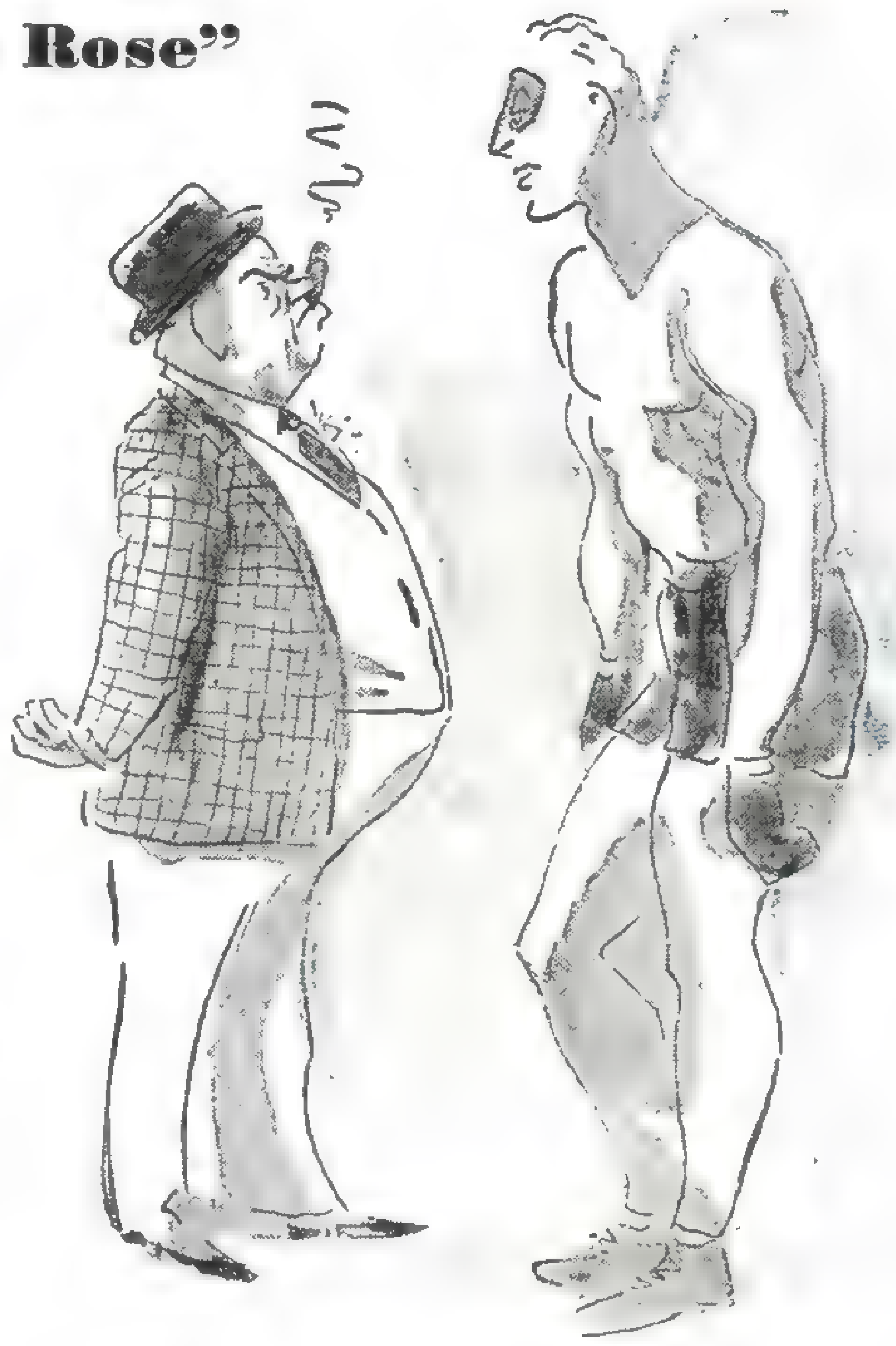
"Is there one like this going down? I adore it!"

Rose Into Cauliflower

Butch's manager said he was ruined when the contender for the middleweight title turned out to be "The Spirit of the Rose"

by **MEL MATISON**

• FICTION •



MY CHANCE was here. With a black eye and aching bones I sat in the dressing room of the Garden listening to Pat Farley, the boxing manager, make me a proposition. I had just won the amateur boxing finals in my division. Pat, with a cigar in his mouth and a flashing diamond in his tie, talked fast and plenty, saying a lot about making me famous and both of us a lot of money. I sighed through my split lip and thought, how strange is America. I, Alexander Volkine, coming to fame as a prize fighter in America, and only a few years back everything so different.

Then, my life was to be the ballet. In Russia I had studied at the Imperial Maryinsky, showing great promise. But with the Revolution that life ended and widowed Mama took me to America, to the East Side, New York. Here, no beautiful Russian garden and great farm, only pushcarts and smells and close houses together with no trees. And Mama taking in dresses to sew. Yet my dreams of the ballet I still kept in my heart.

But on the East Side I needed more than dreams of ballet. Hard knocks were plenty there, with so many rough boys always fighting. I soon learned to defend myself and when in school a boxing team was started I joined. Then three years ago, with school finished, I tried out for the amateurs, each year going further toward the finals. This year I won. Now here I was so far from my beloved ballet with Pat Farley puffing at his cigar and saying, "I'll make you tops in the middleweight division, kid. You're going places."

I sighed and signed a contract.

First, Pat changed my name to "Butch Volo." Next he taught me much about boxing I did not know before. Then he arranged my first professional fight.

For this fight I wore new purple tights which looked pretty but how I wished they were ballet tights.

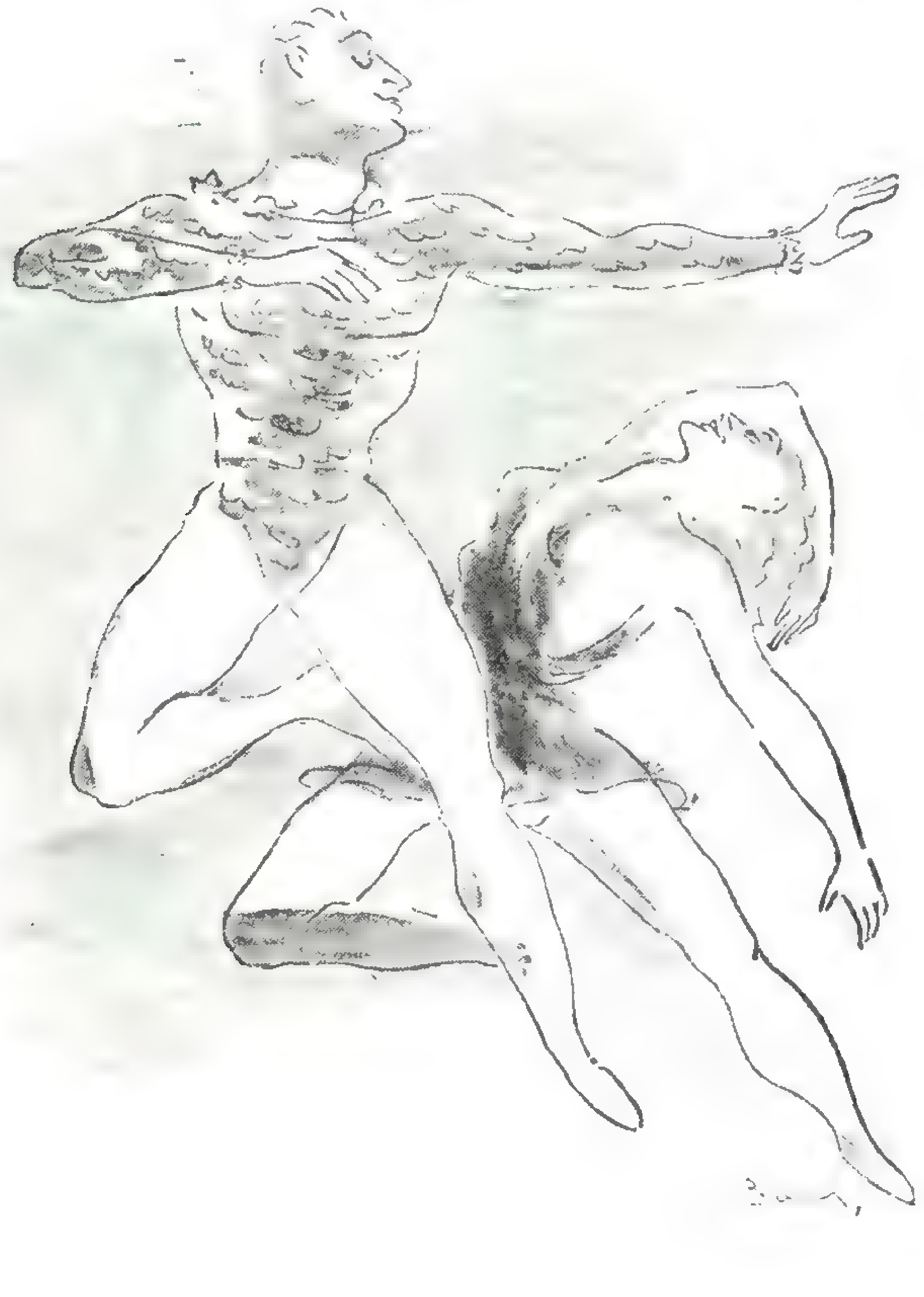
When I got in the ring Pat gave me instructions, and it was all over fast, a quick K.O. I did not like the other fellow's face. Not like amateurs, this one was old and rough.

I fought many fights and won. Alexander Volkine was now Butch Volo with a flatter nose and less four teeth. There was more money and we moved to a better flat. But Mama was not happy.

"Alexander," she said to me one night. "Have you forgotten the ballet? Do you not still have the wish to dance?"

"Yes, Mama. My love for ballet shall never die but what can I do? I am a fighter."

"You fight only once in a while so you have the time to study. There is a little money so you can pay for lessons."



"Matushka, you are wonderful! I did not think of it. I shall try it."

Promptly the next day I went to the best ballet school in the city, that of Ivan Pupinoff.

In Pupinoff's office, I shook with fear and with happiness. He was chubby and fat. He looked at me over his glasses.

"So you want to study ballet," he said with an accent. "What do you know of dancing?"

"I have studied at the Maryinsky in Russia," I said simply.

Pupinoff jumped. He smiled and clapped his hands. "Maryinsky! Russian trained, wonderful!"

He then gladly took my enrollment money and told me five days a week I was to study. Again I was Alexander Volkine, now a ballet dancer. And even if I was learning all over again the first five positions with "toe-heel, toe-heel, one-two, one-two," I was happy. Like in fighting I dreamed perhaps someday I should become a professional ballet dancer. America was a great country, I realized.

It was hard work at Pupinoff's studio. But it was harder because I had to train for fights, too. To Pat I said nothing about my ballet lessons, he not being sensitive for Art, preferring burlesque.

Then came my inspiration. Only a week was I at Pupinoff's when I met Anna, sweet Anna whose black hair and dark eyes did not let me sleep. I was unlacing my dancing slippers after a lesson when she spoke to me.

"Pupinoff tells me you are Russian. So am I. I am Anna Rakova."

I looked up and my heart fell. Here was dvorianstvo, nobility, or as we Americans say, "the ritz." She was beautiful. Her eyes were like Mama's, full of tears, almost if the world was getting the best of her. Och, to make those eyes laugh. We spoke in our native tongue and then went to a little Russian tea room on Fifty-first Street.

We had blinis, kapusta, roast yagenok, tea and soft words. There was so much in common—both Russians, in love with ballet and dreaming some day to be in the Tomanoff American-Russian Ballet.

Of course I did not tell her of my fighting, that's so rough and lowbrow and different from ballet. I looked at her tenderly. And I think she looked back tenderly although my nose was getting flatter and my teeth were getting fewer. Right there I prayed in my heart to give up boxing quickly.

Everything progressed that year. I managed so Pat knew nothing of the ballet and Anna knew nothing of the fighting. At the studio Pupinoff told Anna and me that if we

kept up the good work we would soon audition for Tomanoff. Meantime the fighting paid for the flat, the lessons and the good times with Anna. Dancing helped my fighting in the legs, and fighting helped my dancing for strength.

Then one spring day at the gym I was shadow boxing when Pat rushed in excited as never before.

"Butch, great news. Our big break," he shouted and grinned. "I lined up a fight with Charlie Bazarkis. He's a leading contender. If you lick him, we're heading for the top. And better than that—the gate! Our share of the dough is ten thousand bucks if we win."

"Pat, that's beautiful. When do we sign?"

"Today. The fight is set for July twenty-fifth. Six weeks to train."

This was terrific. With this money I could stop the hateful fighting. Mama could give up sewing and I would study ballet untroubled and marry Anna—if she would have me. I thought I would even miss a few dancing lessons to train for the fight.

All the next week I trained hard at the gym. Only twice did I go to the studio, explaining to Pupinoff business was keeping me away. But when that Saturday I took time from the gym to go to the studio to see Anna, I found not her but Pupinoff who greeted me wildly.

"My boy. It is arranged. It is set. I spoke to Tomanoff. You and Anna will work as never before to audition for him July twentieth."

Such excitement all over again and more so. One grand thing after another—but wait. Confusion. How can I rehearse for the audition and train for the fight at the same time? Impossible to do both. I must sacrifice. It is not hard to decide. I shall not train for the fight but will work at the studio, have the audition and then take a chance for the ten thousand dollar fight without training. But what of Pat?

That night comes an idea. I write to Pat. I write cleverly that family business takes me out of town but not to worry for I will be back in time to win the fight.

I tell Mama what happens, and to say nothing. Next I take a room near Pupinoff's studio so as not to be found by Pat. This is not too pleasant for I will be away from home for so long. But it is so, when a man gets older he gets far from his mother.

Lastly that evening Anna and I celebrate and I dare to speak of love. We are in the Russian tea room on Fifty-first Street. She wears a black and red dress and looks perfect. I gasp like from a left jab.

"I am so happy," she says. "You and I, Alex, we shall succeed."

"Always when you are near I succeed, Dusha," I say. Dusha is a Russian word of love, like Americans say "toots."

"Wait until after the audition," she says. But I know from the way her dark eyes flash that everything, the world is mine. Never has a man been so lucky. Anna is the only person in the world to knock me out.

But love took a rear seat for a month. Pupinoff decided Anna and I would give for Tomanoff *The Spirit of the Rose.* In this ballet a girl returns home from a dance and falls asleep. On her shoulder is a rose. The spirit of that rose comes to her room. I as the rose leap all around the stage, leap into her heart, dance with her and fly away. I wear a pretty red skin-tight costume with petals, and it is such a beautiful dance, so delicate, so tender.

We rehearsed morning, night and day, loving every minute of it. I spoke to Mama on the telephone many times telling her to hold to the story to Pat I am out of town on business, not to worry.

But only when I spoke to Mama did I think of that side of my life. Otherwise it was all *The Spirit of the Rose.* Finally came the night before the audition and Pupinoff was satisfied.

"Tomorrow I shall proudly lose two dancers to Tomanoff," he said.

The next day my Anna was not frightened but I was. Butch Volo, a hero of the prize ring, conqueror of middleweights, shivered as we entered the studio to face Tomanoff himself, Maître de Ballet Rosakov and the ballerina Volovna.

"Be not afraid, Alex," Anna whispered to me. "Succeed now and always our lives shall be together."

Enough. Those words sent me to Paradise. I danced. I pirouetted, I jeted, I fouetted like a Nijinsky. My elevation was as never before. I danced with love not only in my heart for Anna but in my whole body for the ballet. How I danced. How my Anna was a perfect partner, a feather in my arms, a Pavlova. Her adagio was charming, alluring. She looked at me with eyes of love. I stood high on my points, in rhythm with the right poise I had studied so hard, and with expression.

It is over. With a whirling tour en l'air I give my beloved back to sleep and leap from the room. She awakens to find me, her rose spirit gone. So was the ballet finale.

I rushed to the wings. Anna followed. We embraced. Ah, I could have remained that way forever but Pupinoff called.

"Come here. Come out, my doves."

We descended to Tomanoff, Rosakov and Volovna who smiled.

"Bravo," she said in Russian, which means hooray.

"Thank you baruishna," I said bowing and kissing her hand.

Tomanoff was quiet, cold. Anna and I looked at each other, at him, and waited. Then he spoke calmly without excitement.

"In a few years, with hard work and study, you two may develop into good, maybe great dancers."

Anna and I looked at each other. Did we fail? Were we rejected?

Then Tomanoff spoke magic words: "I shall take you into my company for the fall season."

Gone was our dignity—Anna and I kissed right before them.

Pupinoff that night gave to Anna and me a charming celebration with much champagne which I drank thinking how angry Pat would be if he knew. Then it struck me in the morning I would see Pat and in five days fight Charlie Bazarkis.

With a fairly big head and nervously I went to Pat at the gym the next day. He was a wreck, like with a nervous breakdown.

"Butch, Butch," he yelled and grabbed me. "Where've you been? I've been going nuts. Your mother stopped me from going to the cops. How's your condition? The fight's four days off. Where've you been?"

"Please do not worry, Pat. I am in shape," I lied. "It was urgent for me to go away. After the fight I will tell you why. Now let us go to work for Charlie Bazarkis. The ten thousand dollars sounds good."

"Thank God you're here in one piece, anyway. I've got three days to get you in shape. Oh Gawd!"

Pat was so nervous and jumpy, to tell him then I was fighting my last fight, I could not do. I would tell him everything after the fight.

So I trained. Pat rushed me from bicycle riding to shadow boxing to workouts with pugs. It was not like training for the ballet:

Continued on page 135

Japan's Mein Kampf

The *Tanaka Memorial,* which we should have read ten years ago, is a working blueprint for world conquest by Nippon

by CURT RIESS

ARTICLE

For many years now—to be precise, ever since Hitler came to power—I have been haunted by a rather strange nightmare.

Twenty to thirty years hence I have acquired a beard, I have become a school teacher and now I'm standing before my class of ten-year-old boys and girls who are supposed to learn something about world history. I am speaking of Hitler's victorious march into many different European countries and I try to point out that his great victories would hardly have been possible had it not been for the complete surprise of practically everybody whenever Hitler chose to attack. In fact, those who were attacked were the most surprised and not very well armed at that.

When I come to pointing this out there invariably comes a great uprising of the whole classroom and those little boys and girls start to shout: "But how was that possible? Didn't you yourself say that Hitler used the same tricks to surprise those he wanted to attack? Every time he started a new attack how could anybody be deceived? And then, teacher, didn't you say that Hitler had written a book in which he announced everything he was going to do many years before he did it?"

And there I stand trying to look very dignified, beard and all, and not knowing what to answer. The shouts become louder: "How was that possible, teacher, didn't the people of the democracies know how to read then?"

And then I think of Pearl Harbor.

When the history of World War II is written with a special reference to the Japanese-American War, no one can say that we hadn't been warned.

The phrase "Yellow peril" isn't exactly new. Jean Jacques Rousseau used it first, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It was the German Kaiser of all people who took it up again. In our country it was the press of the same color that warned us about what we were in for with the Japanese.

But there were highly specialized warnings, too. Books written by experts of great vision. Let me only remind you of *The Valor of Ignorance*, by Homer Lea, who back in 1909 not only predicted a war in the Pacific but went on to paint a Japanese invasion of the American Continent with Los Angeles and San Francisco as occupied territory.

The Japanese have, like the Nazis, a *Mein Kampf*. I'm referring to the so-called *Tanaka Memorial*, not exactly a book but rather an exposé of 13,000 words. Its author was Giichi-Tanaka who in the middle twenties was Prime Minister of Japan. But besides him the army, the navy and the foreign office of Japan all had a hand in getting together the very interesting manuscript. In the middle of 1927 the *Tanaka Memorial* was presented to the Emperor, who gave it his seal of approval.

The *Tanaka Memorial* contains nothing more nor less than a blueprint of what the Japanese extremists decided to do in the next ten to fifty years. It envisaged the conquest by Japan of the Siberian Maritime Provinces, Manchuria, China and all the areas bordering the Pacific Ocean and ultimately Japanese domination of India, the rest of Asia and Europe. A copy of it was finally stolen by two agents of the Russian secret service. The Russians understood that if it were made public in Moscow the great majority of the world would refuse to believe its authenticity. Therefore, the manuscript was brought to the United States and published here. Needless to say, the Japanese have never admitted the authenticity of the *Tanaka Memorial* and have always maintained that it is nothing but a rather bad falsification.

However, if you look at the document today you'll find that its authenticity is borne out by almost everything that has happened since, from the invasion of Manchuria to the Chinese War, to Pearl Harbor.

We may say that we just didn't believe the *Tanaka Memorial* to be authentic. But it will always remain somewhat unexplainable that the great majority of us didn't know anything about the plans of our enemies.

For there was hardly a day during the last ten years when every daily in Japan did not, in one way or another, reveal the true intentions of the War Party and its very definite and concise plans. During these years, the press did not print one *Mein Kampf;* it printed thousands. This, by no means, goes only for papers printed in Japanese but also for newspapers and magazines written in English that could be read in hundreds of American public libraries.

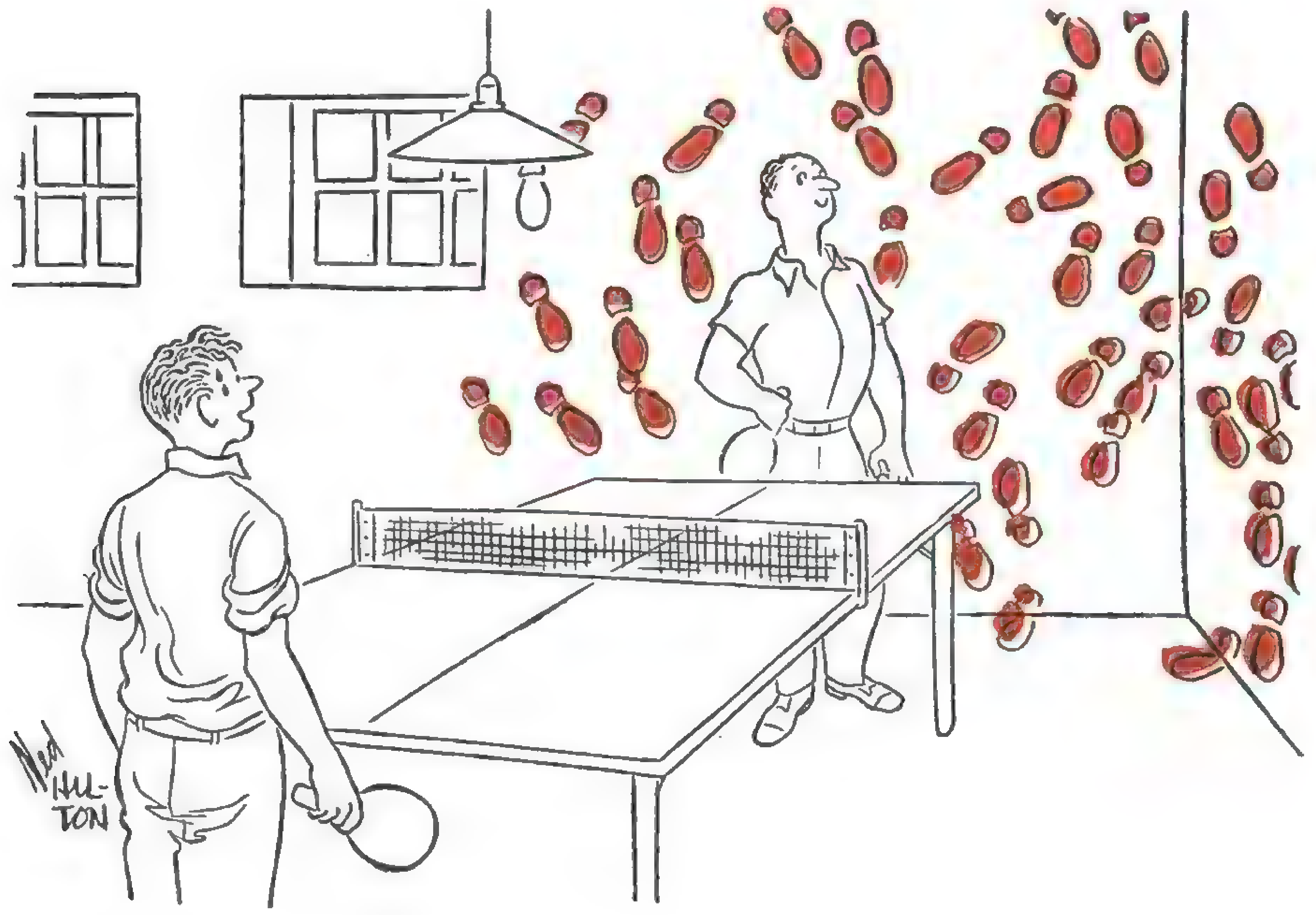
Let us look at a few articles selected almost at random from those which have appeared during the last ten years. All the articles quoted here have been printed in English.

A large percentage of them shows how for many years the Japanese press tried hard to stress the fact that the Japanese mentality was very much like the German or the Italian. Or as Takahiko Tomoyeda, Professor of the Tokyo University of Literature and Science, divulged in an article, *Germany and Japan*, published in September, 1936 in the magazine *Contemporary Japan:* "The existence of something spiritually common between the two peoples . . ." (the Japanese and the Nazis, of course).

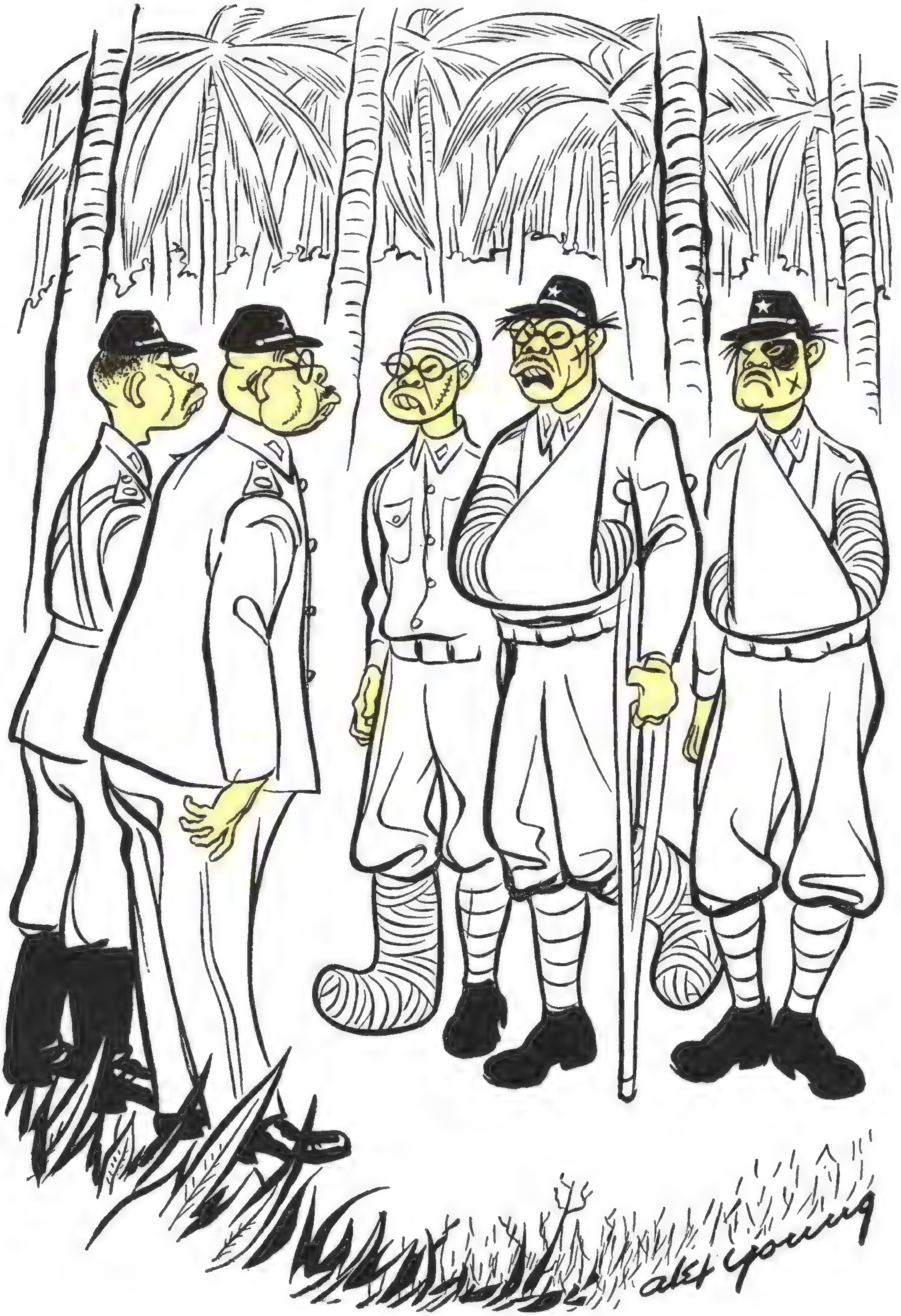
They understand each other indeed.

". . . . The peculiarity of those world war time relations is, one feels, only to be explained by the existence of something spiritually common between the two peoples. This has been revealed at other times and in other ways. For example, when the news that General Nogi had committed suicide following the

Continued in center of page 139



"I'm afraid you've done it again, Phillips"



"We do jiu-jitsu—American do flying tackle!"

West Point's First Captain

In their time as cadets this singular honor was given such great generals as Pershing, Lee, MacArthur and Wainwright

by **THOM YATES**

ARTICLE

He is the young man you saw out in front with his staff when the Corps of Cadets swung onto the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium gridiron just before the Army-Navy football game late this fall. He is the Cadet who leads all others in dress parades, marches and reviews. He lives in the same room at West Point as did Douglas MacArthur and Jonathan M. Wainwright. He gets to meet, on behalf of his schoolmates, dignitaries from all walks of life. He is the most photographed Cadet; probably the most publicized, too. He is the First Captain of the Corps of Cadets at the United States Military Academy.

Fifty-six years ago he was John J. Pershing. Forty years ago he was MacArthur. Thirty-seven years ago he was Wainwright. Last year he was Carl C. Hinkle. Today he is James E. Kelleher of San Antonio, Texas.

Beginning with the current academic year, a new organization of the Corps of Cadets went into effect. Instead of a regiment of three battalions of four companies each, the Corps is now formed as a brigade of two regiments of eight companies each. The First Captain also carries the title of Brigade Commander, just as his predecessors were known too as Regimental Commanders. Reorganization of the Corps was necessary to provide, tactically, for the largest enrollment in the Military Academy's history—approximately 2,450 cadets.

It was General Douglas MacArthur, who, as part of his post-World War "reconstruction" program as West Point superintendent, organized the Corps into the now outmoded twelve companies. His order of July 18, 1919, just a few weeks after he took over the administration of the Military Academy, directed that the Corps be formed into a dozen companies effective 3 p. m. the following day.

It was on a September day just 125 years ago that Brevet Major Sylvanus Thayer, signing his first important document in the near two months he had been the fifth superintendent of the then still toddling Military Academy, created this office that was to serve as a tipoff on the extremely successful careers in store for men the like of Lee, Pershing, MacArthur and Wainwright.

Whether he realized or intended it, Thayer with a stroke of his pen that September 10, 1817, brought into being a post that has proved the springboard to everlasting fame for some of America's greatest soldiers, as well as pioneers, engineers, railroad builders and political wizards—the office of First Captain and Regimental Commander of the United States Corps of Cadets. First Captain! Magic words to West Pointers!

There is no Cadet, past, present or future, who has not, does not and will not aspire to the First Captaincy. With the possible exception of graduating at the top of his class, there is no greater honor for a West Pointer. General MacArthur was the No. 1 man of his class both academically and militarily. Other First Captains have also graduated first in scholastic rank, but there is no binding connection between the two honors. One may be First Captain and yet stand 179th in a class of 425 men as did the 1940-41 First Captain, or one may be by far the smartest student and be so much lacking in other qualifications that he may never even be given the slightest consideration for the No. 1 military job.

The records are vague and inconclusive, even at the Military Academy's own voluminous library, but most historians credit Sylvanus Thayer with organizing the Corps of Cadets along the same lines as it is formed today. He also instilled many other "reforms" during his sixteen-year superintendency, so many, in fact, and with such proficiency, that West Point shunned Thayer's three predecessors (one of them served two different terms) to claim him as "The Father of the Military Academy."

Thayer was still a comparatively young man when he took charge at West Point in July, 1817. He had graduated from the Military Academy only nine years before. From the very first he faced tribulations and affrontals on all sides. Loud-mouthed politicians filled the halls of Congress with clamorings that a national military academy was undemocratic and a direct violation of the very principles upon which the United States had been founded. Yet in the same breath they implored their fellow Congressmen to sanction transposition of the Military Academy to Long Island or Knoxville or Washington, D. C., or whichever district they happened to represent. The bellowings became louder as many of the citizenry supported their Congressman's stand that there was no place in America—unless, of course, it was their own city or locality—for an officer's training school of this kind. The War of 1812 had just ended and people believed then as now that there would be no wars after the last one. Fortunately for an America that was to fight five major wars in the next century and a quarter, the wishes of George Washington that a national military school be founded and that it be established at West Point, New York, were not soon forgotten.

All this stir in Washington may account for why Thayer was in the West Point superintendent's chair almost eight weeks before issuing an order of any import such as the one calling for a definite formation of the Corps of Cadets and creating Cadet officerships.

He directed that the Corps be organized into a battalion of two companies "to which will be assigned a staff consisting of a Colonel,

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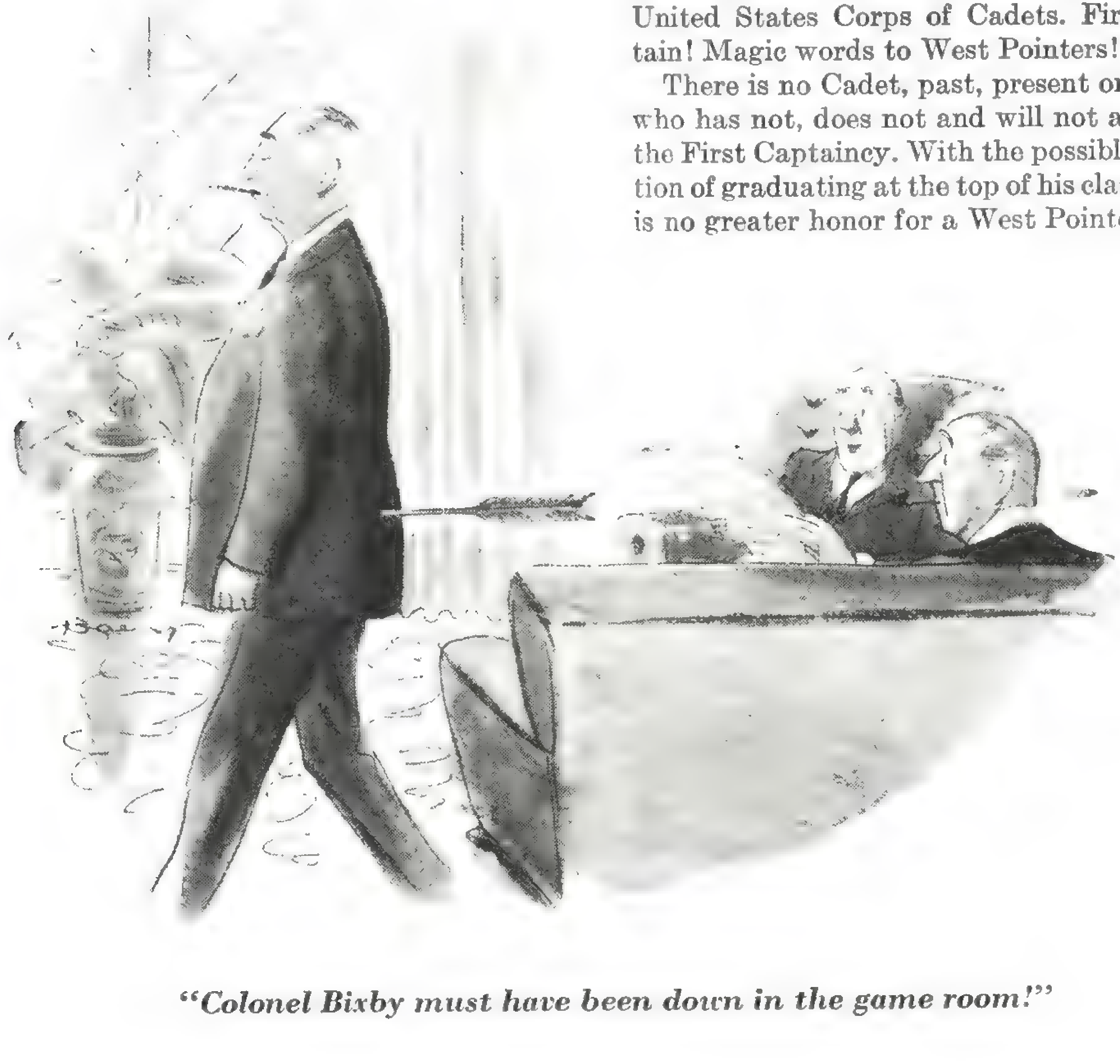
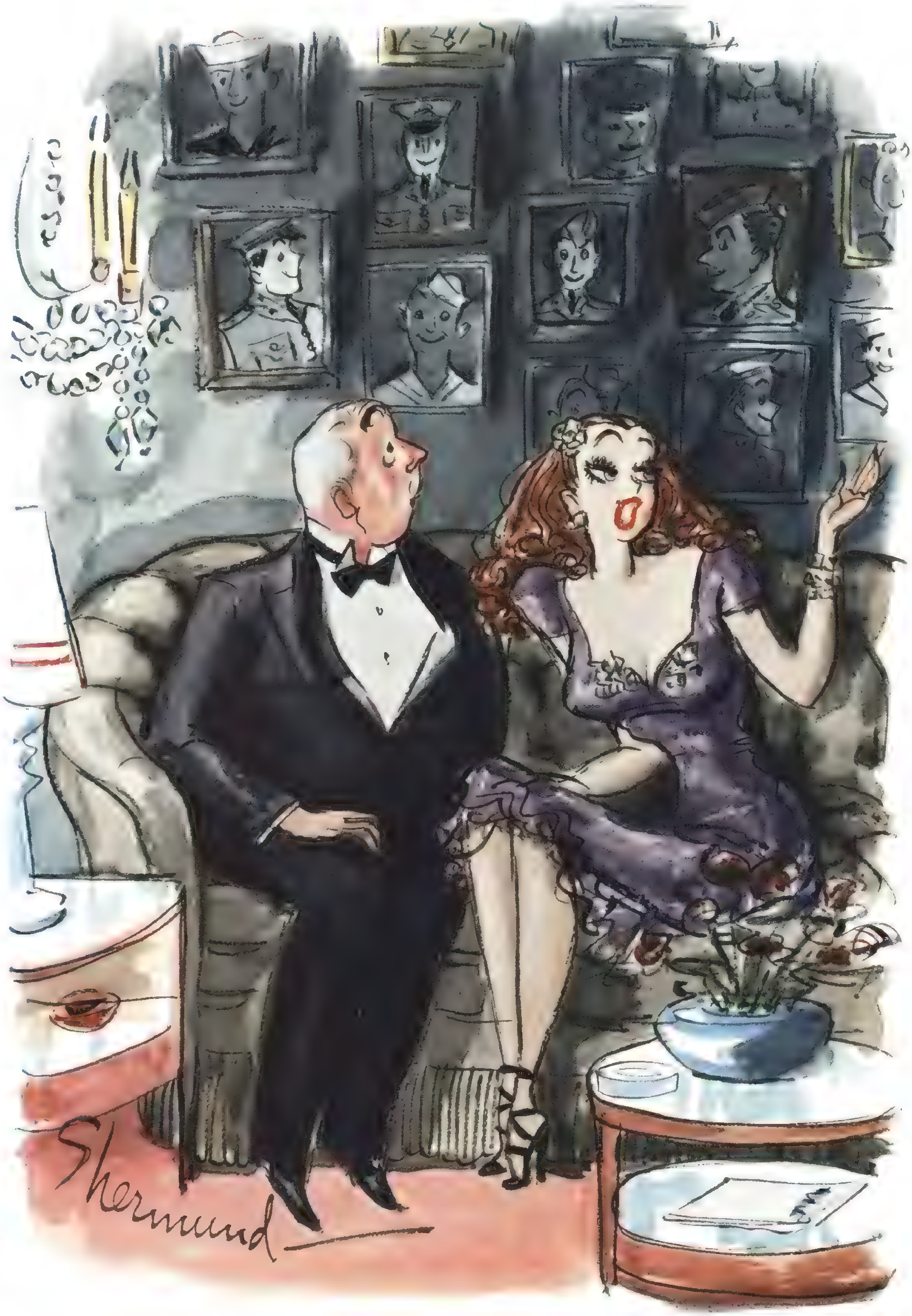
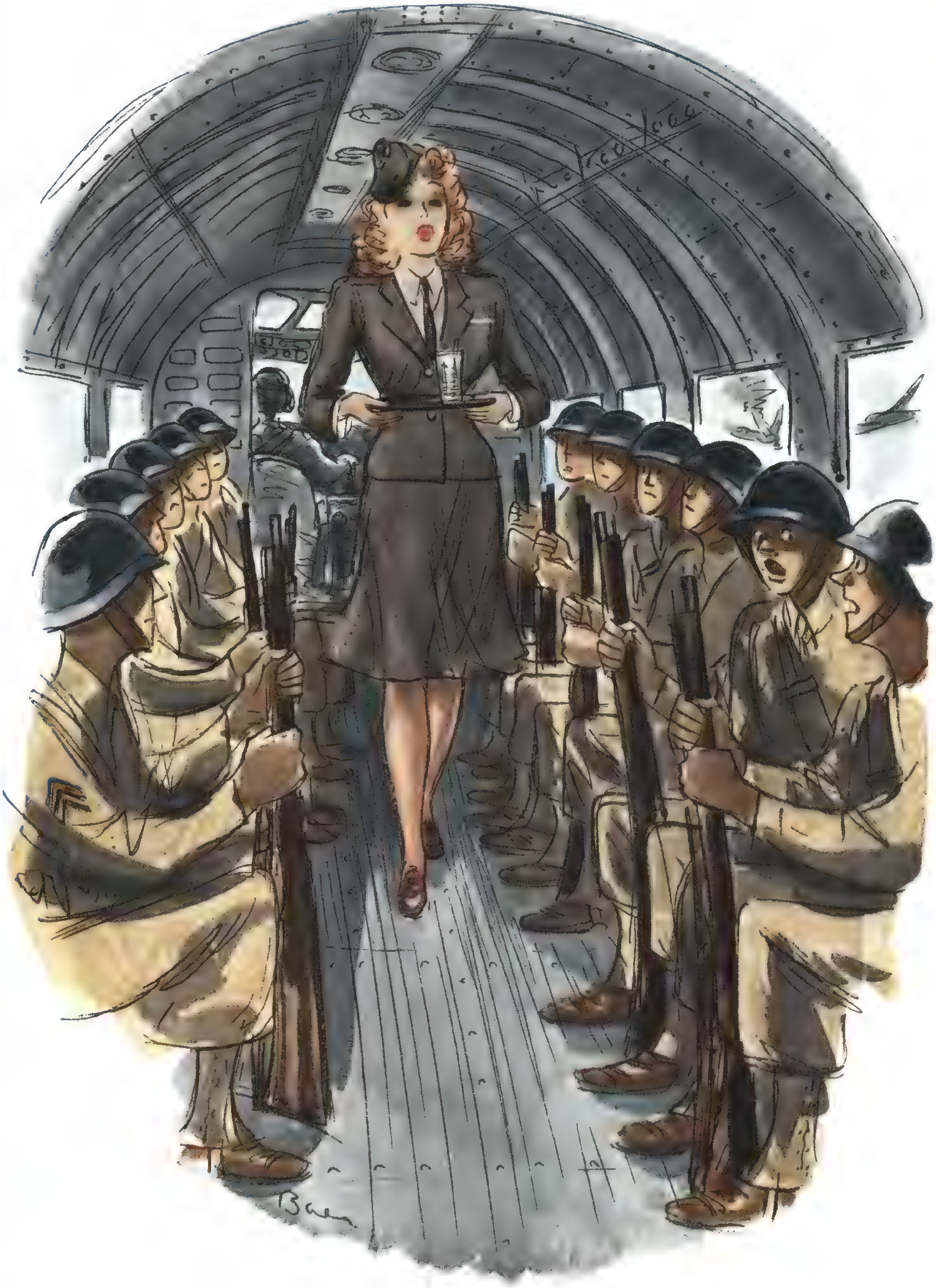


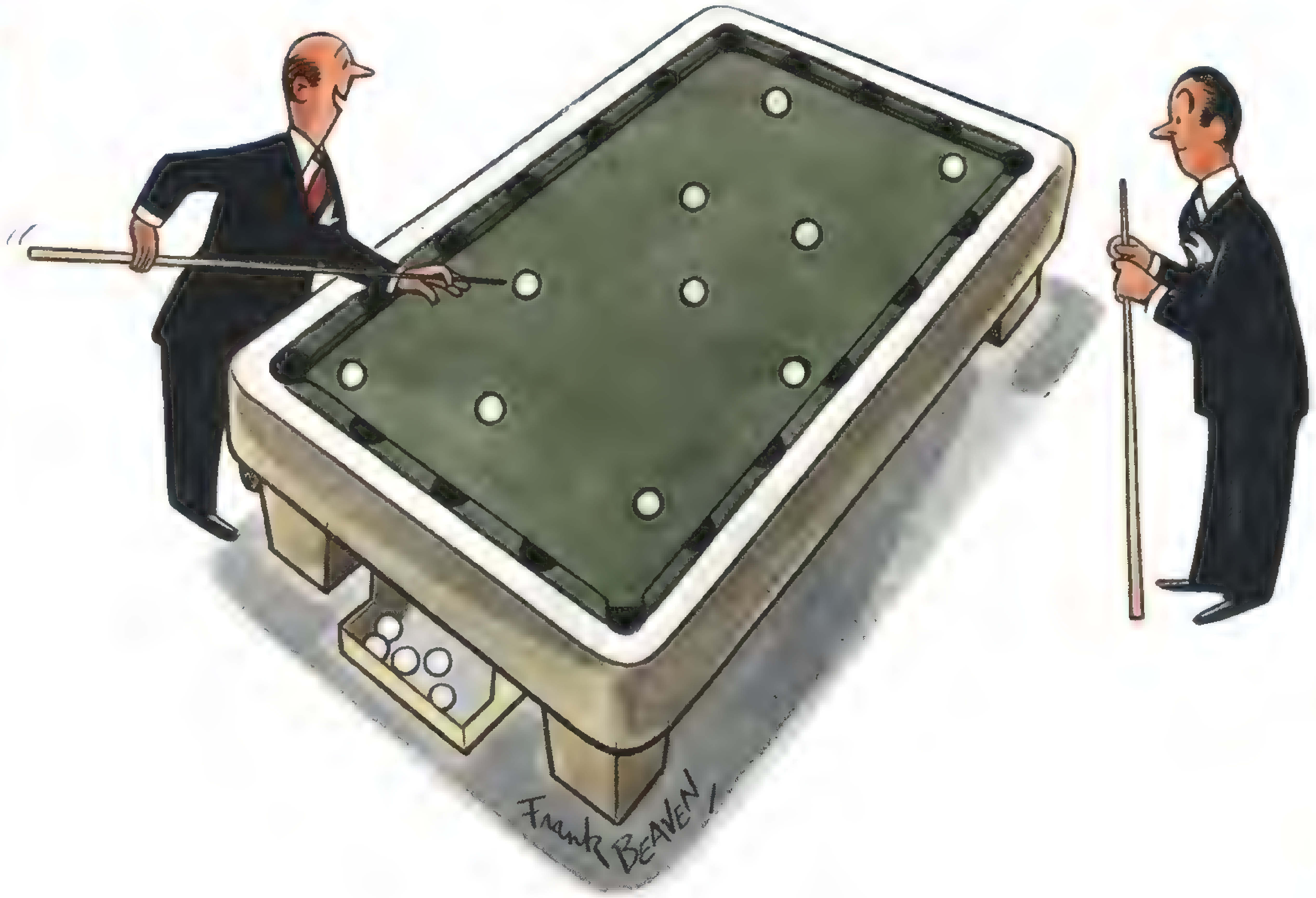
"Colonel Bixby must have been down in the game room!"



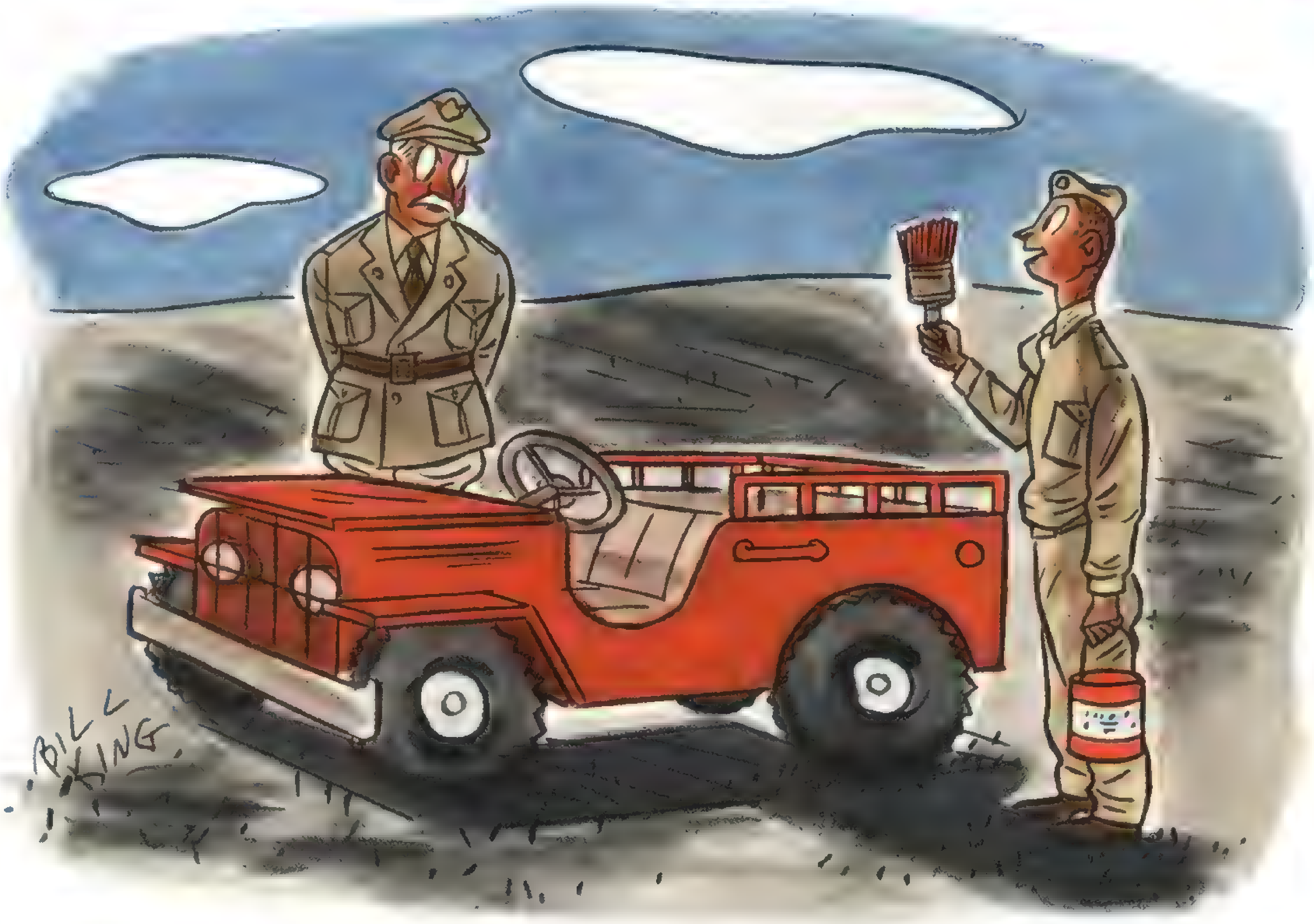
"I know you're awfully fond of me, Mr. Findley, but all these boys are in the same boat"



"She says when they converted this plane nobody told her to get off"


Frank Beaven

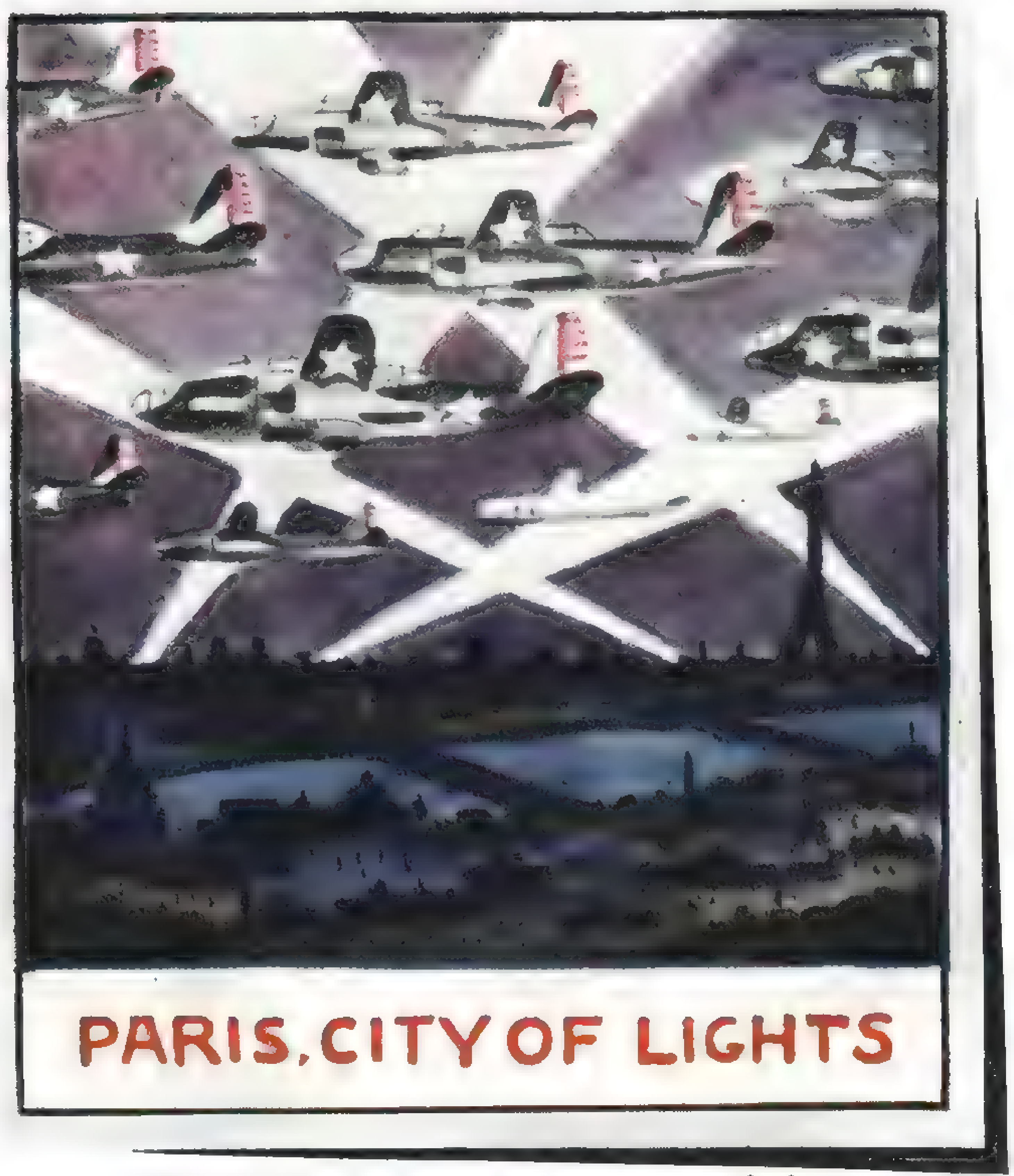
"The extra pockets speed up the game!"



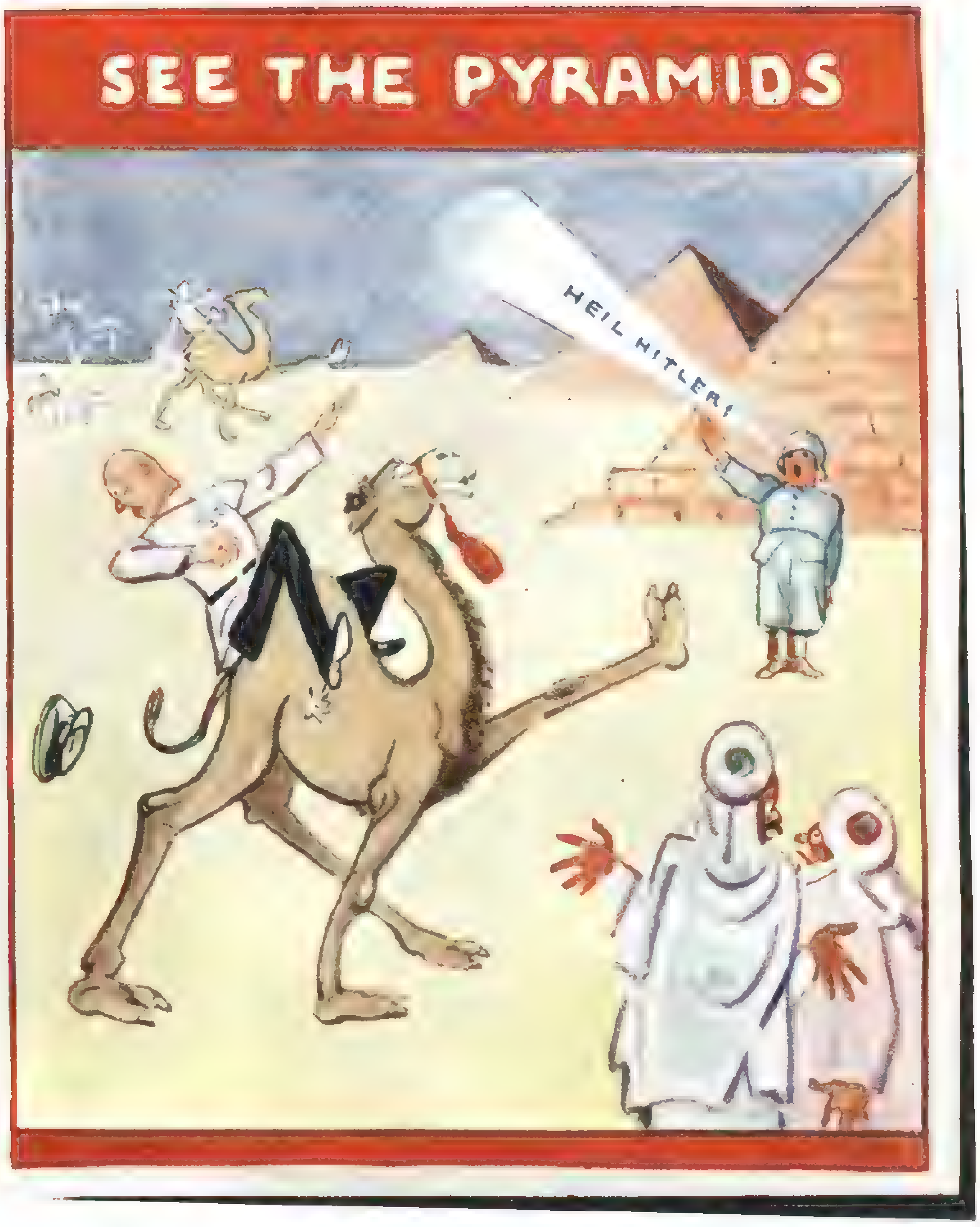
"Much more cheerful than that old olive drab, don't you think, sir?"

Travel Posters

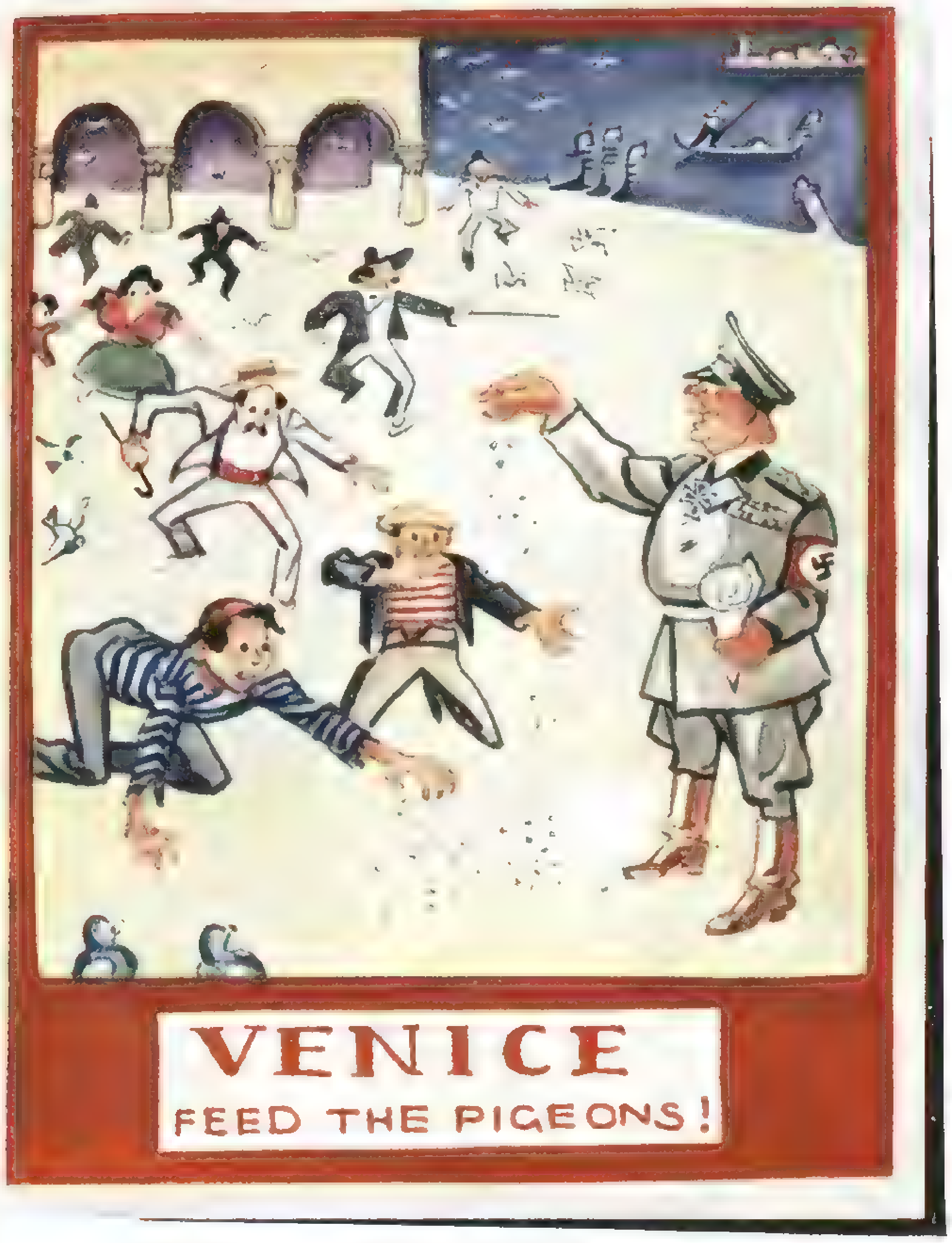
Rejected by the Nazi Travel Bureau (with reason)


PARIS, CITY OF LIGHTS

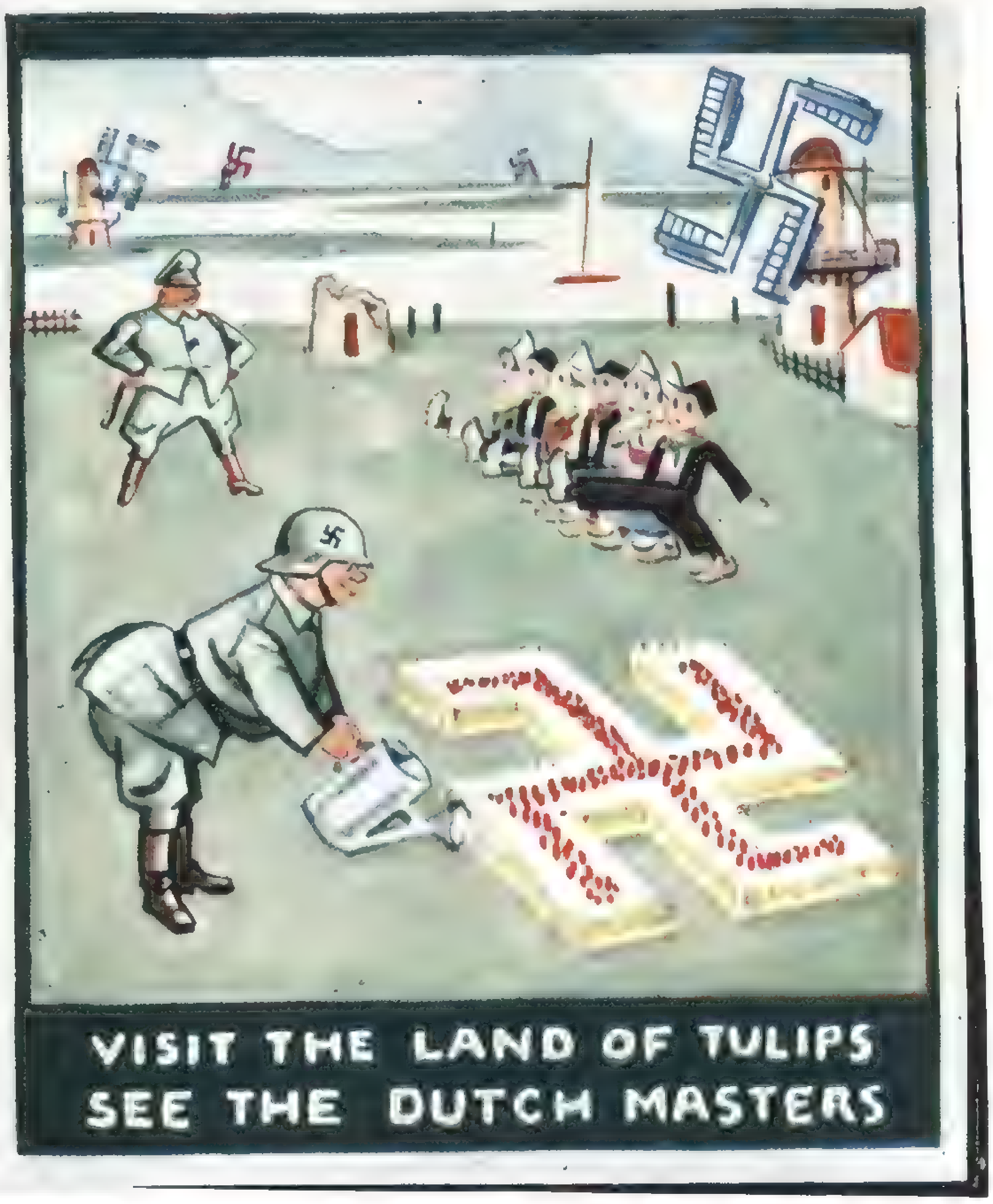
"This picture is not for Nazi eyes, it is too often the subject of their nightmares"


SEE THE PYRAMIDS
HEIL HITLER!

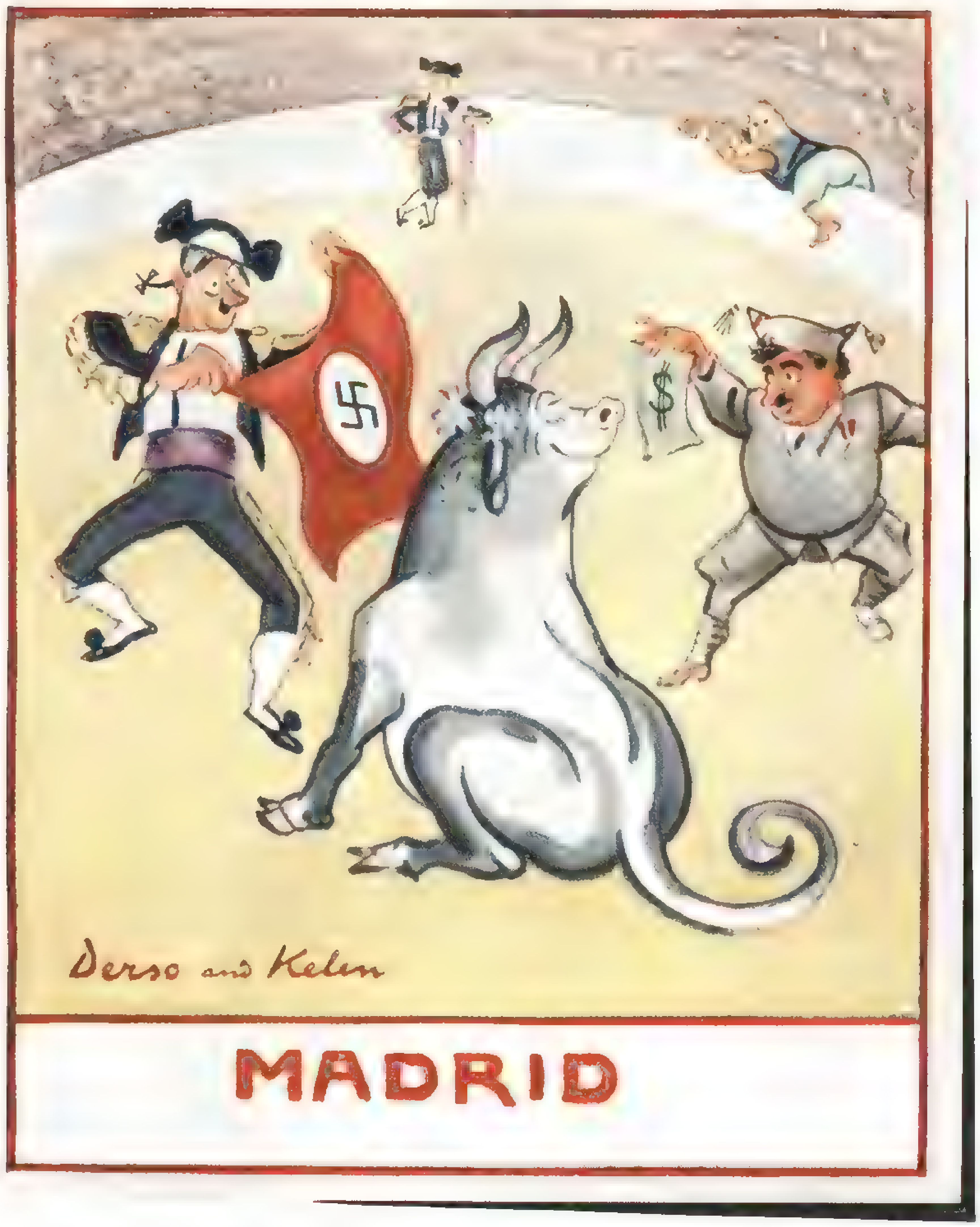
"This poster suggests that the Pyramids might outlast the Nazis—this is verboten"


VENICE
FEED THE PIGEONS!

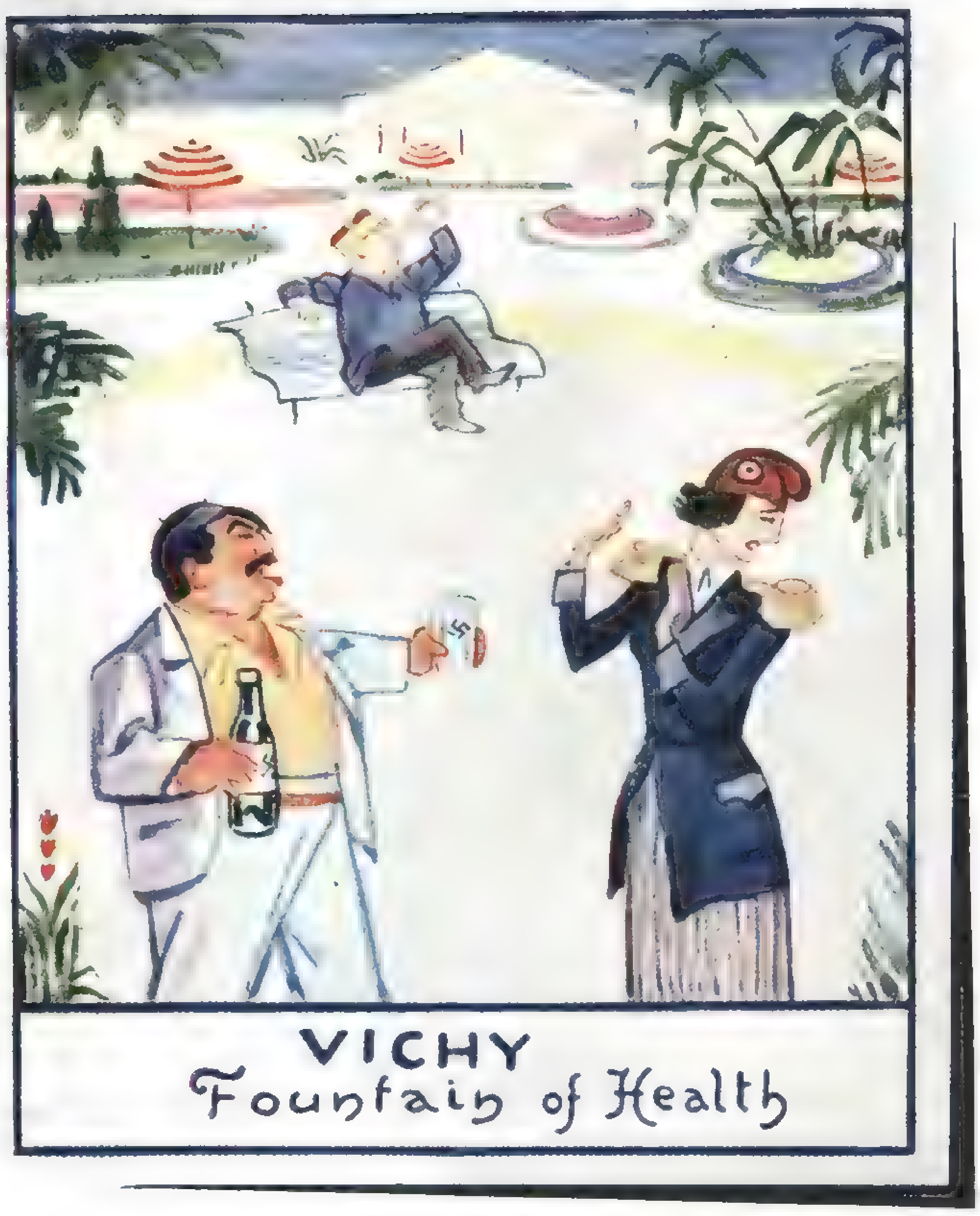
"It is not good that the German people should see Italians feasting"


VISIT THE LAND OF TULIPS
SEE THE DUTCH MASTERS

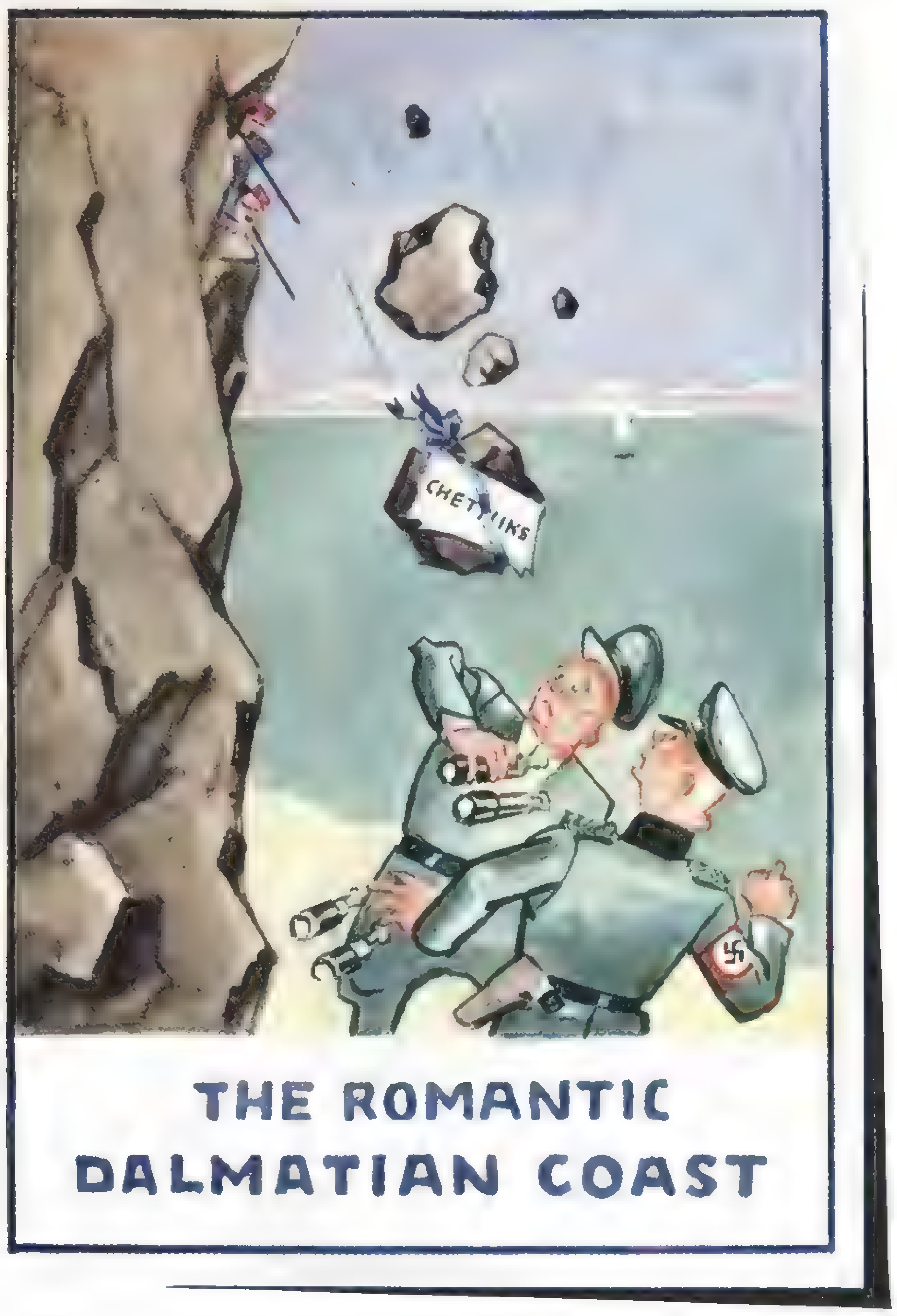
"It is fantastic to show a Nazi laboring while there are children near who could work for him"


Derso and Kelen
MADRID

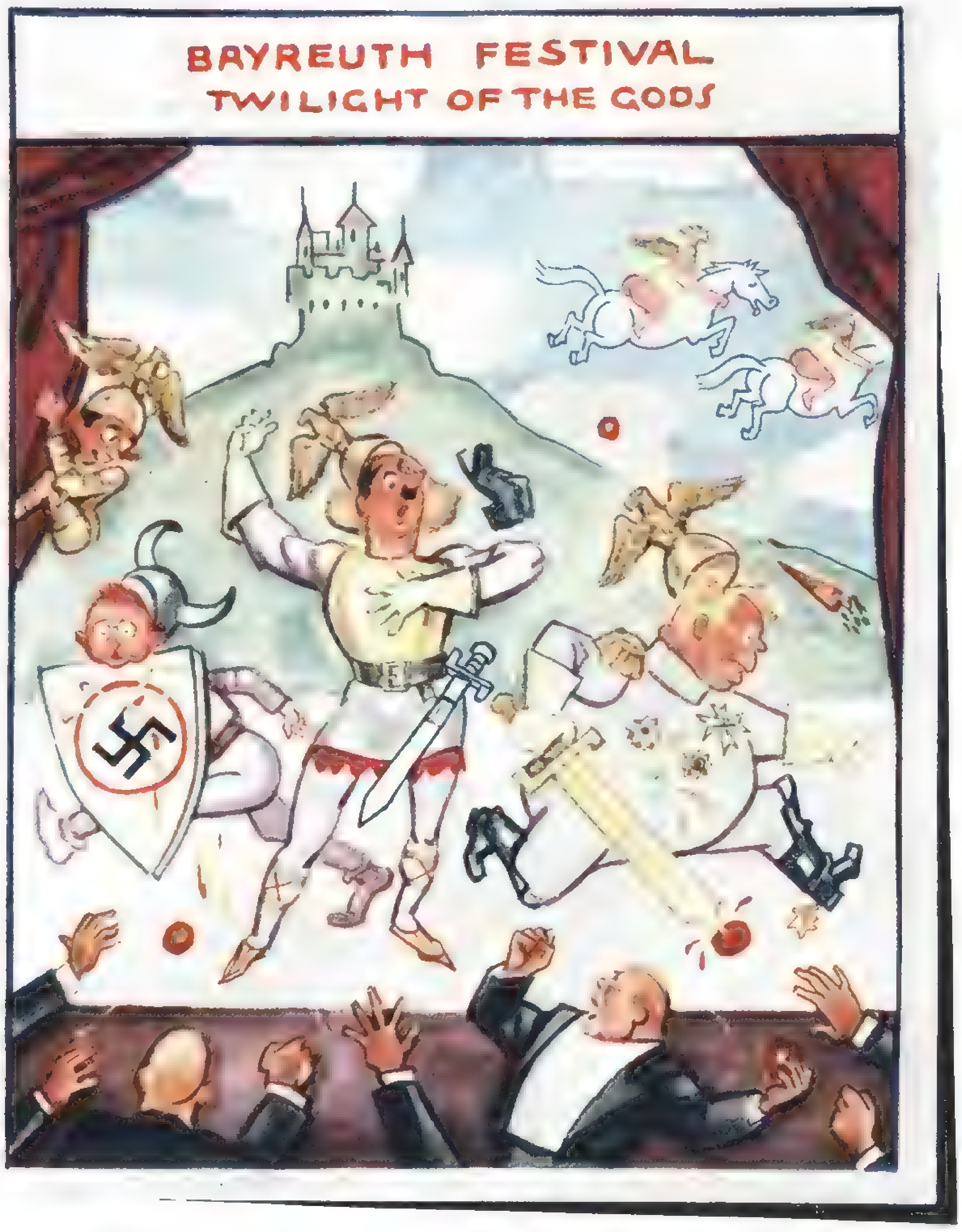
"If any German saw that much beef in one piece—he wouldn't wave a flag at it—he would bare his teeth and eat it"


VICHY
Fountain of Health

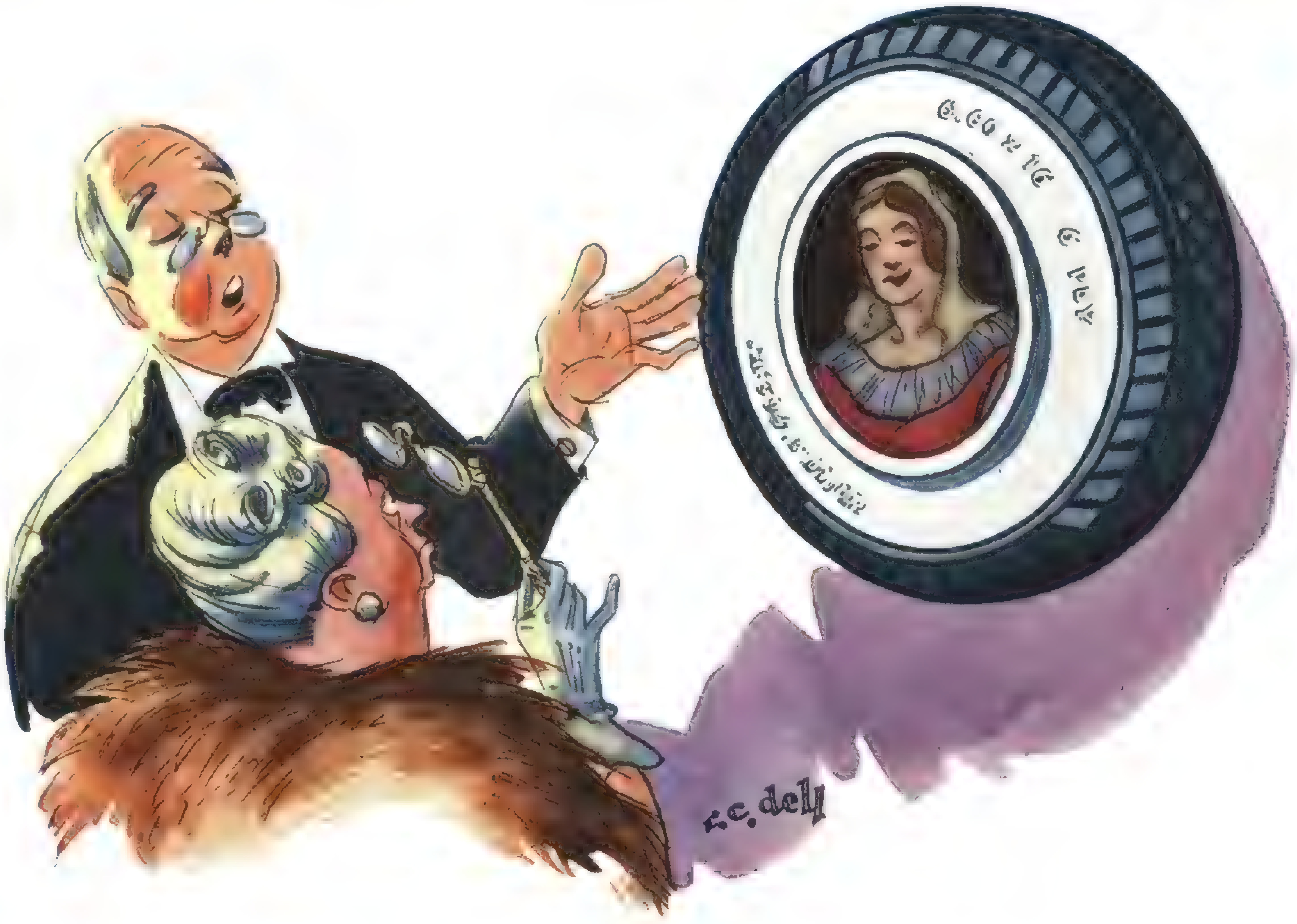
"This poster implies that France has the choice of accepting or rejecting—that is not Nazi policy"


CHETNIKS
THE ROMANTIC
DALMATIAN COAST

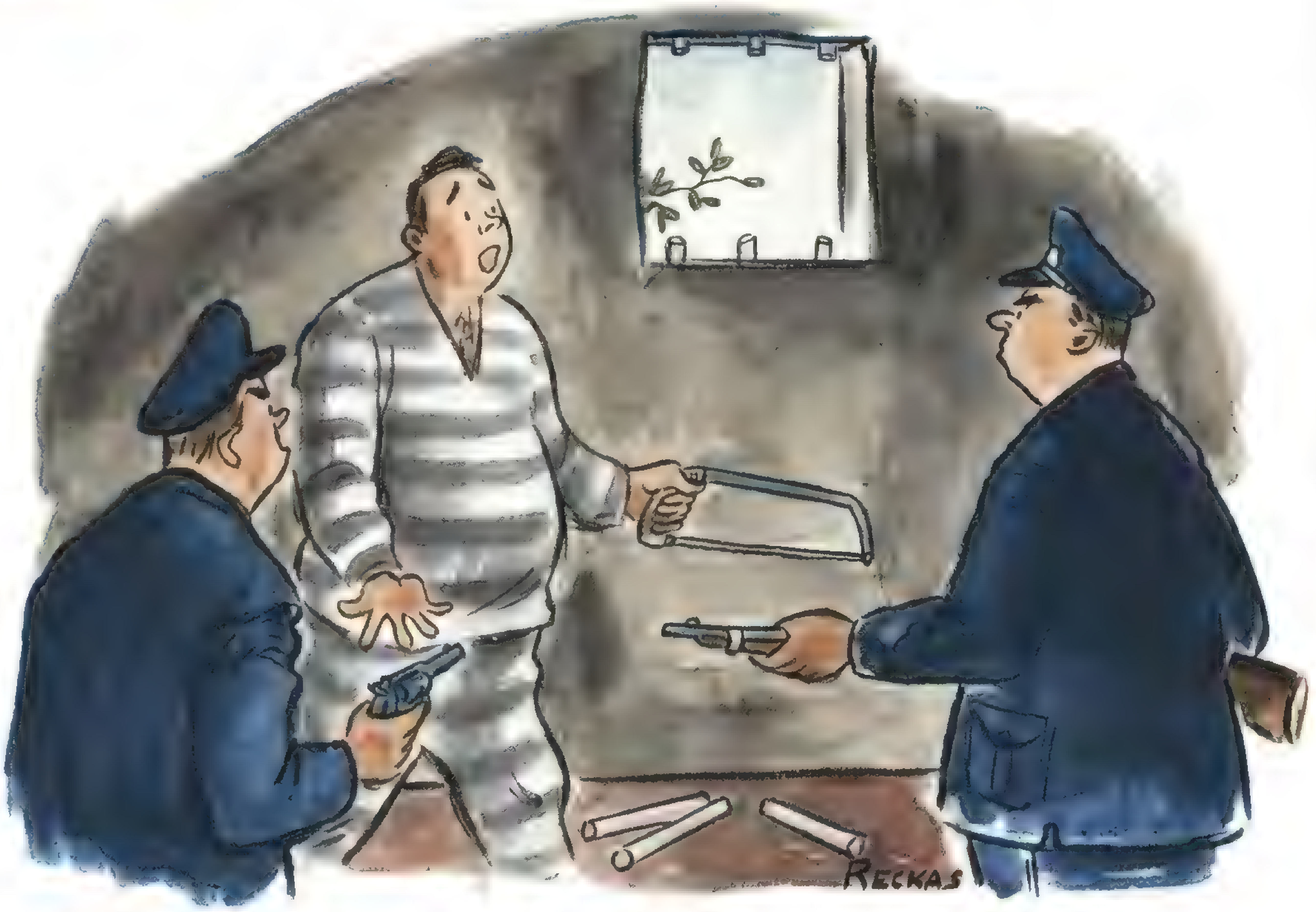
"This picture is impossible—Our army liquidated the Yugoslav army long ago, and has liquidated them several times since"


BAYREUTH FESTIVAL
TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

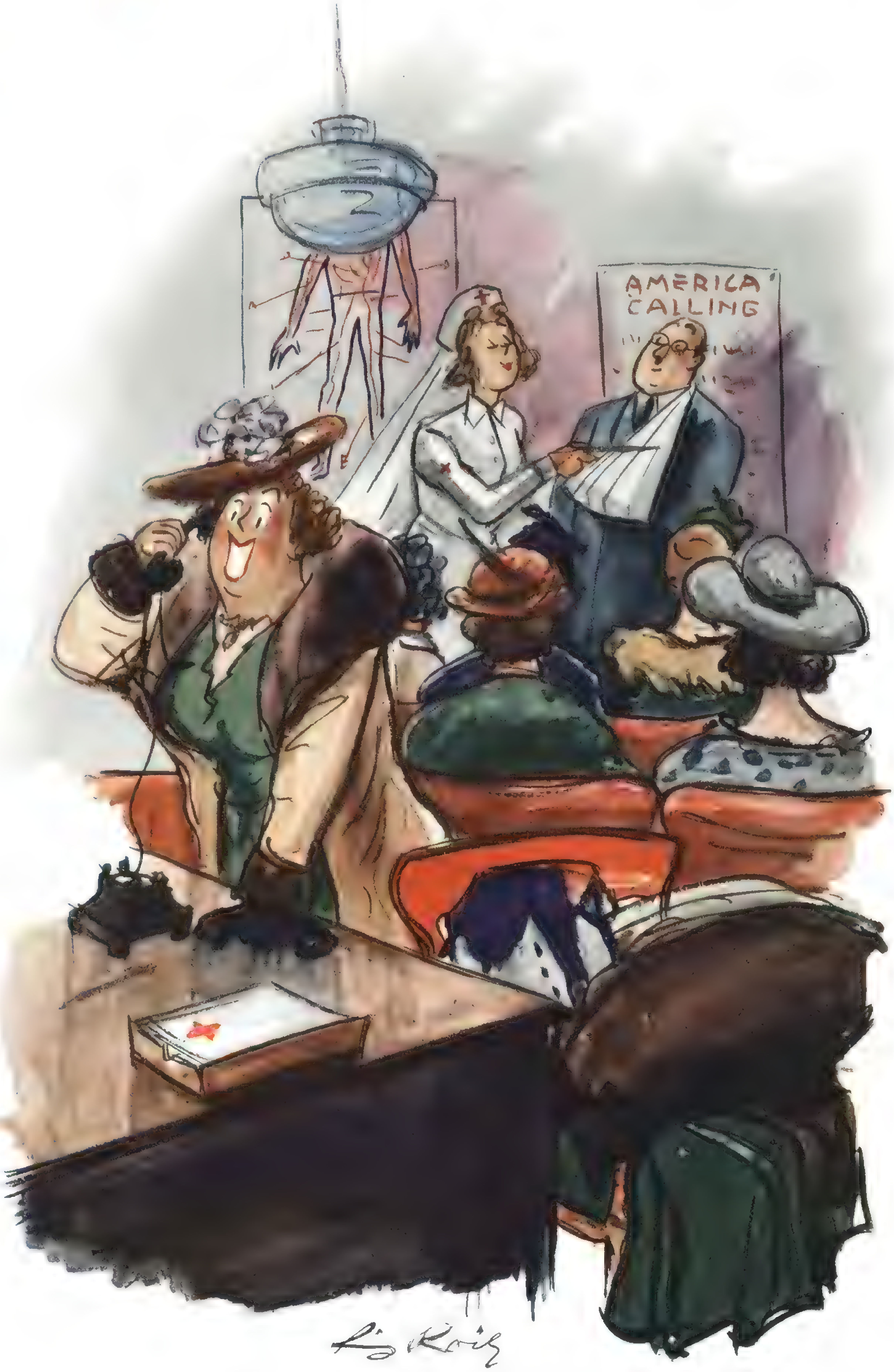
"The suggestion that the German people have food to throw away overtaxes the imagination"


6.00 x 16 6 PLY
r.c. dell

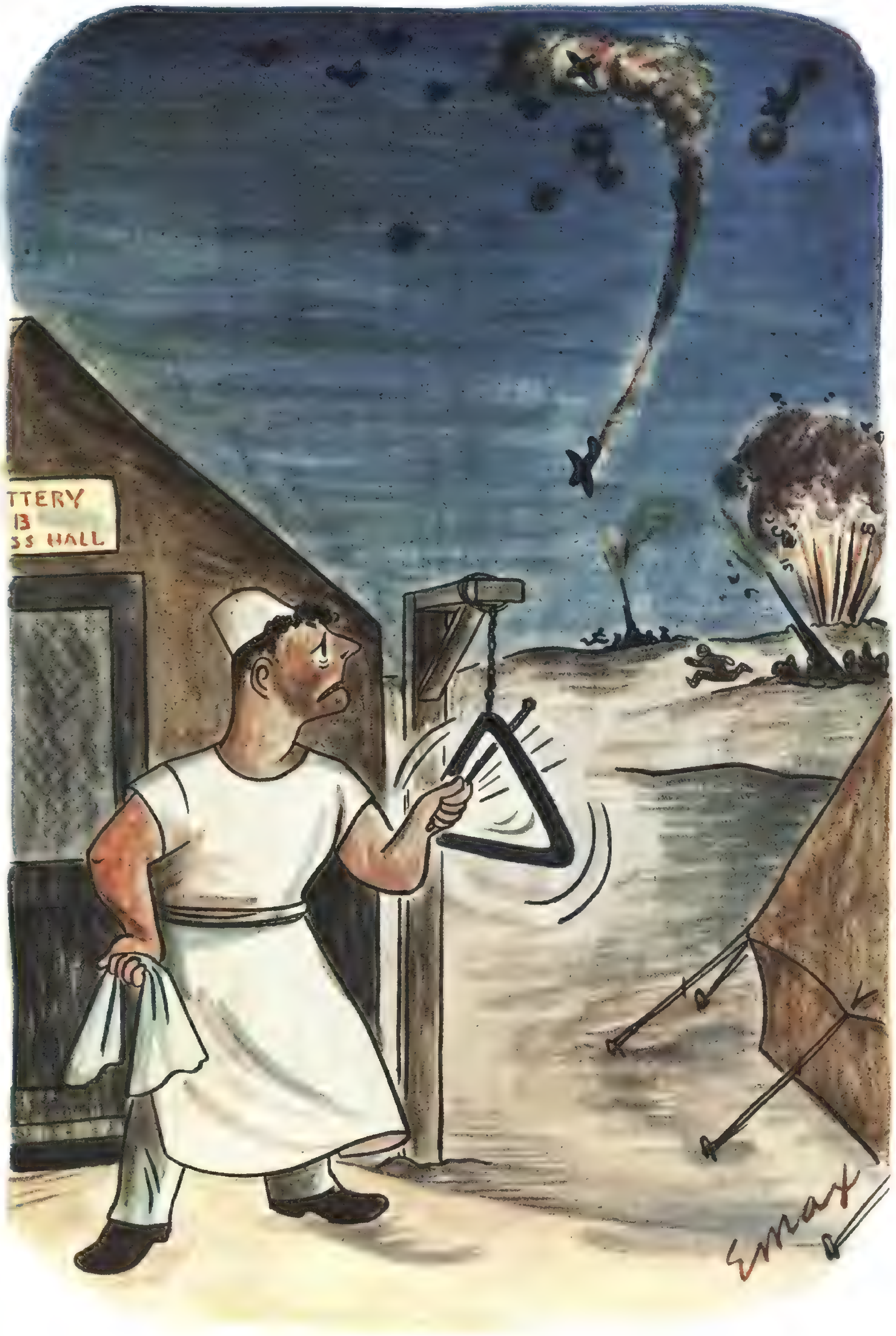
"The frame, of course, is priceless"



"The government needs scrap iron, don't it?"


AMERICA CALLING

"Why—how wonderful, George! Don't you dare call a doctor until I come and administer first aid"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SS HALL

Basketball Scores for Business

Predicting industrial basketball modeled after the Phillips plan will go to town during this war

by **AL WESSON**

• SPORTS •

IF YOU are a veteran reader of the sports pages you may recall accounts of the bucket shooting exploits of one Boots Adams on an oil company team from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, about two decades ago.

If recently you noticed the newspaper dispatches listing the upper bracket incomes for the past year you may remember seeing the name of one Kenneth S. Adams, President of the Phillips Petroleum Company.

It's the same guy, same company. And today he has the same foxy ideas about the relation of basketball to business that he had back in 1920.

Boots was just out of the University of Kansas then and laboring in the Phillips warehouse. He'd played on the college team and he had an idea he thought worth taking to President Frank Phillips. "Why not a company basketball squad to stir up a little enthusiasm among the gang around the plant?"

It sounded okay to the boss and Boots organized a squad. Five members of that club are now top executives of the firm and the Phillips "66" basketball team is as much a source of company pride today as its newest and biggest refinery.

Boots took the oil business pretty seriously and within two or three years he no longer could give so much time to basketball. His early basketball buddies also were working into responsible positions with the company and along with Boots they were forced to stop playing, and their place on the squad was taken by new players. The new youngsters out of college played the game a few seasons while they were getting started, then left the court in favor of other boys when they began to move up the ladder.

Thus the tradition for Phillips basketball was established. Get good basketball players and, through the enthusiasm generated by their games, build up a special sort of company pride and team spirit. Make friends for your business by an entertaining style of play and by the good sportsmanship of your athletes. Advertise your firm by having your team carry its name into national competition.

Where have you ever heard of that idea before? Why, it's Joe College himself! Get good athletes. Develop student and alumni pride and a strong outside following through their accomplishments. Win nationwide publicity for your alma mater through your big games.

Phillips basketball rates a special place in bucket shooting history not so much because of its Chuck Hyatts, Tom Pickells, Joe Fortenberrys, Hank Luisettis, Bill Martins and many other famous All-American players, but principally for the reason that it has developed the big league college idea into big-time post-graduate competition.

Watch industrial basketball, modeled after the Phillips plan, boom during the next few years. The war won't stop it; in fact, it will probably help it.

College teams very likely will drop in class, with many of their best athletes going to war. Service squads can be expected to be of high calibre only in the camps that stress athletics, such as the four big naval aviation pre-flight schools. This leaves industrial basketball, made up of players working in essential businesses and veteran stars kept at home because of dependents, as the source of the best in the game for the next few seasons and probably for many years to come.

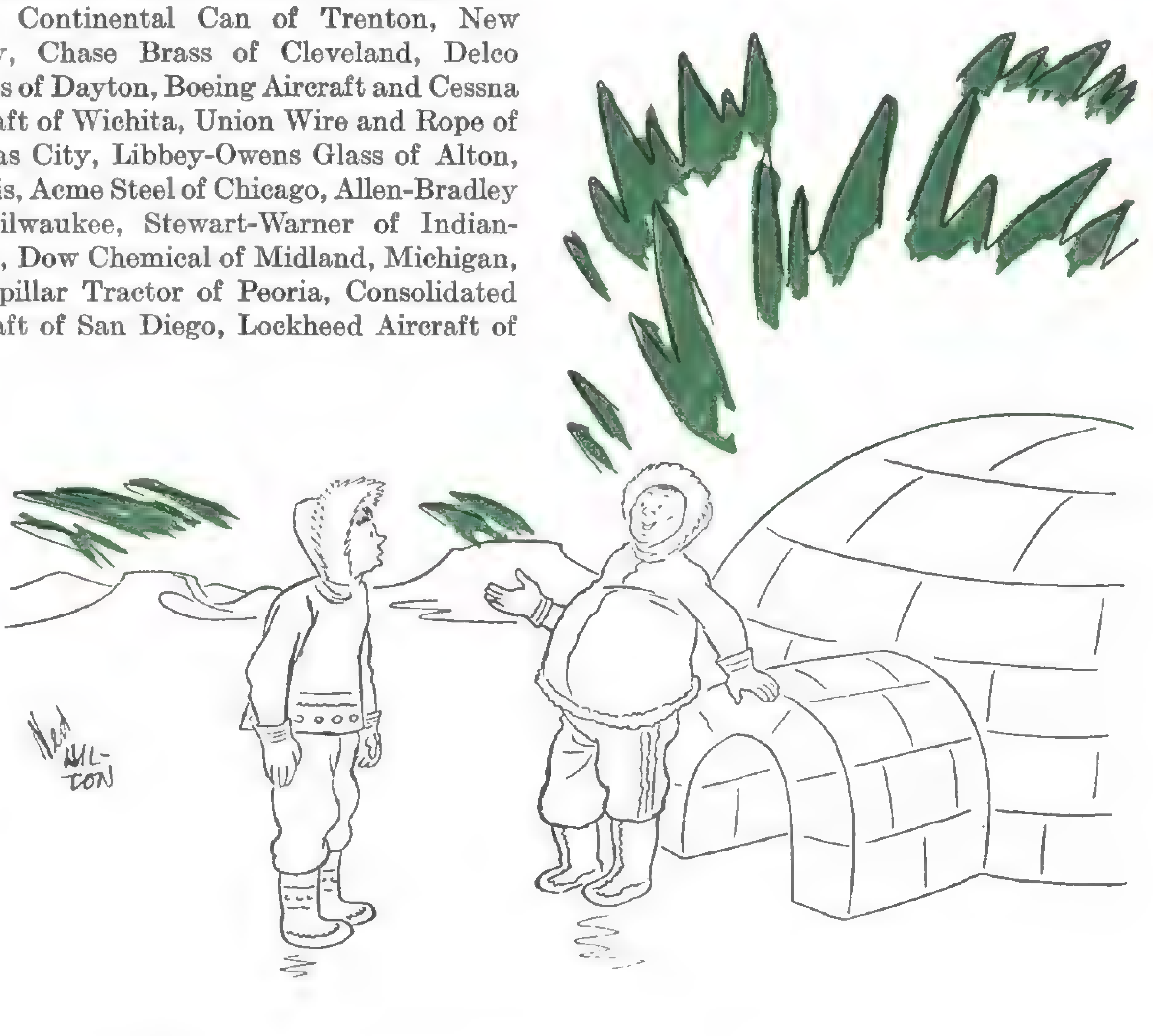
Industrial basketball really arrived in national competition two years ago when the Ohrbach Athletic Association of New York City moved out of department store competition to meet the Phillips outfit before a near capacity house in Madison Square Garden. Trends have to be well under way before they are recognized and now the definite swing to the industrial game is unmistakable.

To see where the game is going we have only to consider the excellent type of basketball that is now being played by such teams as the General Electric of Schenectady, Amsterdam Textiles of Amsterdam, New York, Youngstown Sheet & Tube of Youngstown, Ohio, Continental Can of Trenton, New Jersey, Chase Brass of Cleveland, Delco Brakes of Dayton, Boeing Aircraft and Cessna Aircraft of Wichita, Union Wire and Rope of Kansas City, Libbey-Owens Glass of Alton, Illinois, Acme Steel of Chicago, Allen-Bradley of Milwaukee, Stewart-Warner of Indianapolis, Dow Chemical of Midland, Michigan, Caterpillar Tractor of Peoria, Consolidated Aircraft of San Diego, Lockheed Aircraft of Long Beach, California, 20th Century-Fox of Los Angeles, Golden State Creamery of Oakland, California, Bradford Clothiers and Signal Oil of Portland, Oregon, and Alpine Dairy of Seattle.

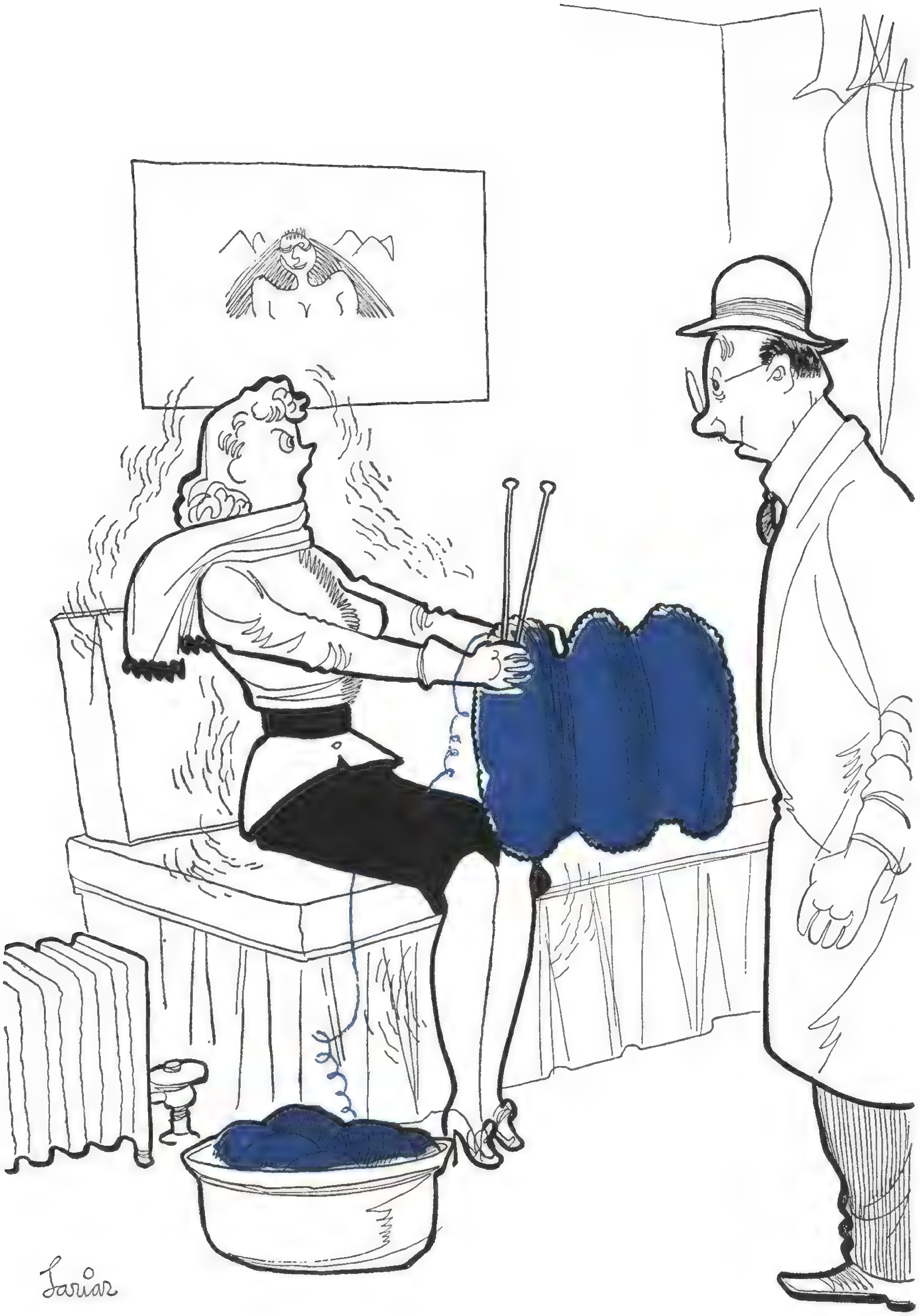
First to recognize the possibility of industrial basketball, the Phillips company has been in the driver's seat for some time in the matter of attracting the best talent. This is reflected in the great teams that won the national A.A.U. championship in 1940, finished in the runner-up spot in 1937, '39 and '42, and copped 263 games out of 306 during the past six years. The all-star club of 1942 could boast that every member of the nine-man squad had received either college or A.A.U. All-American recognition.

The stars have not been gathered by any countrywide scouting system such as is necessary to build championship teams in professional baseball or football. They have all been college graduates who applied for jobs and who had to have the right character and educational background before their basketball ability would be taken into consideration. Phillips players receive the usual beginning

Continued on page 136



"We'll make a party of it—you get the gin—I've got some ice"



"If you must know, I'm knitting this sweater for the radiator!"

The Unholy Horatio Alger

Not all the life and works of the quite human writer would have been approved by godly folk who called him a Moral Force

by **STEWART HOLBROOK**

▪ ARTICLE ▪

AN ECCENTRIC figure whose sporadic appearances mystified many New Yorkers of the early 1870's was that of a bearded, long-haired little man of slight build who liked to amble along after dark under the gaslights of lower Broadway. He was often seen on the Bowery, too, and in Chatham Square. His clothes were quite shabby, even to an outlandish cape. New York at large didn't know who he was and never, apparently, tried to find out. But all newsboys knew the man; so did bootblacks and match sellers. He was Horatio Alger, Jr., founder of a new school of American literature and incidentally New York City's greatest press agent. When he laid down his pen a quarter of a century later, his books numbered one hundred and nineteen and they were selling, not by the hundred thousand, but by the million. His books also assured Manhattan of a continuous supply of young newsboys and bootblacks. Alger, indeed, was a man of destiny. At exactly the right time he put into simple words the hopes and beliefs of a nation and by the sheer power of reiteration caused them to congeal into a national character, the Horatio Alger Hero.

Few of the millions of Americans who have read his books realize there really was a man named Horatio Alger, Jr. He is usually thought of as a mere trade name, like Nicholas Carter or Old Sleuth or Cap Collier, the property of a publishing house which might engage two, or even a dozen, authors to write under the same by-line. But Horatio Alger, Jr., was a man of flesh, flesh that occasionally got out of hand, although the blood was rather thin. Not all of his life and works would have had the approval of the godly folk who hailed him as a Moral Force. He attracted but one serious biographer, Herbert R. Mayes, to whom is due the thanks of all us ancient Alger fans for a book, long out of print, which cries aloud for reprinting*.

According to Mr. Mayes' unstinting research, Alger was born on Friday, the 13th of January, 1832, in Revere, Massachusetts, the first son of a Unitarian minister who had marked the boy for the church. Schooling at Gates Academy was followed by Harvard, where young Alger began a diary that was continued throughout his life and to which he confided virtually everything that happened to him. It is through his diary for 1848 that one is permitted to feel the shock of Horatio's first exposure to Life, in the form of his lusty landlady, a Mrs. Curran, at whose house he had taken lodgings for the freshman year. For many weeks the diary reveals what a fine woman Mrs. Curran was—a splendid cook; she mended his sox; she kept him from oversleeping; she "made a cake with chocolate on top and in between." A bit later he "found a new towel on my bed embroidered with my initial by Mrs. C."

Doubtless most Harvard freshmen of the day could have seen what was coming, but not Horatio Alger, Jr. One day Mrs. Curran gave him the works. Says the diary with a feeling of tragic shock:

> She stood in the doorway as I passed to my room and had on very little and I might have seen her bare but did not look. I shall move to where there is greater respect for decency.

Move he did. He immediately took lodgings elsewhere and kept his virtue intact until those four dangerous years under the Cambridge elms were past. When later he did stumble, and stumble again, it required the determined efforts of his publishers and the officials of the Newsboys Lodging House in New York to guide him out of the path of sin.

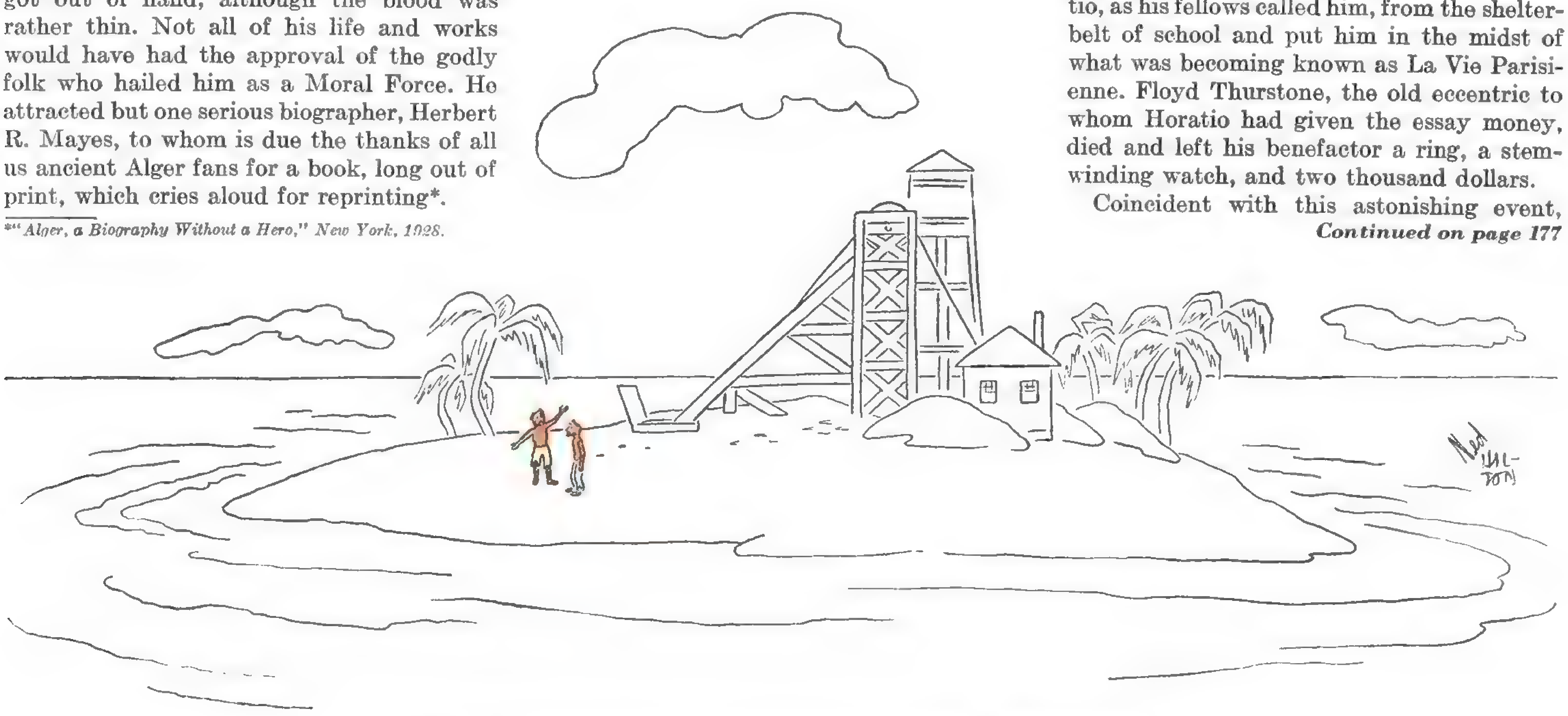
During the senior year at Harvard Horatio roomed at the home of Floyd Thurstone, an educated and amiable old eccentric who helped the youth with his lessons. The two walked the shady old streets at dusk while Thurstone talked of the curse of slavery and advised the younger man to become a teacher of the blacks, who were sure, he thought, to be freed one day. The old man had a small income, but an unwise investment in a bookstore put him temporarily in bad straits. Becoming aware of this, Horatio worked furiously in an essay contest for which the college offered forty dollars as first prize. He won it with a paper titled *Athens at the Time of Socrates*. He forthwith presented Thurstone with the money which, small though it was, permitted the old man to meet a mortgage payment and thus save his home.

Upon graduation with the Class of 1852, young Alger was faced with two courses. The Rev. Horatio Alger, Sr. had given him the choice of entering divinity college, or going it alone with no parental aid. The son had not then or ever any desire to preach from the pulpit. He rejected divinity in favor of literature and helped edit a short-lived periodical in Boston. He did some private tutoring. But it was a tough world he was facing. He went hungry for a few days, then gave up the fight and entered Harvard Divinity School.

At graduation time occurred two unrelated incidents that conjured to remove Holy Horatio, as his fellows called him, from the shelterbelt of school and put him in the midst of what was becoming known as La Vie Parisienne. Floyd Thurstone, the old eccentric to whom Horatio had given the essay money, died and left his benefactor a ring, a stem-winding watch, and two thousand dollars.

Coincident with this astonishing event,

Continued on page 177



"48,000 miles from nowhere and we discover a gold mine!"

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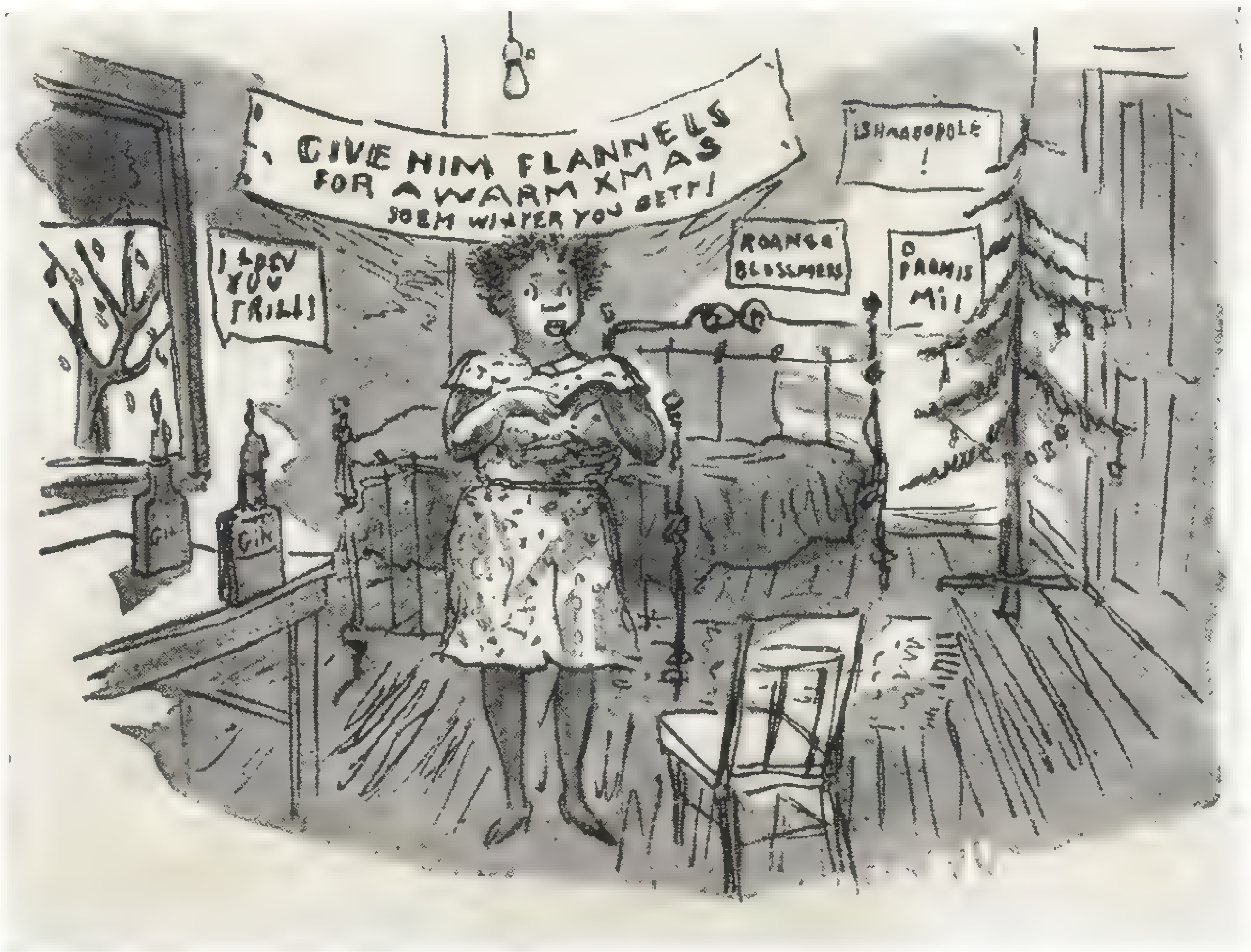
*"Alger, a Biography Without a Hero," New York, 1928.

61 Shopping Days til Love

Geranium Finn's heart was full as she floated down Ruby Street, leaving her startling messages in rusty mailboxes

by EDWARD HARRIS HETH

• FICTION •



"LA, GERANIUM, where the fire?"

It was Mme. Pompom, calling from the recessed doorway of her Beaute Saloone as Mrs. Geranium Finn sped down Ruby Street. Mrs. Finn was in a not unfriendly mood; for that matter, the jars of hair-straightening cream, the deep-hued powders and pomades stacked in Mme. Pompom's window even held, at that moment, a new interest for her. Yet she knew also the value of secrecy, especially when the recipient of that secret might be Mme. Pompom. Hence she pretended not to have heard and sped past the Beaute Saloone, past the Buisy-B Chicken Shack, past Mr. Plotkin's Kosher Delicatessen, with the same bobbing motion as the many fallen leaves that in autumn playfulness skidded down Ruby Street.

Her heart was thumping as she cut jaggedly across the street in the direction of her room—and not without cause, for as surely as winter would soon congeal the fragrant October days, she heard the chill footsteps of Mme. Pompom following in her traces. Mrs. Finn moved with unaccustomed speed.

"Geranium," the voice said, like an icy blast at the back of her neck. "This haste—?"

Mrs. Finn halted. Mme. Pompom, tall, slender as a crane, her wide lips grinning, was at her heels. Entrapped and feebly smiling, Mrs. Finn turned to face her.

"You be punctual somewhere?" Mme. Pompom enquired, curiosity gnawing like maggots at her lips. "I thought perhaps you and I, the both of us, such chums, a double gin together at the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan—?" Mme. Pompom's smile grew still more tortured. "Natchelly Dutch treat."

Mrs. Finn, with a haughty though friendly smile, drew from her beaded handbag a chewed stick of pencil and pad of paper. She wrote for a full minute with dignified lack of speed before handing the sheet to Mme. Pompom, on which she had ornately inscribed,

Lipps that Tonch lickwer Shal nevr Tonch Mien.

"Indeed!" Mme. Pompom said with a foolish laugh. "At the Musician's Local No. 54 last night, ef I remember, you somewhat under the influence of—"

A dark cloud flitted over Mrs. Finn's face, not disarranging however the sedate chastity that lay so newly among her features. She held one hand lightly on her bosom, as she had often seen clubwomen do in photographs. Her eyes, one of which was often at variance with the other, bobbed helplessly for a moment or two, as though one were trying to save the other from drowning, before both crawled exhausted upon the shiny surface of Mme. Pompom's face. But her voice remained mute. Silence, Mrs. Finn felt, was golden.

"La, perhaps my eyes deceive me . . . it that likely! Being myself, somewhat—" Mme. Pompom flustered, melting under her companion's gaze.

Mrs. Finn scrawled on her pad with offended dignity. *I regrit*, she began, *I haev butt one Lief to give for mi Conkri.* With this grandiose beginning, an hysterical note crept into her writings as she continued—*Oney 61 Shoppnig daes left befor Chrimstass. Sanks you mudge. Yrs. trilli. Bete it, Ol Elke.* This was followed by a somewhat muddled passage.

It was apparent, Mme. Pompom thought, that Mrs. Finn was troubled. But try as she might, she could gain no clue to the secret lurking in her friend's breast for Mrs. Finn tore the note from its pad, let it flutter to Mme. Pompom's feet, and continued her way with a stony dignity that was interrupted only when, forgetting to take the step at the curb, she plunged headlong to the sidewalk. Even then, however, Mme. Pompom could not penetrate her mystery, for Mrs. Finn scrambled to her feet, brushing crumbles of dried leaves from her hair, and gained the entrance of her rooming house while Mme. Pompom still stared after in hurt wonder and amazement.

Mrs. Finn's secret nestled in her bosom with a faint tickling sensation. Had Mme. Pompom been allowed to gain entrance to her room she might have watched the unexpected chastity, which had so perplexed her in Mrs. Finn's countenance and manner, spread even fuller as she drew her secret from the spacious front of her dress. It was a tattered fragment of the *Race Defender*, rolled into an itchy ball. Even more than chastity, an aura of virginity glimmered shyly round Mrs. Finn as she spread out the fragment of newspaper. She read the words again, her heart beating like a frightened rabbit's.

ELDERLY refined colored gentleman, desires correspondence with refined Colored lady. Write Box 11Q. Refrenses exchanged.

Again and again she read the magic words. Her heart began to sing fitful, hymeneal hymns. Autumn was the time of life, the loveliest hour. Quietly impassioned breezes soared through Mrs. Finn's window, clutching at the maiden that slowly unfolded inside her.

She brought out her best sheet of writing paper, salvaged months before from the bargain counters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and embossed with neat elegance, CHRISTIAN HOME FOR THE BLIND. Next, from the baffling recesses of her bureau drawer, where a tiny envelope filled with sunflower seeds and labeled *Lavenner & Ol Laec*—fragrant, to Mrs. Finn's nostrils, as the sweetest sachet any lady had ever possessed!—lay tucked in the folds of her crash cotton nightgown, she drew forth her bottle of gluey ink.

From another drawer came her nub pen, its point, in anticipation of such a moment as this, kept polished as a saber's edge.

Mrs. Finn did not regard her venture into correspondence lightly. With faint regret that her pen was not plumed, the better to echo her exquisite agony, she sat at her window-ledge, pen point poised on her lips and leaving them rather bluish. When she put her pen to paper, it was not in haste. With pencil, her hand flew swiftly; but with pen she felt her way cautiously, aware of the muses clustered behind her to guide her unaccustomed hand round the many blots. An insinuating expectancy pinched at her while she wrote carefully.

Daer refine Freind. Whats inn a Naem?

It was a stately approach. Mrs. Finn mused fleetingly how she would look in white before continuing.

Grete Okes fomm littule akrons grow. I haev a fine hadd hair. Giv mi a Hoem wher th Bullafoes roem! Mrs. Granimum Fin.

To this she appended the word *Refrenses*, copying the slovenly spelling exactly as she found it in the newspaper, and added,

Veri pretti. Soem fun!

Those days, while she waited for a response, were leaden-footed for Mrs. Finn. She watched leaf after leaf rip itself from the scant trees down Ruby Street, fluttering like shriveled bits of her heart down to the gutters before Radiant Wilson's Barber Shop. Several times indeed she found it necessary to make her way past the fawn-eyed, heavy-lipped young men jamming the doorway of the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan, to sustain her faith in newspaper advertisements. On these occasions one eye kept watch at the doorway, like a slightly tipsy soldier, for an undesired advent of Mme. Pompom.

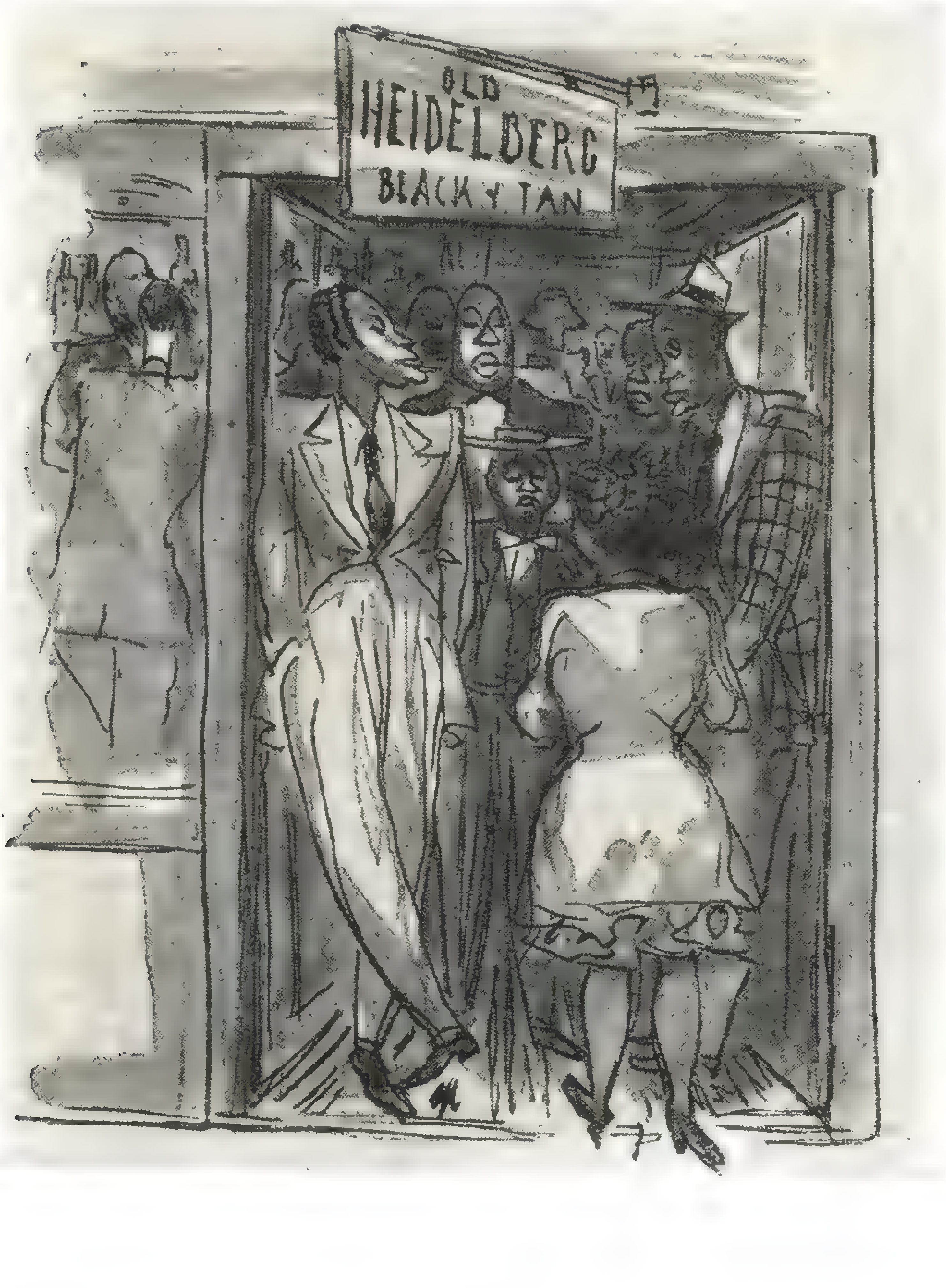
Slowly the days crawled; still slower the post. At week's end Mrs. Finn defied God's angry silence with considerable magnificence at the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan. She returned home in autumnal gloom, to find tucked beneath her doorway an envelope of such shining brightness as to make her eyes blink. Her ginny fingers tore with numb haste at the flap. The note, having been written on the underside of a soap wrapper, sent a delicious, sanitary fragrance throughout the room. Mrs. Finn, as she read greedily, felt herself laved clean of all worldly turmoil.

Dear Madim;

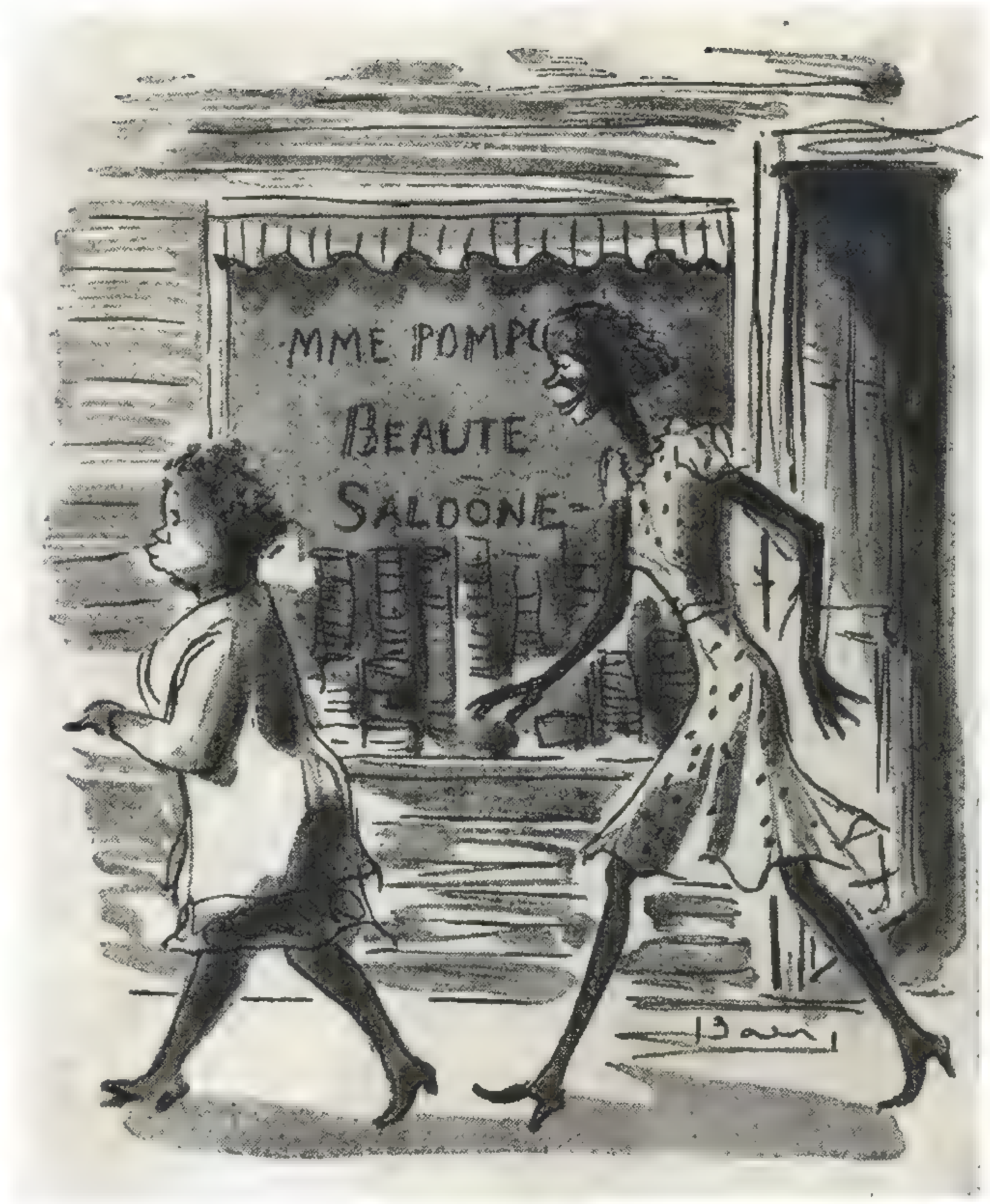
Wunst I won $18 no Cents on a srebmun game.

Yr. Respectful Acquaintance.

The lyre of Mrs. Finn's heart quivered under the touch of his words. *Srebmun* might, to a less sensitive correspondent, have provided difficulties, but not to Mrs. Finn. For while one eye sped forward, the other sped in the opposite direction, easily encompassing her Respectful Acquaintance's habit of sometimes spelling an entire word backwards.



There followed a time wherein all in Mrs. Finn's life was poesy. Falling leaves made little crowns in her hair as she sauntered at night with quiet mystery down Ruby Street, depositing anonymous, scribbled paeans of her joy into rusty mailboxes—fragments of paper that whispered *Daismes wont Tel*, leaving their recipients somewhat startled. Or she slid under strange doorways hastily-scrawled queries, such as *Watt is so Raer as a Dae im Juim WHO CARES?* Or tatters of notepaper proclaiming, more to her satisfaction, *Madm Mopmop is an Ol Bed gug.*



Endless communications, too, were dispatched to her Respectful Acquaintance. At times, when joy burned so brightly in her that only a quick double gin at the Old Heidelberg could quench its flame, she found herself without the necessary pennies for a postage stamp. This she surmounted by drawing a reasonable facsimile on the envelope, a habit which necessitated numerous trips by her Acquaintance to the Post Office to claim and pay for his mail, and one rather unpleasant, though noncommittal, trip to the FBI for Mrs. Finn.

Happiness nudged Mrs. Finn, while her pen made languorous embroideries.

Daer Refine Freind. Spaer th Rod & spolli th Childe! You soem fine fallo. Yrs. bi th Graec of Godd, Mrs. Granimum Fin.

Neatly sketched on a scented soap wrapper came the reply,

Dear Madim; My feet hurt. Yr. luftcepser Acquaintance.

Mrs. Finn, detecting a certain tenderness in the intimacy of this communication, replied exultantly,

I am th Captim of mi Sol! Kep M flying! Skiddo! Yrs. trilli, Mrs. G. F.

To which her new friend replied with curt admiration,

Dear Madim;

Goddam!

Yr. Respectful Acquaintance.

Snow fell, hearts froze, the young men forever lingering before the Old Heidelberg Black and Tan stomped their feet against the chill, a garland of fir branches straggled in festal mood among the pomades in the windows of Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone, but Mrs. Finn bloomed as under an April sun. She felt bridal, and pursued. The young men before the Old Heidelberg, she was certain, leered at her with lustful intimations as she pushed her way past them. These she glowered at with as much dignity as she could muster, glancing behind her as though careless feet shuffled on her veil.

Eyes even more devastating were cast upon her when, occasionally, she encountered in the hallway a gruff, bearlike gentleman who had lately established himself in the room opposite hers. Mrs. Finn, as befitted one of her station, pinched her nostrils when she was forced to pass him on the stairs, carrying her hands lightly on her bosom. He walked on heavy feet, as though in shoes too small for him. He had paw-like hands, brightly pink on their undersides. She suspected he drank, a suspicion which grew on her one day when, having nearly ascended the stairs, he quietly collapsed and rolled down them again. On another occasion, as both of them bent down to insert their keys into the keyholes, she stole a glimpse behind her to catch him holding his thick fingers up to her in a V for Victory sign while he gave her a sly, slow wink. She straightened up quickly.

Mrs. Finn moved hastily and with determination. To protect the maiden that lately lurked in her breast, she tacked at once to her door a large sign enscribed MEASLIES KEP OUT! This she altered later to read MUMPHS! VERI BADD! Then, with some abandon, I GOTT LOKJAW BE CAERFL! and finally, in a frenzy of delirium, I AM PLUMM CRAEZI LADIE YEOW YEOW I AET LIVE MIEC ASLO SNAK!

Briefly the sweet-smelling wrappers ceased to appear under her door. Briefly, too, her neighbor in the room opposite, though wound in gin fumes, passed Mrs. Finn in the hallway with eyes unseeing as stones. Feeling somehow less virginal, Mrs. Finn removed the no-longer-needed placards from her door. A dejection ensnared her and prompted her to consume in one gulp the half-pint of peach brandy which, in her role as Social Worker, she had bought to share among the needy families of Ruby Street at the Christmastide.

Sleep fell wolflike upon her after the abandonment to the brandy bottle. She was wakened from it by a sweet soapy fragrance creeping into her nostrils. Under her door, when she coaxed her heavy eyes in that

Continued at top of page 139

Big Man in a Minor League

In forty years as manager and owner in the American Association, Mike Kelley has won seven pennants and developed many a star

by **GEORGE A. BARTON**

SPORTS

"MICHAEL, my boy, I am terribly disappointed with your decision to become a professional baseball player.

"I always wanted you to become a lawyer, or business man—something permanent. Baseball is just a fad that won't last. There's no future in it."

That's what James B. Kelley, father of Michael J. Kelley, owner of the Minneapolis baseball club of the American Association, told him when young Mike announced he would take a fling at professional baseball.

That was in 1895, forty-seven years ago. Since then, Mike has been in baseball continuously as a player, manager and club owner.

"Looks like I hit on something permanent despite my father's well meant advice," the veteran owner of the Minneapolis Millers mused recently. "Baseball seems to be here to stay, after being in vogue 103 years."

With the exception of two years—1907, when he managed Des Moines of the Western League, and 1908 when he piloted Toronto of the International League—Kelley has been identified with the American Association since its inception in 1902. He has been the sole owner of the Minneapolis club since 1924, after a remarkably successful career as manager of the St. Paul club for a number of years.

Mike is one of the few independent club owners in the minor leagues. He has no working agreement with a major league club, consequently he barters in players with those with whom he can make the most advantageous deals.

He boasts the excellent record of having either managed or owned seven teams that won championships of the American Association.

As manager, Mike led the St. Paul team to pennants in 1903, 1904, 1919, 1920 and 1922. As owner of the Minneapolis club, he came up with pennant winners in 1932 and 1935. His Millers of 1934 finished in first place during the 154-game schedule, only to lose the pennant to Columbus in the asinine post-season seven-game playoff then in effect in the American Association. None of his teams ever finished in last place.

Kelley, along with bagging a flock of pennants, developed hundreds of young ball players who later became stars in the major leagues.

His favorite team was the St. Paul club of 1903, while his favorite ball player was Miller Huggins, late manager of the New York Yankees.

Maybe Mike had greater love for the Saints of 1903 because it was his first championship team, and he contributed a vital role in winning the pennant as an actual participant. He was player-manager of the pennant-winning Saints in 1903 and 1904. He was a first baseman, and one of the best ever to perform in the American Association. Mike likewise was a strong hitter.

* * *

Playing alongside Kelley on the St. Paul teams of 1902 and 1903 was a little fellow weighing only 120 pounds and only five feet six inches tall. Yet, despite his size, this lad was destined to become one of the greatest second basemen and managers of all time. I am referring to Miller Huggins, who starred in the National League for a number of years as second sacker for the Cincinnati Reds and St. Louis Cardinals.

Huggins succeeded Roger Bresnahan as manager of the Cardinals in 1911, and made such an impressive showing with a club having little financial resources from 1911 to 1917, that when the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Captain Til Huston purchased the Yankees in 1918, they engaged Huggins as their manager.

The rest is history. Huggins conceived the deals for Babe Ruth and other players who were to make the Yankees the mightiest club in modern baseball annals.

Under Huggins' able guidance, the Yanks won six pennants and three world's championships in eight years. Hug was sitting on top of the world and drawing a salary of 45,000 dollars a year when he was suddenly fatally stricken on September 25, 1929.

* * *

"Many smart ball players served under me during my forty years as manager and club owner in the American Association," says Kelley. "But Miller Huggins was tops.

"Maybe I regarded Hug above all the others because he was closest to me. He was my best pal from the time he came to St. Paul to play for me in 1902 until his death twenty-seven years later.

"Huggins was a great second baseman, a great manager and the grandest character I ever knew in baseball."

* * *

Mist came into Mike Kelley's Irish blue eyes as he paid this tribute to Huggins.

There was a pause in the interview as Mike turned to gaze at a large photograph of Huggins hanging on the wall back of his desk.

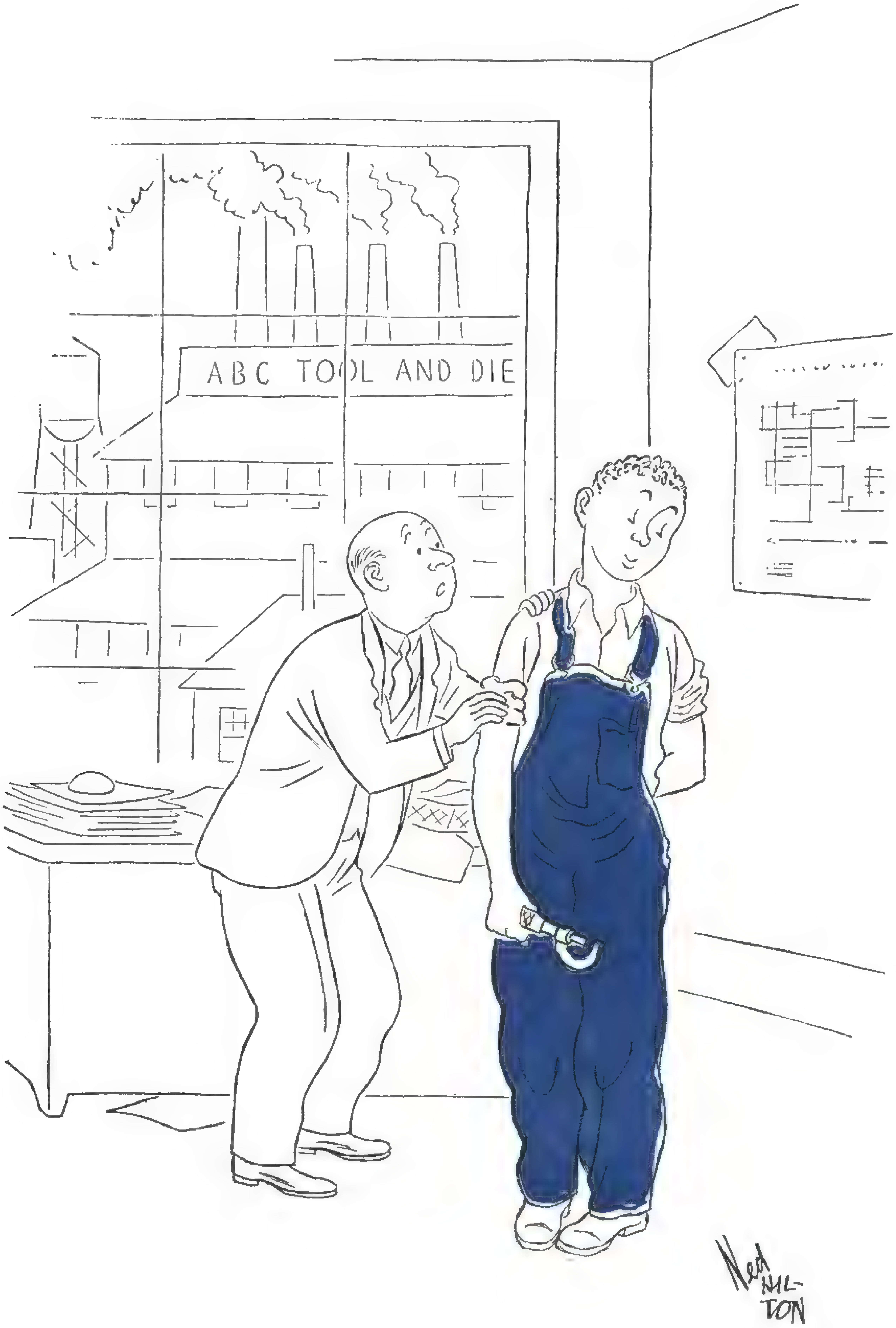
"Yes," resumed the veteran owner of the Millers, "Hug was everything I said of him and more, too. What a pity he had to die at the peak of his career.

"He was frail, but overcame his physical shortcomings with remarkable courage, determination, and uncanny smartness.

"Hug weighed only 120 pounds when he played ball with me at St. Paul, and never weighed more than 135 as a player in the National League. But it was amazing the way he'd block runners off second base and the abandon with which he charged into opposing

Continued on page 198

"Gosh! is Boston nasty today"


ABC TOOL AND DIE
Ned HIL-TON

"Say the words that will make me the happiest man in the world—say you'll be mine, Mr. Swejckowski, for $62.50 plus overtime"

Strangers Defeated

None of those native boys would go near Star, objecting that the horse kicked, was dangerous and mad

by **JAMES STERN**

FICTION

The sun had already set and the night was dark as we came down the steep hill on to the outskirts of my African farm, but I knew the path so well, and Star, my new horse, walked at last so peacefully after the long ride that in daylight we should have found the cattle shed no more easily. At the entrance he lowered his head and followed me into the pitch-dark interior as though it were light and a place already known to him. He snorted once at the smell of cow before I heard the seep-seep of his peaceful drinking. I rubbed him down, gave him a feed, then started out for my hut on the other side of the valley. On the way I was aware once more of the old exhilaration after a ride on a keen-spirited horse; the very ache in my arms and legs seemed good; muscles that for long had not been used were now stretched and supple, and though I was tired I could feel a new vigor running through the length of my body, as though some part of it, always hidden away, had suddenly found itself and at last taken the freedom it was never allowed.

Lying in the candlelight of my hut there rose before me clear visions of wet Irish evenings when in the glow of one lamp I had watched the mud-stained hunters walking of their own accord to the water trough and then each alone into the darkness of his own stall; I saw myself standing in the rain—tired, wet and black with mud—before I turned back into the warmth of the house with the bounding sensation of pleasure that in Africa I had never known until that day.

In the night I had a dream that for some time past on the farm had become a nightmare, recurring again and again to disturb my sleep. In each dream I seemed to be the object of the natives' stares and ridicule. The dream I had that night differed from the others chiefly in that instead of being alone, I was riding Star. I was coming back from the lands in the heat of the day when a number of natives appeared on the narrow track. As we approached they halted, and silently made it impossible for us to pass. Each one of them stood and stared at Star; then one raised his hand and derisively pointed at the horse. Dimly I remember my anger rising, and I kicked in my heels to charge through them, but Star refused to move. I began to shout at them to get out of the way, but at the sound of my voice the one who had pointed laughed, another laughed, and when they all took it up my body grew hot, fear came and fought with my fury—and, trembling, I turned Star, to escape. But the horse could only stumble a few yards and stop. He hung his head, as horses do when they have been very ill, and with every step he tried to take the laughter increased behind me. In fear I tried to dismount and lead the horse, but my foot stuck in the stirrup, and as I looked down I saw with horror the grey fur of Star's coat was growing up my legs that were suddenly naked and white. With the sensation of the horse's skin slowly about to envelop me, I woke with a shock to find a hand on my arm and the black face of my "boy," Maradza, close to mine.

"Get up, Inkos!" he was saying. "Get up, there's something wrong in the shed! They're waving from the other side!"

Wiping the sweat from my face, Maradza had to repeat himself before I could properly take in the meaning of what he had said. Then I got up quickly and dressed. From the little window I looked out across the valley, and with field-glasses I could see the native farm boys, who should have been milking inside the shed, standing instead in a group outside, gesticulating in what seemed a heated argument among themselves. Full of apprehension that something may have happened to Star, I started out from the hut.

"Better come with me!" I shouted back to Maradza.

"I come," he said, and followed me, running, his face stretched in a grin. Maradza was a magnificent creature, not tall but broad and very muscular, possessed of a remarkable intelligence and an unquenchable curiosity. Knowing him as I did, I had been very surprised at his unusual silence and air of indifference when I told him of Star's arrival. He had merely nodded his head and said nothing. Among the other natives I knew the horse's appearance would probably not be welcomed, for up-country horses are rare, but I did not

Continued on page 185

MARCH, MARCH, DOMBROWSKI

Kosciuszko, who had so gallantly struggled on the side of Washington for the freedom of America, failed when in 1794 he led the fight for the freedom of his native Poland. His revolutionary movement against the second partition of Poland by the great powers was quelled, Kosciuszko was captured while many of his soldiers fled abroad. Warsaw became Prussian.

But the longing for freedom remained alive in his beaten, scattered army. Longing is a strong force. It opens prison gates, overthrows governments, leaps oceans—and gives the passive and hesitant the courage for great action. In 1795, the Polish revolutionaries went once more underground, with Cracow as the center of their illegal organization. A continuous messenger service maintained contact with the emigrés whose headquarters shuttled all over the European continent, from Leipzig to Venice, to Constantinople and to Paris, focal point of the *Grande Révolution.* The *Directoire* and its rising leader, Napoleon, maintained that they were fighting for the liberty of France and the world. The Poles abroad and the underground in Cracow decided to link their cause with that of the French. The *Directoire* commissioned Henryk Dombrowski to recruit a Polish Legion. That was early in January, 1797—at the end of the month the first two battalions were already in the field, each of them 1,000 strong. Dombrowski made his headquarters in Milan. Day after day Poles deserted the armies of Hapsburg, Austria to join their fellow-countrymen.

It was a colorful crowd, patriots and adventurers, and a leader with a daring plan—to break through the Austrian lines in Italy and to return to Poland via Croatia, Hungary and Galicia at the head of his troops. To them Poland was a symbol for all mankind. As a token of this spirit, the Legion had adopted a slogan in Italian—*Gli uomini liberi sono fratelli*, "All free men are brethren," and attached it to their uniforms.

All that Summer of 1797 they sat in their camps in Italy. The news grew steadily worse. Napoleon, the rumor went, was preparing to make peace with Austria. The soldiers were puzzled and desperate. Then, according to the legend, a trumpeter in this hour of gloom suddenly rose and blew the tune of a mazurka loudly and cheerfully into the night. Joseph Wybicki, one of the revolutionary leaders, a lawyer, champion of the abolition of serfdom, improvised to the music the words: "Poland is not yet lost . . ."

The legionnaires needed a sign of their faith since things were not going well. Napoleon took advantage of their sacrifices, watched the Polish Legion become exhausted in the fight against Austria and sent the remnants to San Domingo to extinguish the liberty of the Negroes. And yet, the Legion survived. It was above all the Poles who helped Napoleon to cover his epic retreat from the Russian Winter in 1812. Meanwhile, Dombrowski's bold strategic plan had become reality. In 1807—at the head of his Legion, as the song pictured it, he crossed the river Warta and entered Poland. But at the peace table of Tilsit Napoleon had almost forgotten the Poles. Only the small independent Duchy of Warsaw was formed—under the King of Saxony. It vanished in 1812.

But "Poland was not yet lost," in spite of the fourth partition of the country by the Congress of Vienna and continued oppression by the great powers. "Poland is not yet lost" sang the Polish liberals, those who in 1832 fraternized with the oppressed German liberals at the festival of Hambach, and those who took part in the German democratic revolution of 1848-49 whose failure proved so fatal for the whole of Europe. Other Slav nations, in a similar situation, took up the slogan—the Croats, for instance, started to sing "Croatia has not yet been lost."

After the first World War, when Poland once more enjoyed national independence, many Poles thought that the time had come to retire Wybicki's song from its role as a national anthem. Was it not a refugee song? Was it not outdated, covered with honor, but covered also with the dust of history?

But they had overlooked the latent power of militaristic Prussia, "the Tartuffe among states," as Heinrich Heine termed it. Now a new Polish Legion is on the march. No longer the picturesque and romantic soldiers who gathered around Dombrowski's camp fires, but no less daring and resolute. This time they mean to take the sting and the smart out of Wybicki's song of exile and despair and to consign it for all time to the realm of history.

—Will Schaber

POLAND IS NOT YET LOST

While we live she is existing
Poland is not fallen;
We'll win with swords resisting,
What the foe has stolen.

March, march, Dombrowski,
From Italy's plain;
Our brethern shall meet us
In Poland again!

We'll cross where Warta's surging
Gloomily its waters,
With each blade from sheath emerging
Poland's foes to slaughter!

March, march, etc.

Hence unto the field of glory,
Where the life's blood's streaming
Where with talons red and gory,
Poland's eagle's screaming!

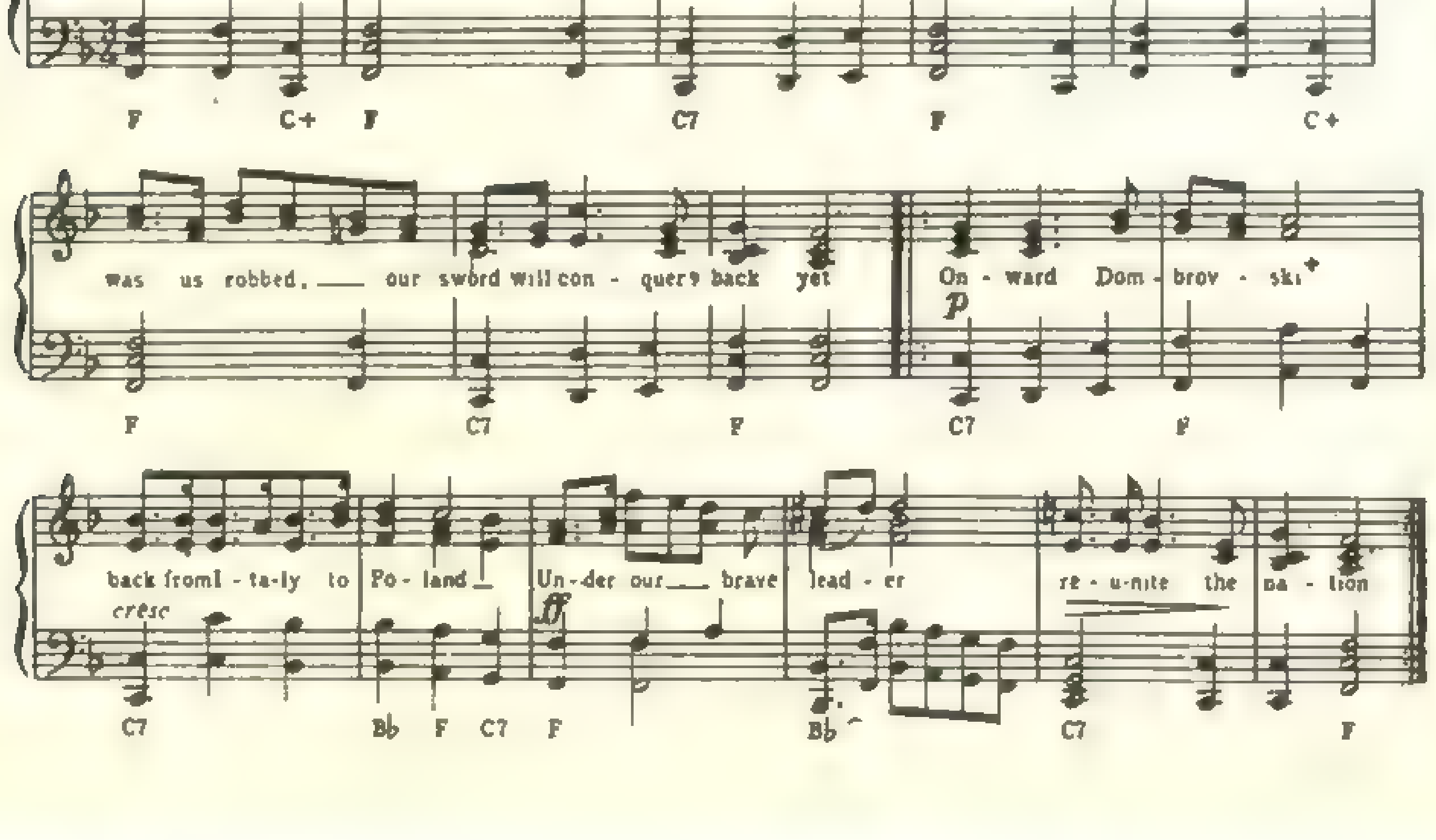
March, march, etc.

Poland! shall the foe enslave thee
Sadly and forever;
And we hesitate to save thee?
Never, Poland, never!

March, march, Dombrowski, etc.

Translation by Paul Soboleski

JESZCZE POLSKA NIE ZGINELA
Polish National Anthem


Vivace
f
As long as the Poles a-li - ve___ Pol ands not yet per - ish'd What by foes' force
F C+ F C7 F C+
was us robbed, ___ our sword will con - quer back yet On - ward Dom - brov - ski
p
F C7 F C7 F
back from I - ta-ly to Po - land___ Un-der our___ brave lead - er re - u-nite the na - tion
cresc
ff
C7 Bb F C7 F Bb C7 F

The Future of Air Power

Flying Wings, Helicopters, Rocket Planes and other wonders of the sky will alter the war as well as our peacetime routine

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

• ARTICLE •

Air power is expanding so rapidly, and in so many directions, these parlous days, that if we don't watch ourselves, our legs will become as vestigial as our gills and prehensile tails.

For many years, aerodynamic development was given a Billy Mitchell by a terra firma world. But the war, which has brought endless blitzes from overhead, has quickly bombed away the inertia of the pre-global and pedestrian period. The result is that the pendulum is rapidly swinging the other way, and designers and military men are now as full of grand programs for the future as they were resistive a few years back.

This new thinking, unfortunately, is mostly on paper. For one inescapable constant is that it takes a minimum of two years to produce a modern plane—two years for it to pass from the designing board to the tables of the boards of strategy. This explains, in part, why all the warring powers are fighting with ships of old vintages. Our new P-47, for example, the Republic *Thunderbolt*, was first designed in 1938; our incisive *Flying Fortresses* are scarcely yearlings.

It is clear that the greater the size of a new project, or the greater the field of innovation, the more time necessary to iron out kinks. But in spite of all this, new ships of startling proportions and design are in the incubators; and what comes out may alter the course of the war and the shapes of the future.

The helicopter which Mr. Igor Sikorsky has demonstrated in vertical and cross-country flights around Bridgeport, Connecticut, is making great, although hush-hush promises. It foretells a day when you and I will step out on our roof tops, and highballs still in hand, ascend vertically—like angels. Conversely, once our appointed work in the clouds is completed, we can plunge down directly like Satan and his mighty hosts in Mr. Milton's well-known ditty.

At one fell stroke, the helicopter will remove the one danger that still exists in flying—the danger of being injured in an auto crash on your way out to the flying field.

A word should be said about the subtle distinctions separating the helicopter from an autogyro. The latter is little more than a modified conventional plane, its wings being replaced by fan-like, revolving blades. The autogyro's rotors cushion descent, like a parachute. They are not able, however, to raise a plane vertically; nor, for that matter, are they even connected to a power supply. What motion they get is acquired in flight from wind pressure.

The helicopter is practically a mechanical version of that pleasant but menacing-looking insect we call a "darning needle." Like the darning needle, it can remain completely motionless in the air. Mr. Sikorsky has on occasion dramatized this fact by taking a cross-country flight, descending to within three feet of the ground—and while hanging there like Mahomet's coffin, getting a light for a cigarette, signing his name to a letter . . . then ballooning up again.

But perhaps the strongest talking point in favor of this new sky flivver is its speed and efficiency. The autogyro has never been interesting aerodynamically because of its clumsiness and drag—getting only a fraction of the speed per horsepower that could be obtained with conventional design. Mr. Sikorsky's helicopter, which lacks even a forward-driving propeller, is said to have an air speed greater than that of wing planes of corresponding engine size.

Many experts foresee important tactical uses for the helicopter in the war. Able to take off and land from the decks of freighters and small ships, it may alter to a large extent the present setup of naval aircraft. It may lead to a period in which every ship becomes its own aircraft carrier, equipped at a moment's notice to send out its own submarine spotters and depth-charge droppers. Helicopters, further, may become supplements to parachute troop divisions, carrying heavy arms, even light tanks, and lowering them under controlled conditions at selected landing points.

Whether or not the helicopter principle can be successfully applied to large ships remains to be seen. Major de Seversky, who has a helicopter or two on his own drawing board, thinks it will be. The need for restricted space for the landing of transport and passenger vessels is not so acute as in the case of military or private craft; it would be a decided advantage, nonetheless, if ships arriving in New York could land somewhere in the Grand Central area, either in an open park such as Bryant Park, behind the New York Public Library, or on some roofed-over space which could be readily set up on the tops of skyscrapers.

For inter-city commuting, where distances are under a hundred miles, the place for such development is especially pointed. Think, for a moment, of the job of going back and forth, each day, between New York and Philadelphia. As things stand now, you spend practically as much time getting to the airport at each end as you would in walking the distance—as our old friend Thoreau would have proposed. The helicopter, in such a connection, would be a cross between a private taxi and a private elevator.

* * *

The second great innovation in present-day aerodynamics is nothing more nor less than the baby of that old Wellsian sage, Jules Verne; to wit, the rocket. You may look back fondly on those days when, in the literary company of an exceptional professor, you started on a speculative journey to the

Continued in center of page 145

On the Wet Beam Seven Miles Up, Flying Fortresses Annihilate the Axis Targets

Described by Army Air Chief, General Arnold as "the guts and backbone of our worldwide air offensive," Boeing's Flying Fortress has proved its mettle by besting not only the Messerschmitt but also that latest of German bids for air supremacy, the Focke-Wulf-190. At night, when the airfields of England are beginning to cloud up with mists, the R.A.F. and American flyers climb into these flying boxcars and head for the Rhineland. The first time they went over, the Nazis must have thought the bombs had dropped from heaven itself. For there were no ships visible in the sky, despite frantic seeking by searchlights from the ground, and the firing of German anti-aircraft shells was about as effective as children's pop-guns. The Flying Fortress has acquitted itself with equal valor in daytime raids and has, in fact, introduced something new to aerial warfare—high altitude daylight precision bombing. From the thin, cold air of the stratosphere, 35,000 feet high, bombardiers pick up the targets and send bombs hurtling down upon unsuspecting Axis concentrations below. With little interference from either ack-acks or peashooters, they do their stuff and turn back even before their bombs have hit the targets—so sure is their deadly aim. First used in battles of the Philippines and East Indies, the Flying Fortress has literally bombed its way around the world. This fighting bomber is the nearest thing to the aerial battleship—the self-escorted bomber, and has hence earned from the awed Japanese the name "four-engined pursuit ship." The latest model now in production, the B-17F, is capable of carrying an even heavier bomb-load than its predecessors, can fly at greater altitudes and cover greater distances than any bomber now in service. Described as one of the fastest and most heavily armed bombers in the world, the Boeing Flying Fortress has heavy calibre gun turrets that cover all angles, from the deadly stinger turret to the powerful top and nose gun positions. The answer to all arguments on naval vs. air power was written in Midway, and since that battle the Flying Fortress has made glorious history in the Atlantic as well as the Pacific phase of the war.

Black Angel Reef

Of course the law could not touch Bec although he had killed Tobri as surely as if he had struck him with a machete

by **WILLIAM A. KRAUSS**

• FICTION •

THE quarrel between Bec and Tobri went back a long way, a bitterness to be measured in years. Nobody in the island could quite remember how it had begun. Some said there had been a contest for the favors of a girl from Anse-a-Galets, whom Bec had courted but Tobri had—temporarily—won. Others thought it was a matter of money; perhaps Tobri had borrowed money from Bec and had refused to pay. But it's a mistake to ask me; I don't know. I wasn't there for the beginning of it—though I did see the ending, the final hard and irrevocable act, when Tobri died.

Naturally the law could not touch Bec when Tobri was dead. Bec's hands were, where the law was concerned, clean; yet he had killed Tobri as certainly as if he had used a machete. Of course. I knew it, and I applauded him for it, because I did not like Tobri. The truth is, nobody liked Tobri. He was one of those people of whom you can say without twinge of conscience: much better off dead.

He was overbearing. He was a big man with a loud voice and a face like thunder. His body was brown as leather, his muscles thick and corded. He was highly competent at whatever he did. When he dove for sponges he stayed under water longer than any other man; when he pulled on a fish net it was like two men pulling. I think he never reefed his sail. Put him in a boat in high wind and the boat seemed instantly part fish, part bird.

The point I am making is that Tobri was clever and able, and could have been a leader of men—in the island, at least—had it not been for the viciousness that lay somewhere embedded in his nature. He turned people against him by the cheapness of his loud laughter, and by his arrogance.

No one had ever taken his measure. He was good; he was very good. He was the best diver, fisherman, sailor on the coast. Give him that much; the credit's due.

Of Bec, one can say this: he was to Tobri as day is to night. He muddled along, a slight and anxious-seeming man, apparently without confidence, without imagination. He was no better than he should be at the tiller of his boat when the sea was up. I think he was afraid of the sea; I know he was afraid of Tobri.

I went to their island in the Caribbean, under the scimitar-curve of Cuba, to rest, to shut out thought, to lie in a hammock. I had been there before, years ago, briefly, and I had long wanted to return; and then the opportunity presented itself, and I went, and rented a house on the beach between—by chance, exactly between—the houses of Bec and Tobri. So I heard about their quarrel, which had the dignity of a feud in that small place and supplied a topic for evening talk. I listened to it once or twice, and then lost interest. I gave myself over to the heat and the cotton scent, to the languid pale mist of crepe-myrtle trees, the breath of sweet olive; to contemplation of the light that lay, all day, in heavy yellow flakes about my house. I was satisfactorily remote from affairs.

But one day Tobri and Bec intruded.

Tobri crossed to Bec's house and accused him of some trivial theft—theft of a bit of fishing cord or something of that sort. It was patently ridiculous, since everybody knew Bec was not a thief. But Tobri was in violent, vicious temper (something pathological, doubtless, a disorder of his glands or liver) and he knocked Bec to the ground, cutting the smaller man's mouth, striking out a tooth. I saw it. The assault was wholly unprovoked. I felt a considerable stirring of sympathy for Bec. But, of course, it was none of my business. I stayed out of it.

That's the preamble. Then it is necessary to say that it was just about this time that I heard of the sloop *Sancti Spiritus*. The two matters tie together—as it happened. Therefore I must tell you that the *Sancti Spiritus* had been for many years in inter-island service. On a night months ago she had run on the reef called, locally, Black Angel Reef. A night of wild storm—and that was the end of her. She went down with all her crew, and only a few pieces of wreckage wandered ashore. I was told about this: it was before my time. But it interested me. Once I rowed out to look at the reef, which was a mile offshore and some ten miles long: an ugly, dangerous thing of knife-edged coral.

Well: the story of the *Sancti Spiritus* was often told, principally for the reason that she had had aboard her as much as a thousand dollars in gold and silver coin, locked in a small safe in the captain's cabin. This was money the captain used in his trading through the islands. You can imagine the excitement among divers and fishermen along the beach after the sloop went under.

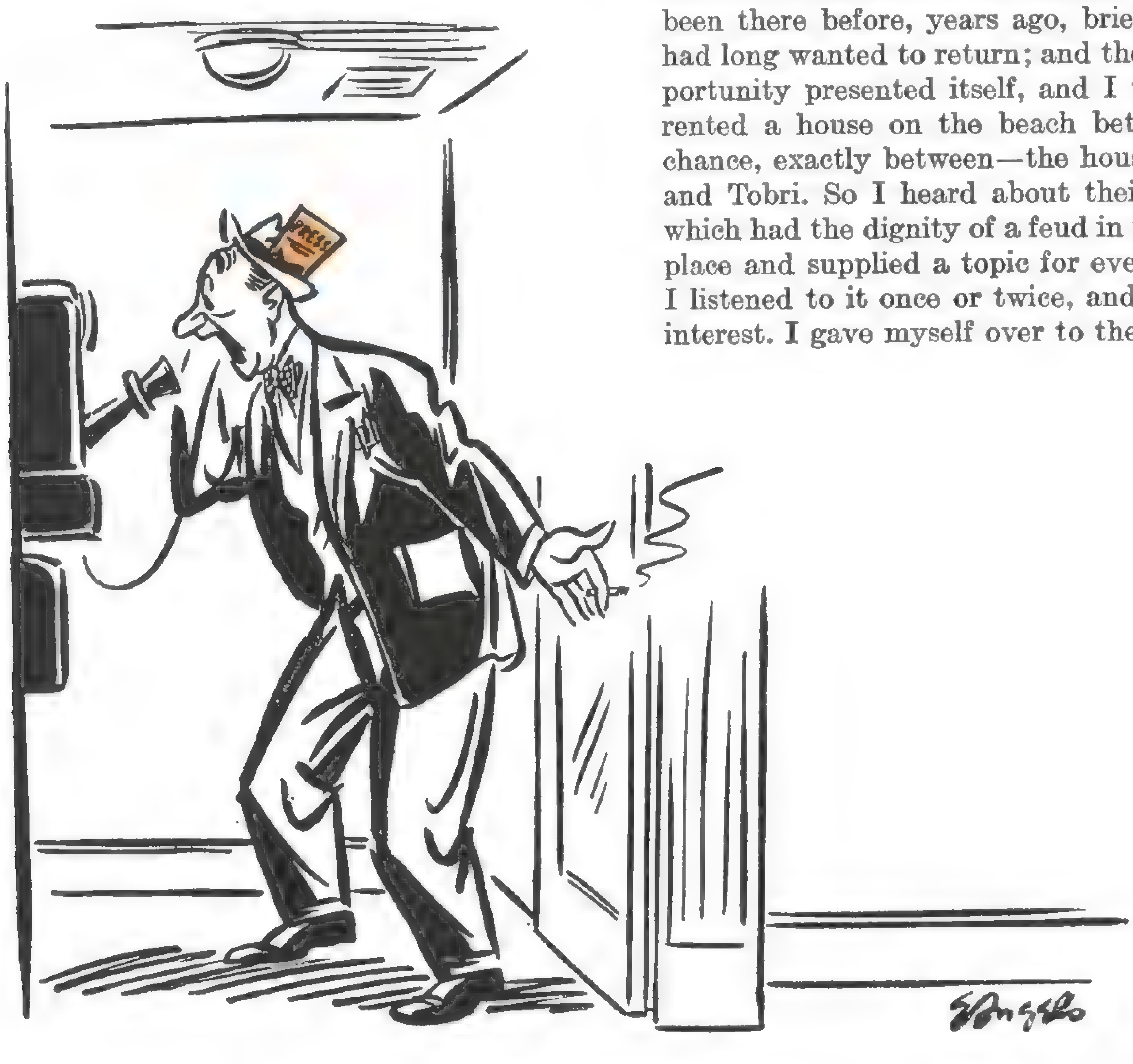
To find the hull and dive and bring up the safe! This would make a man wealthy. A thousand dollars! Who on the beach could ever hope to have that much money?

When the sea calmed they put out in their boats and raced along the reef, peering down into the clear, fire-blue water. In places elkhorn coral and the rich purple gorgonias lifted almost to the surface; in others the water was fifty, sixty feet deep, and in the blue recesses lay great mounds of yellow brain coral and caverns under the coral. There were patches of shifting sand, submarine meadows of high grasses. And sometimes the bottom plunged down into abrupt valleys too deep for the eye, too deep for the diver's endurance.

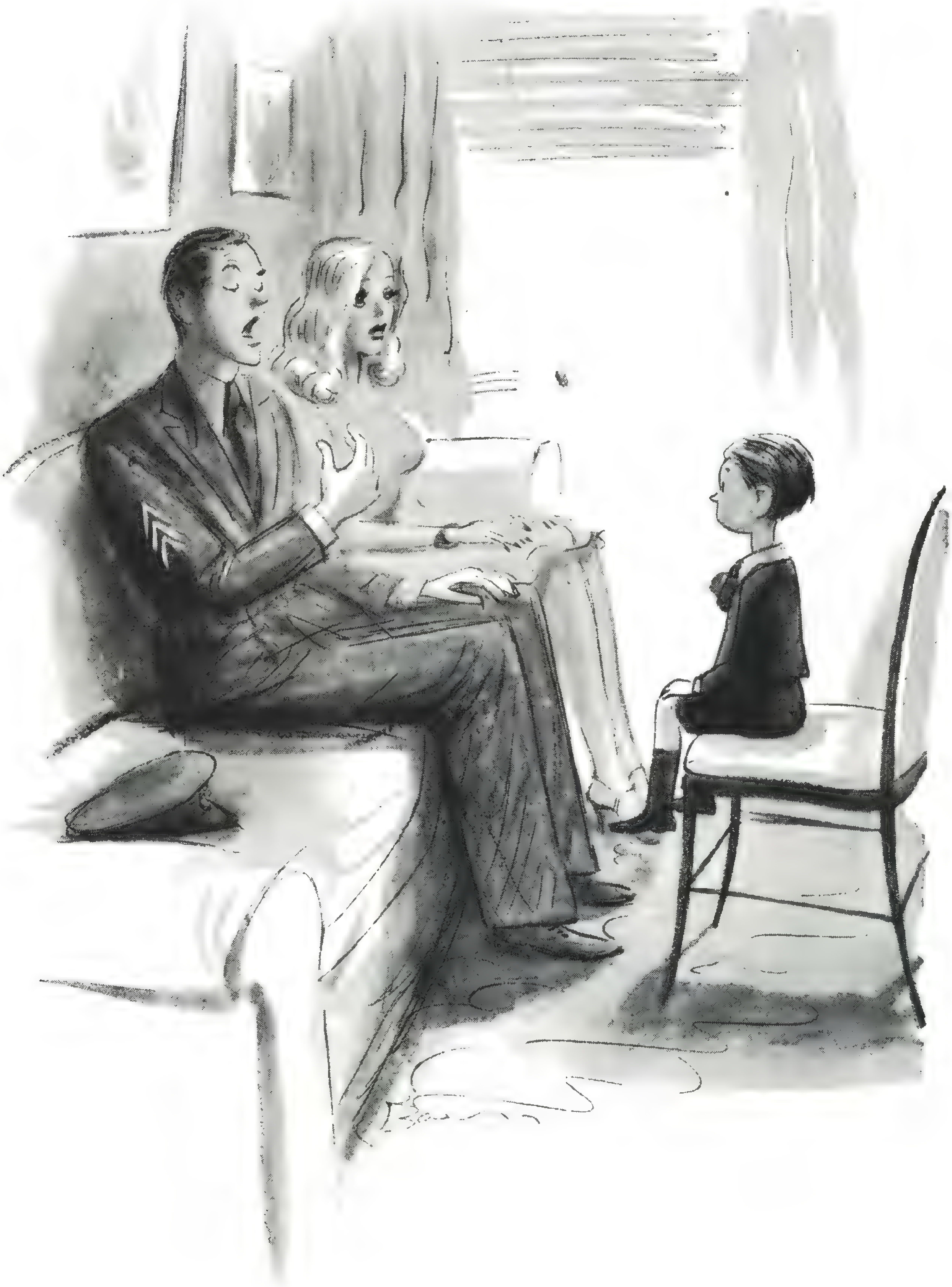
Tobri, it was said, led the way along the reef.

But not Tobri nor anyone else found trace

Continued on page 172



"—and then the lovely Eve raised her tear-dimmed eyes comma told the courtroom how she had hacked her aged mother into five pieces and stowed them away in an old trunk period now read that back to me!"



"Here, Bottleneck! Grab yourself a few hours' furlough at the nearest movie"

I Lobby My Hobby

Yours for snitching are two audience-wowing secrets from that magnet for celebrities, the Hollywood Magic Shop

by CY ENDFIELD

• GAMES •

The crowds that litter the doorway of Ciro's for a peek at assorted members of the film colony in all their pompadoured glory are passing up a good bet. They might better move their headquarters to the more convenient shopping center on Hollywood Boulevard in the vicinity of the Hollywood Magic Shop. It would be a rare evening hereabouts that they would not be rewarded with the klieg-tanned phiz of at least an Orson Welles, an Edgar Bergen, a Harold Lloyd or a Chester Morris.

Last night Mickey Rooney worked his incomparable goggle overtime while the proprietor, a Bert Wheeler—*not* of the Woolsey and Wheeler team—displayed his exotic wares. The youngster double-taked vanishing coins, disappearing cards and color-changing knives. There was envy in his eyes.

In his mind, Mickey doubtless donned a Mephisto moustache, Van Dyke beard, black cape and a Cagliostrian air. Rooney the Obvious became Rooney the Mysterious. With the wave of a wand, the elements bowed to his will. And all—he probably gloated—for the paltry sum of one dollar. Of course, Mickey has not yet the ultimate gift of magicianship—prescience. He can't foresee the series of tiny fatal steps that lead from "Take a card" to "Please, Anna, just once more—let me saw you in half tonight and I won't bother you for a week."

The trick he learned was a simple one—but effective. On a piece of paper, concealed from the magician, he wrote down a three digit number; let us say 547. He inverted this number, obtaining 745, subtracted the smaller from the larger, 745 minus 547, and had as a result the number 198.

The magician, his back still turned, instructed the Hardy Family Fury to turn to the page in the telephone directory designated by that freely arrived at answer—198. He further instructed him to look at the second column and count down to the fourth name, and then merely to announce the initial of the party's last name.

"His initial is 'C'"—the Rooney voice was edged with anticipatory awe.

"Then," replied the salesman-magician with that superior air so irritating to the layman, "the phone number you are looking at is TWinoaks 9504. Right?"

"Right!"

Mickey bounced happily out of the shop with what to him, at the moment, was nothing more than an amusing novelty.

"Not much of a sale," I baited Bert Wheeler.

"No . . ." he rubbed his businessman's hands, "but just wait until he fools a couple of people. He'll be back. He'll be back . . ." And I thought I detected a faint snicker.

Indeed, perhaps the snicker will soon be on you. Incorporated in this article is a good-sized stretch of flypaper in the form of a diagrammatic explanation of the telephone number trick. Go ahead—walk on it.

Of course, Rooney is but an incipient case. In the category of the chronics, Orson Welles ranks high. He will drop rehearsals, productions and conferences and run over to the magic shop to view a demonstration of the latest levitation or penetration of solid through solid. I have sat at his table at the Brown Derby until six in the morning, listening to his network baritone purr over the intricacies of a method for spirit slate writing. Come what acclaim there may from press and audience, he obtains no satisfaction comparable to the look of awed surprise as he intones:

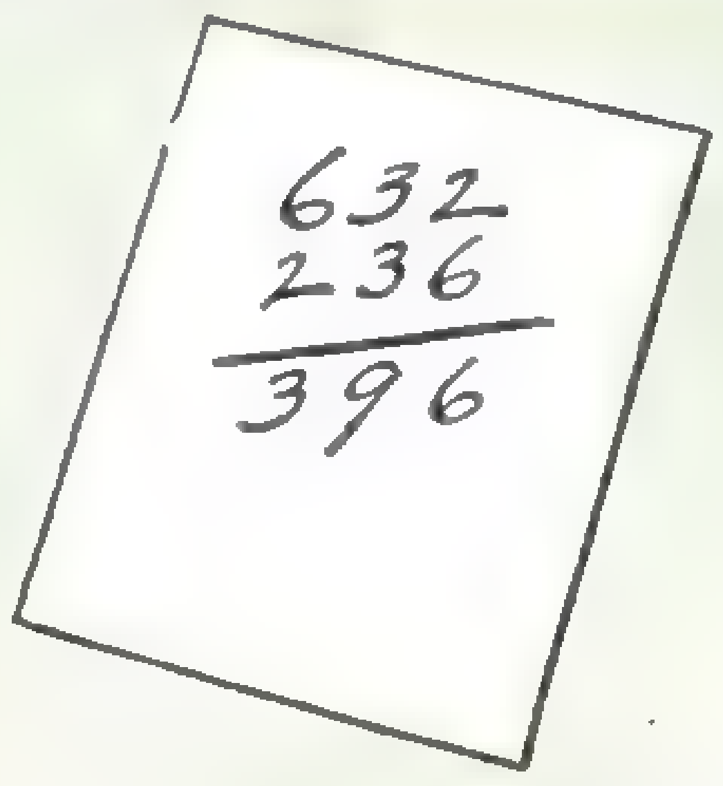
"You are thinking of the seven of clubs."

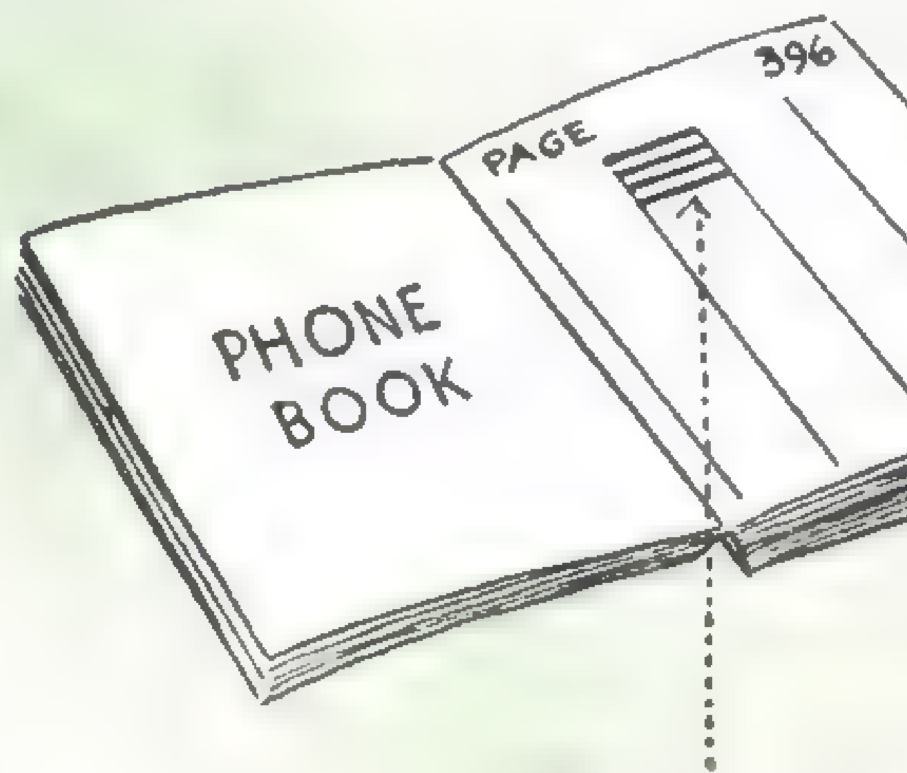
This is a self-apotheosis on its highest level, for who but a god or a magician can make the natural laws seem like a mere fiction invented by Newton for the uninitiated.

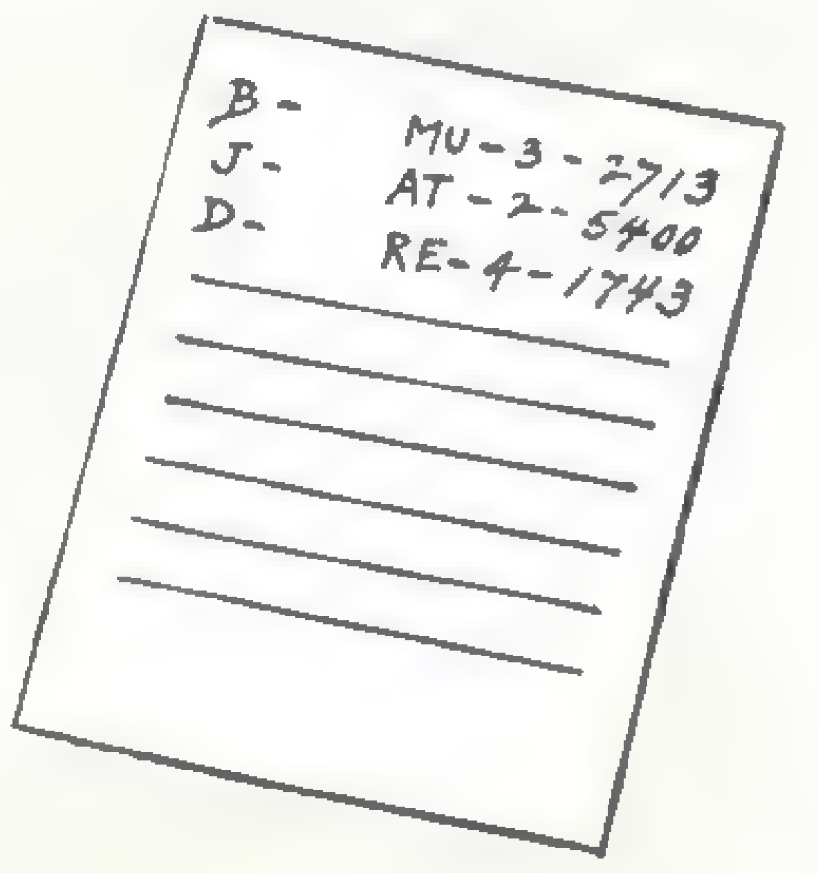
Before I ever met Welles, I had known several of the people who surrounded him. On the occasion of our introduction he said, "Oh yes, Cy Endfield—I know that name. Every time I try to show somebody a card trick I hear it again." It was my turn. "I have heard your name too," I offered. "And every time I try to direct a play I hear it again."

One sunny California day, I was walking toward the Garden of Allah which, no matter

NUMBER, PLEASE?







1. This stunt will guarantee the success of your social life wherever a telephone directory is handy. Making a great point of the fact that you are neither peeping nor eavesdropping, have the victim write any three digits—let's say, for example, 632. Invert the sequence—here obtaining 236. Subtract the lesser from the greater, arriving at 396.

(What the victim does not know is that no matter what three numbers he chooses, upon inverting and subtracting, his final answer must be one of the following nine numbers: 99, 198, 297, 396, 495, 594, 693, 792, 891. For the present, merely remember this fact. You may check it later if you wish.)

2. Next, ask the victim to turn to the page indicated by the freely arrived at answer, pointing out that you have no way of knowing this answer. Then ask him to glance over at the second column, count down to the fourth name, and announce aloud the initial letter of that name. When he does this, you accomplish the miracle—you announce, in appropriate tones, the telephone number of the party whose initial has been called.

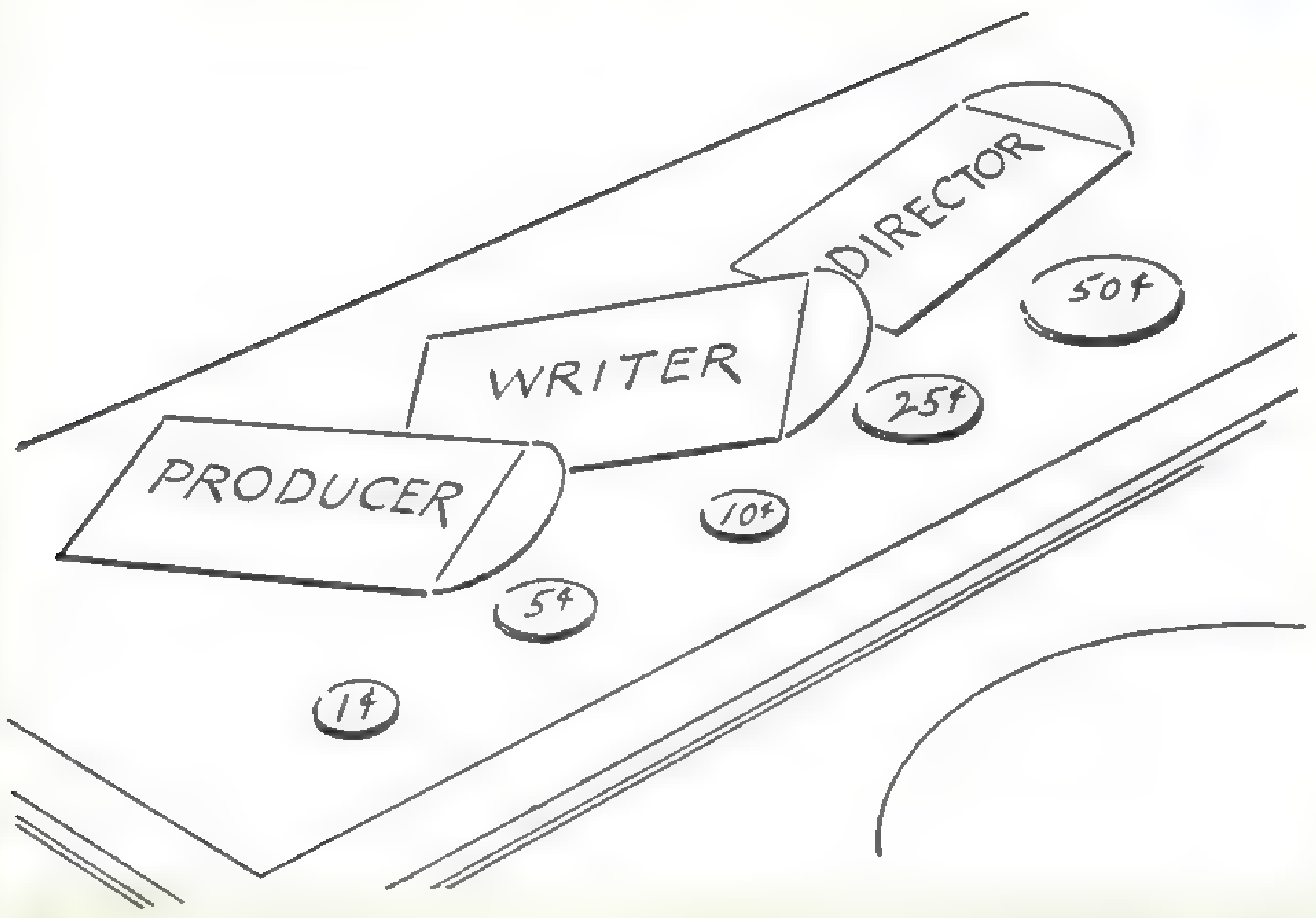
3. It is possible for you to accomplish this feat because, one day at home, you have gone through your local directory and made a key-card as follows:

You have turned to pages 99, 198, 297, etc. (see above) and noted the telephone numbers appearing after the fourth name down in the second column on these pages.

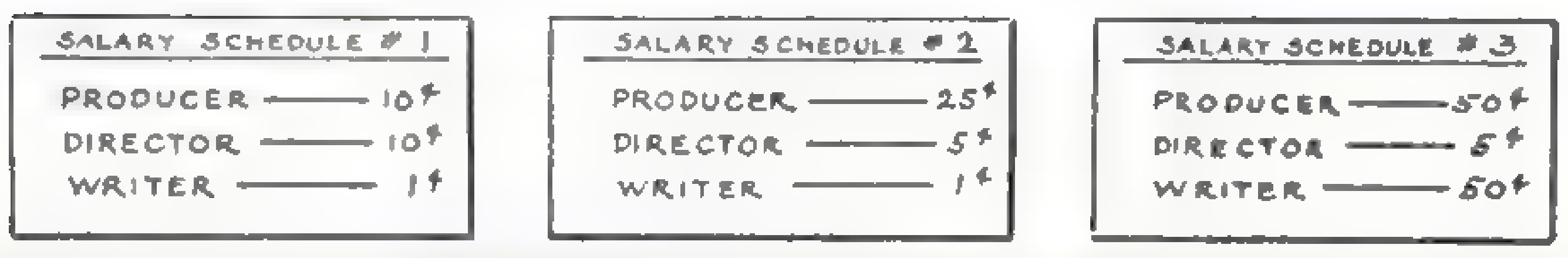
Since each of these pages is almost a hundred apart, the initial letter of the party's name will be different in every case. Hence, all that is required, is that you jot down the initial and follow it with the accompanying phone number.

In performing this stunt, turn your back with the reasonable excuse that you do not wish to see the numbers that your victim is inscribing. This gives you a chance to remove your key-card from a handy vest pocket, and keep it concealed in the palm so that, when the initial letter is called, you can read off the corresponding phone number. (As a matter of fact, it is much more effective to memorize the key numbers, eliminating the use of the card.)

Payday Magic



1

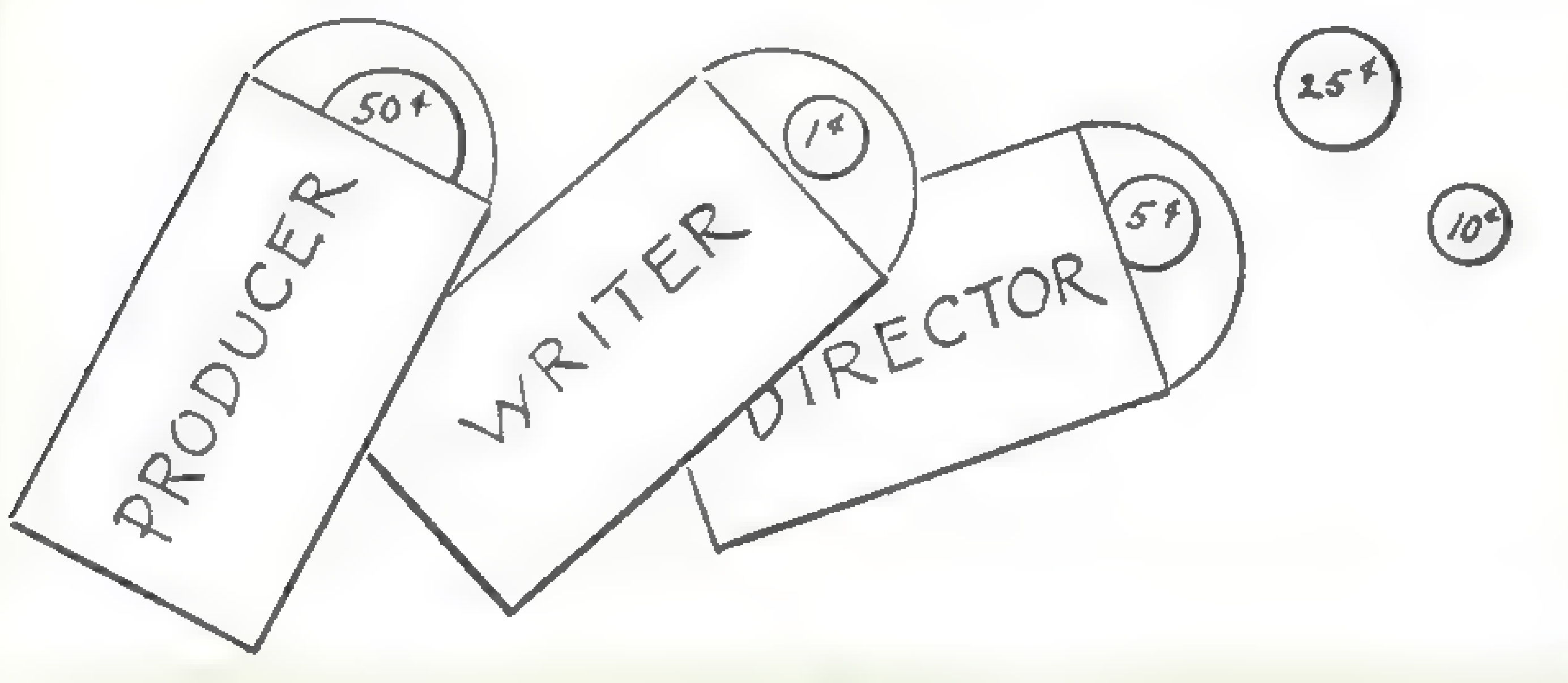


SALARY SCHEDULE # 1	
PRODUCER	10¢
DIRECTOR	10¢
WRITER	1¢

SALARY SCHEDULE # 2	
PRODUCER	25¢
DIRECTOR	5¢
WRITER	1¢

SALARY SCHEDULE # 3	
PRODUCER	50¢
DIRECTOR	5¢
WRITER	50¢

2



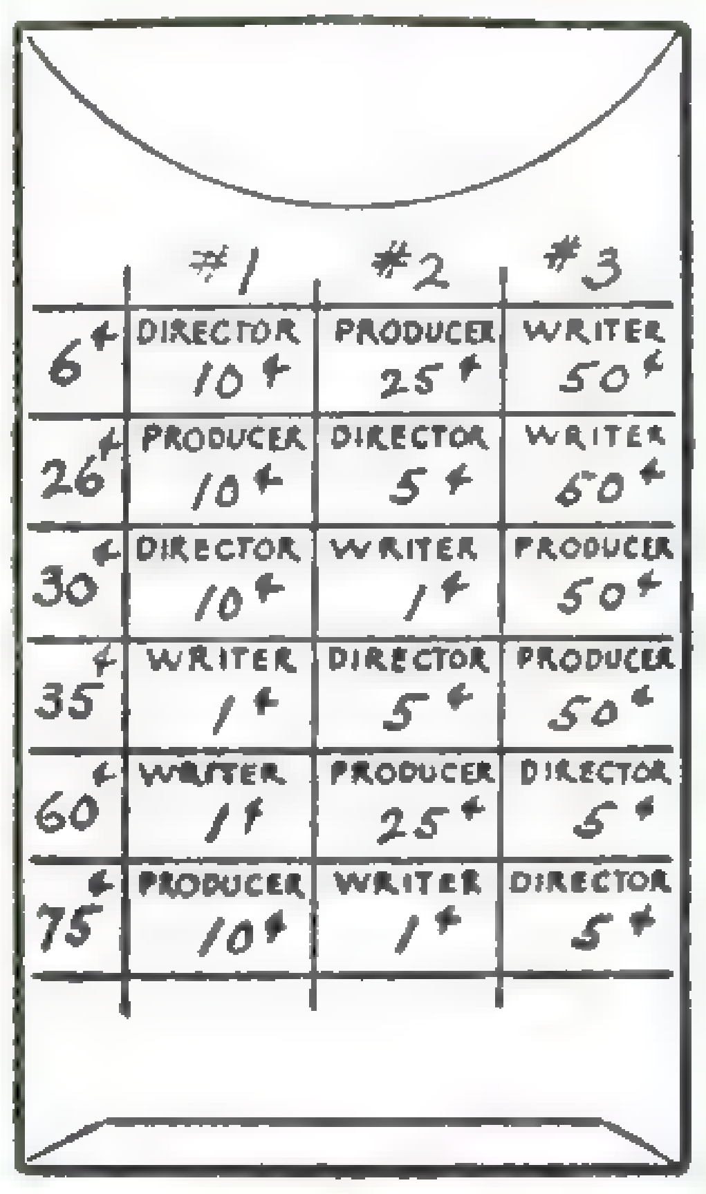
3

1. You begin this experiment in divination by setting out in plain view of your audience five coins (penny, nickel, dime, quarter, fifty-cent piece) and three envelopes labeled PRODUCER, DIRECTOR and WRITER.

2. Three slips of paper marked "Salary Schedules" are then handed to each of the three participants. These slips, which are numbered 1, 2, 3, carry the tables shown in the illustration. It is important to remember the number of the schedule given to each participant.

3. After the schedules have been distributed, turn your back, while the three participants select their pay envelopes. When they have consulted their salary schedules, they are to take the specified sum from the five coins and place it in the labeled envelopes so neither the labels nor contents of the envelopes can be seen by you.

4. When this is done, you can turn around, pick up the remaining change, make a mental note of the total of the coins and put them into an envelope of your own marked INCOME TAX. By consulting the table concealed on the back of this envelope, you will arrive at the answer. For example, if the quarter and the dime remained where you put them, that means you are to refer to the schedules aligned with 35 cents; here you learn that the person who had "Salary Schedule" Number 1 chose the WRITER envelope, which contained one cent. And similarly for the PRODUCER and DIRECTOR. It's as simple as that!



	#1	#2	#3
6¢	DIRECTOR 10¢	PRODUCER 25¢	WRITER 50¢
26¢	PRODUCER 10¢	DIRECTOR 5¢	WRITER 50¢
30¢	DIRECTOR 10¢	WRITER 1¢	PRODUCER 50¢
35¢	WRITER 1¢	DIRECTOR 5¢	PRODUCER 50¢
60¢	WRITER 1¢	PRODUCER 25¢	DIRECTOR 5¢
75¢	PRODUCER 10¢	WRITER 1¢	DIRECTOR 5¢

what it sounds like, is nothing more than a Hollywood Hotel, when I met Bandleader Richard Himber on the way out. I engaged him in small talk, when I realized that he was looking not at me but through me—a neat illusion in itself and common among the magic-minded.

"Dick," I started . . .

"Come"—he made a slight motion and a half dollar appeared—"Let's drive out to Santa Monica for a chocolate soda."

It was at the soda fountain that he showed me this very cute effect:

He fished out of his pocket five coins—a penny, a nickel, a dime, a quarter and a half-dollar. Groping deeper, he brought up three small pay-envelopes labeled PRODUCER, DIRECTOR and WRITER. These items he arrayed neatly along the top of the soda bar.

The shop was empty of other customers, so Dick called over the girl soda-jerker and the counter-boy. For a magician, an audience is where you find it.

His patter had a novelty twist: "Each week on Wednesday, the moguls of the movie industry collect their reputedly fabulous salaries. So we are going to pretend that it's Wednesday, and each of you three is a Hollywood bigwig collecting your pay."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out three slips of paper, handing one slip to each of us. "Here," he said, "these are your salary schedules."

I looked at mine. It read:
Producer—25 cents
Director—5 cents
Writer—1 cent

The girl and the counter-boy studied *their* schedules.

"Now," continued the magician, "I'm going to turn my back, so that I'll be unable to see the proceedings, and each of you will select one of the pay-envelopes."

He did and we did, Himber couldn't have possibly seen. I took the one labeled DIRECTOR, the girl took the one labeled WRITER, and the counter-boy found himself willy-nilly a PRODUCER. Himber, his head still nonchalantly turned away from us, went on with his instructions.

Each of us was to consult our own salary schedule to determine what pay we were to receive, then take the coin indicated, and finally conceal the labeled envelope (with the coin placed in it) in such fashion that Himber upon facing us, would be unable to see either its label or what it contained.

"You have followed my instructions?" he asked.

"We have," we chorused.

"Good!" he exclaimed. Turning, he calmly looked each of us in the eye. He picked up the remaining coins from the soda bar and placed them in an envelope of his own, which I could see was labeled INCOME TAX.

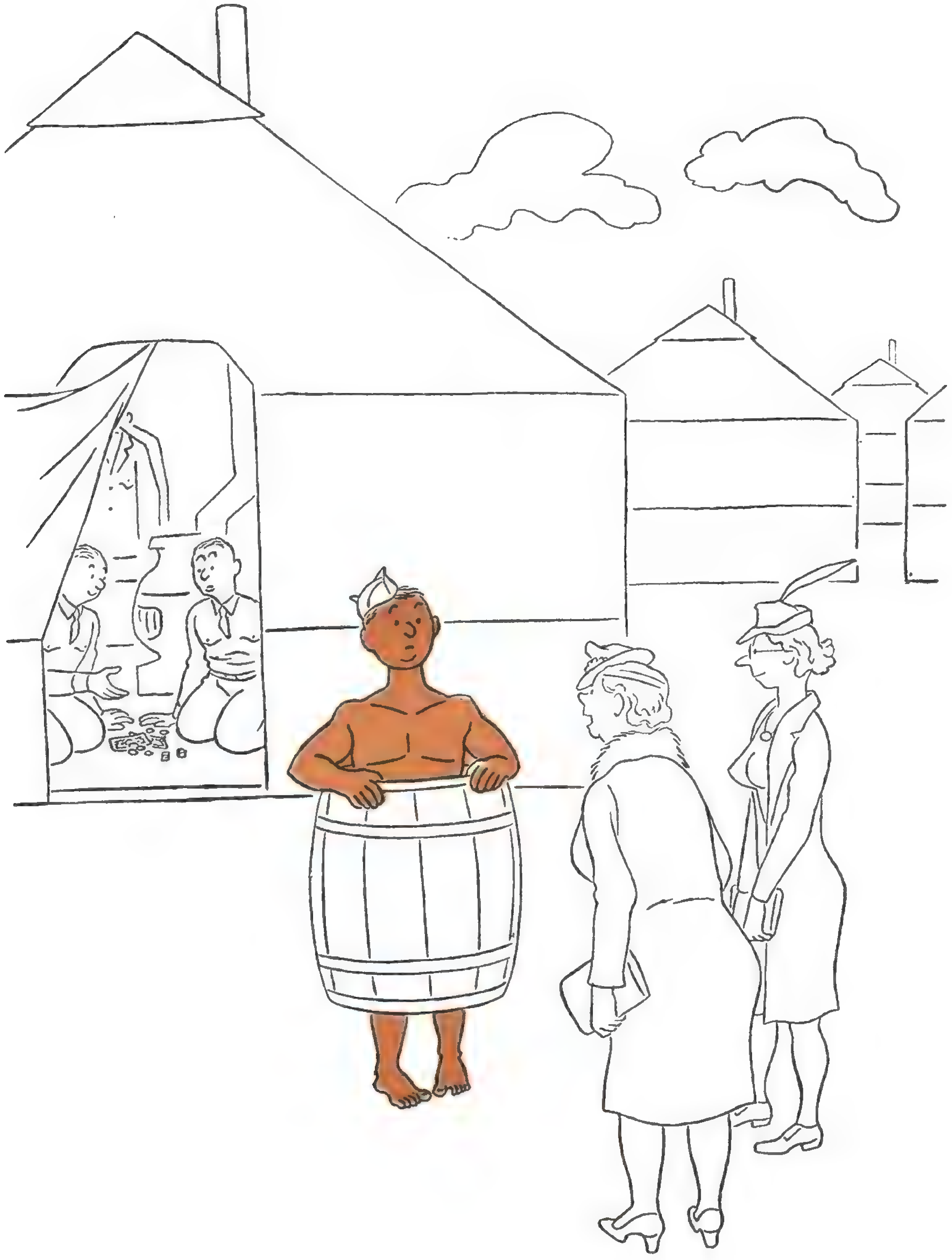
He concentrated for a brief moment. Then, stunningly, he pointed a long finger at the girl soda-jerker. "You," and his voice was a crow of self-assurance, "have selected the envelope labeled WRITER, and the coin you placed in your pay-envelope was a one-cent piece."

The girl gasped, for the magician had called the turn. Now it was my turn to gasp. Himber told me that I had picked the DIRECTOR envelope, and again he topped himself by adding that I had placed the nickel in that same envelope. He had equal success with the counter boy.

This is a stunt whose effect repays many times over the slight effort involved in obtaining and labeling a few envelopes. In a telltale diagram, I herewith pass the secret along to you.

Whatever the reason for this renaissance of the age-old art of legerdemain, the fact remains that the Hollywood Magic Shop is thriving these days as never before. Perhaps the movie folk find in magic an other-worldly surcease from the too realistic strains of war. Not content with the celluloid they daily produce, the colony members walk around dreamily practicing shuffles, cuts, passes and change-over-palms. New recruits flock in, following the lead of their cinema heroes. The Ace of Spades and Rabbit in the Hat have become standard insignia for this second army of the West Coast.

And if you are one of those who don't give a hoot in Hades how the celebrities entertain themselves, you can blithely disregard them and give a thought to yourself. Glance at the accompanying *modi operandi* of the stunts herein described. Practice them. Try them out on a friend or two. Watch their reactions as you bring each trick to its astounding finale. Sense the warm glow of superiority that results. And then, if you can, try to resist the bug bite of a hobby so fascinating that it—well, that it works like magic. ###



Ned HILTON

"And what do you boys do in your spare time?"

Those Star and Garter Blues

Aside from Bobby Clark, there is one bright spot in the show, a song called *Bunny, Bunny, Bunny* by Harold Rome

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

IN the Star and Garter revue which pretended to make an honest woman of the strip tease, a moment of wild and beautiful slapstick occurs; needless to say Bobby Clark is at the center of it. The scene is the old familiar burlesque routine of the court room; Clark is presiding, as an owl should; and, merely as an incident, Gypsy Rose Lee is the defendant against whose navel Clark finally blows a paper tickler. While this is a dramatic climax, since it has been led up to by endless blowing of spitballs at defense and prosecution alike, it isn't pure comedy. That comes when the attorney for the people says something the judge doesn't like; the judge slaps him down with an inflated bladder; the lawyer protests, saying, "That's hokum." "It is not," says Bobby Clark; and as the attorney insists, he dashes down from the bench, engages the courtroom attendant in a battle-royal with bladders, each slashing at the other with enthusiastic and frightening violence; then, dusting his hands, Clark reascends the bench and remarks, triumphantly, "*That's* hokum."

Of course wherever Bobby Clark goes, the mad quality of comedy follows; he is in himself a comic masterpiece; he is seductive and outrageous at the same time. Years ago he did a seduction step around Mary Boland, I think, singing *How About a Boy Who Could Play the Piccolo* (For a Girl Like You) with such graceful and insinuating and suggestive steps as no black slave in Scheherazade could surpass; for the past few years he has leaped into the air, clicked his heels sideways (how?) and sung of himself as *Robert the Roué from Reading, P-A*, weaving and winding his frame around tall show girls, peering through his non-existent glasses into the bosoms he isn't tall enough to see unless he jumps. I don't suppose I've seen him do anything new in years (because I missed him in his Theatre Guild ventures where, it is said, he was far funnier than the Guild). But novelty isn't what you're looking for when perfection is already yours.

This time Bobby Clark is in a sexy show which has even a few dirty spots, I suppose. And novelty is the last thing you look for there. Burlesque patrons are single-minded, if that's the right word; and the grinds and teases follow a pattern which can't be altered much; because like children listening to an oft-told tale, the fans of burlesque do not want novelty; they think that something has gone wrong if the tale is different. So you have girls stripping to a riotous dance or you have girls stripping not to a dance. And since this is uptown stuff, you have the odd spectacle of Gypsy Rose Lee stripping awkwardly and self-consciously, which may be a novelty, but isn't very good fun. Certain little gestures as she fluffs the ruffles on her jacket are enticing; but the major part of her strip she does from under the cover of a bouffant dress, working strings and letting petticoats drop . . . and down to the planted scream in the audience and the laugh Miss Lee manages every night after the scream—it is just this side of the simple honest denudation she was capable of five years ago. Miss Lee was on the verge of matrimony the week I saw her, but it wasn't modesty that seemed to restrain her; it was a snobbish superiority to her material. And she wrote it herself.

Between Bobby Clark who appears in a long funny scene wearing flannel drawers and Miss Lee whose speciality is being dressed in three well-placed, presumably provocative flowers, you have the essence of burlesque. In this particular show there is also a young slender dancer named Leticia who does a wonderful trick ballet dance—a trick because it is actually erotic, whereas so many of the hip-grinds are not. There is also a character from the night clubs who makes her breasts jiggle, and this is considered funny, but I didn't think so even at the night clubs where her frankness was greater, her skill no more engaging. A stripper who does an orgiastic dance verges on the erotic; but the entertainment value isn't high. In fact, the burlesquers learned long ago that the strong emotions they wish to arouse are quenched by the cold water of comedy.

But the combination is tried and sometimes it succeeds, with always a shade in favor of comedy. Notable in Billy Rose's show a year ago was Professor Lamberti (an American wight named Lambert, but he had to be Lamberti to go with his wig); this same Lamberti has a spot in the Clark-Lee show, bringing with him the revelry of a smoker-entertainment, the riotous satisfaction in a job which isn't dirty in the least—but you couldn't show it in vaudeville and probably not to Will Hays. Lamberti plays what he calls the "ixilphone" with many a flourish; and as he goes into his big number (*Wishing*) a tall cutie saunters in behind him and begins to strip; she sheds a garment just as Lamberti finishes a chorus; applause recalls her and starts him again; his bland and leering ignorance of why the piece is so popular (he played 103 choruses of it once at a Legion convention, he says) is masterly; he smacks his lips and flutters his tongue and waves his toupee and rolls his eyes—purely as a virtuoso of the xylophone. And even the old, sad, faithful lechers of the audience prefer him, I think, to the naked strip, so to speak, of some of the other acts.

The business of getting comedy out of the sexual appetites isn't an easy one. Infinite variety, sex may have; but its singleness of purpose dulls the brilliance of its techniques. The coming together of the male and female principles in the vegetable world (if they do

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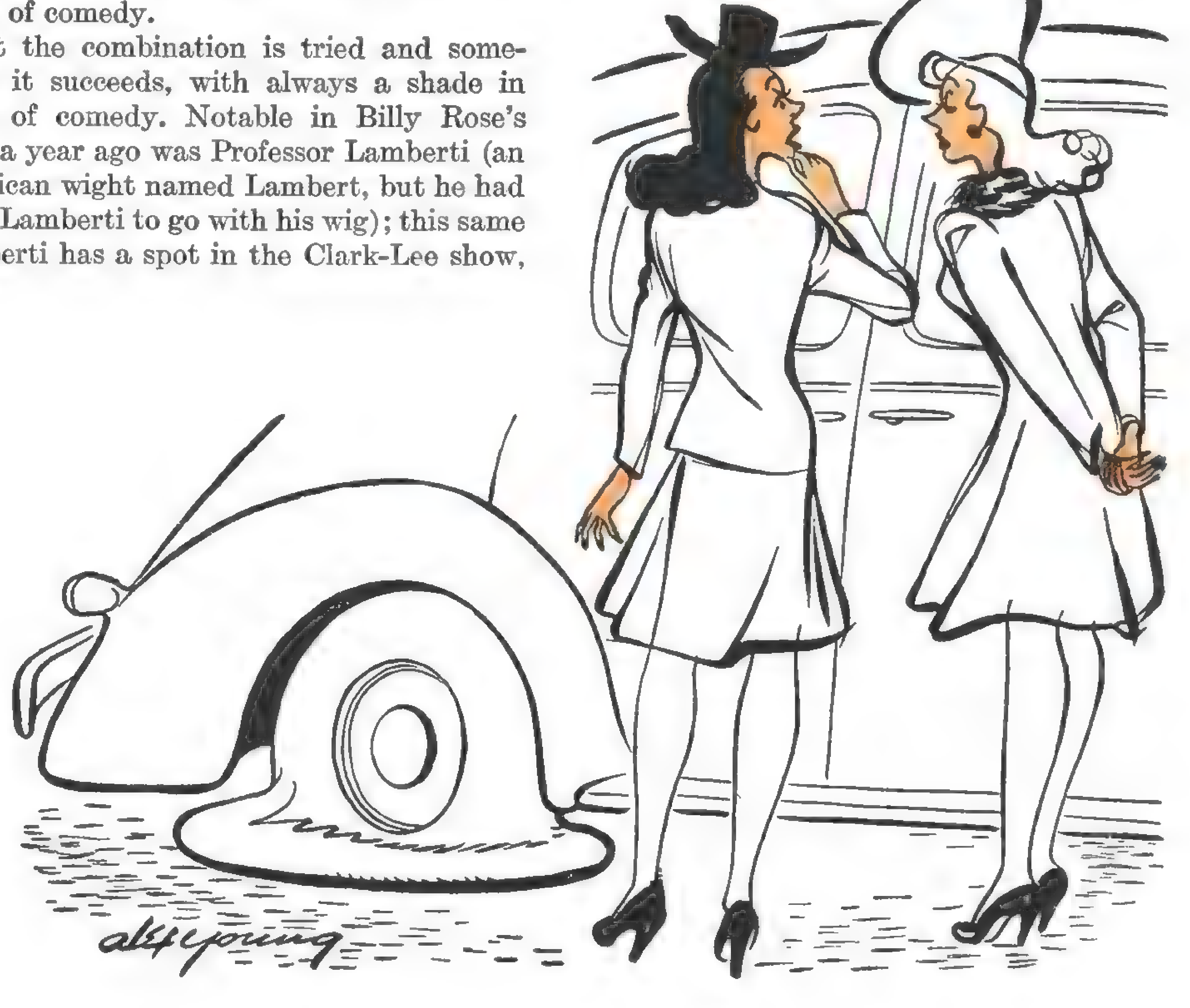


"This is a good time to have our tires rotated"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Protest against what is called drama in wartime and declaring it was never the strip-teasers who made burlesque

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Not the least of the consequences of war is the impregnation of theatre producers and motion picture executives with the conviction that what their customers avidly crave are plays and films that will reinspire them with Faith. It appears to be the belief of the theatrical impresarios that war instantaneously demolishes what divine trust the public has hitherto unanimously enjoyed and that the moment the guns go boom a man who has never got nearer to a church than Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle* or closer to Christ than Walter Hampden in *The Servant in the House*, and whose spiritual exaltation in the past has been induced chiefly by George Gershwin's *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise*, promptly starves for drama that will make him see angels in every ashcan and God in every chipmunk's eyes. And so, too, with the movie pincuses. Once let war break and they are forthwith persuaded that their thirty or however many million customers who have enthusiastically been eating up Betty Grable and Bob Hope, and whose conception of sanctity is Rita Hayworth soulfully clasping an Easter lily, suddenly experience an overpowering appetite for pictures which in time of peace they would shun like poison.

That war, far from diminishing faith, increases it, these illuminati seem to overlook. War—almost all war—is the result and consequence of faith, and faith, as should be sufficiently appreciated, battens on itself, often paradoxically more positively even in defeat than in victory. But since there is no room here for any such philosophical exercise, however piquantly relevant, I proceed to the job for which I am hired and remark that, whether the theatrical entrepeneurs be right or wrong in their deductions, the most thoroughly acceptable and genially digestible play on the subject of faith likely to be seen this season is Gilbert K. Chesterton's *Magic*, which was revived in capital fashion by that producer of dramatic taste, Mr. Eddie Dowling.

The especial virtue of this thirty-year-old but ever green little play is that, unlike the majority of such hopeful faith dispensers, it goes about its business not, as is customary, with an air of indignant demagoguery but with a light and easy wit and the manner of a nonchalant diplomat. Allowing that all divine faith is akin to the Indian rope trick which, though no one has ever seen it done and which can't be done, is nevertheless legendarily an established fact and no more difficult of belief than the Biblical miracles or the genius of Sir Stafford Cripps, Chesterton smiles his theme into his audience's adjudication and, for yea or nay, lets it remain there at his final curtain's fall. The many who prefer faith to be inculcated in them by solemn Charles Rann Kennedy dialectics, by William Vaughn Moody Chautauqua rhetoric and by the cow-eyed beatitudes of the *Ben Hur—Sign Of The Cross* species of drama dismissed the play as an impotent triviality, which they have been doing for the three decades of its life. The few who can distinguish between the frequent triviality of resounding exhortation and the occasional greater profundity of the unspoken word took to it, as they in turn have for those same three decades. And with gratitude and relieved delight.

* * *

The late appearance of Paul Robeson as the Moor in *Othello* has been accompanied by the expected sophomore polemics on the appropriateness of casting a Negro in the role. Margaret Webster, the director of the exhibit, has spread herself in scholarly testimony to the justification of such casting and has found plenty of support from critics and school children, who have known it all along. Others have issued forth in anthropological, topographical and racial rebuttal, also in portentously scholarly accents equally familiar to critics and school children. And all, it seems to me, to small purpose. What, may one ask, does it matter? Black or white, the whole question rests in whether the actor can act the role. Robeson acts it poorly.

If a Negro can act there is no more reason why he shouldn't play Othello than there is why a good white actor shouldn't, since even if Othello wasn't a Negro he certainly was not an American, Englishman, German or Russian, some of whom have been wholly and perfectly satisfactory as the character. We have had whites as everything black from Uncle Tom to the Sultan of Sulu and blacks as everything white from Macbeth (*vide* the Federal Theatre Project production) to George Kelly's Show-off, and no one has gone in for racial disputations the one way or the other.

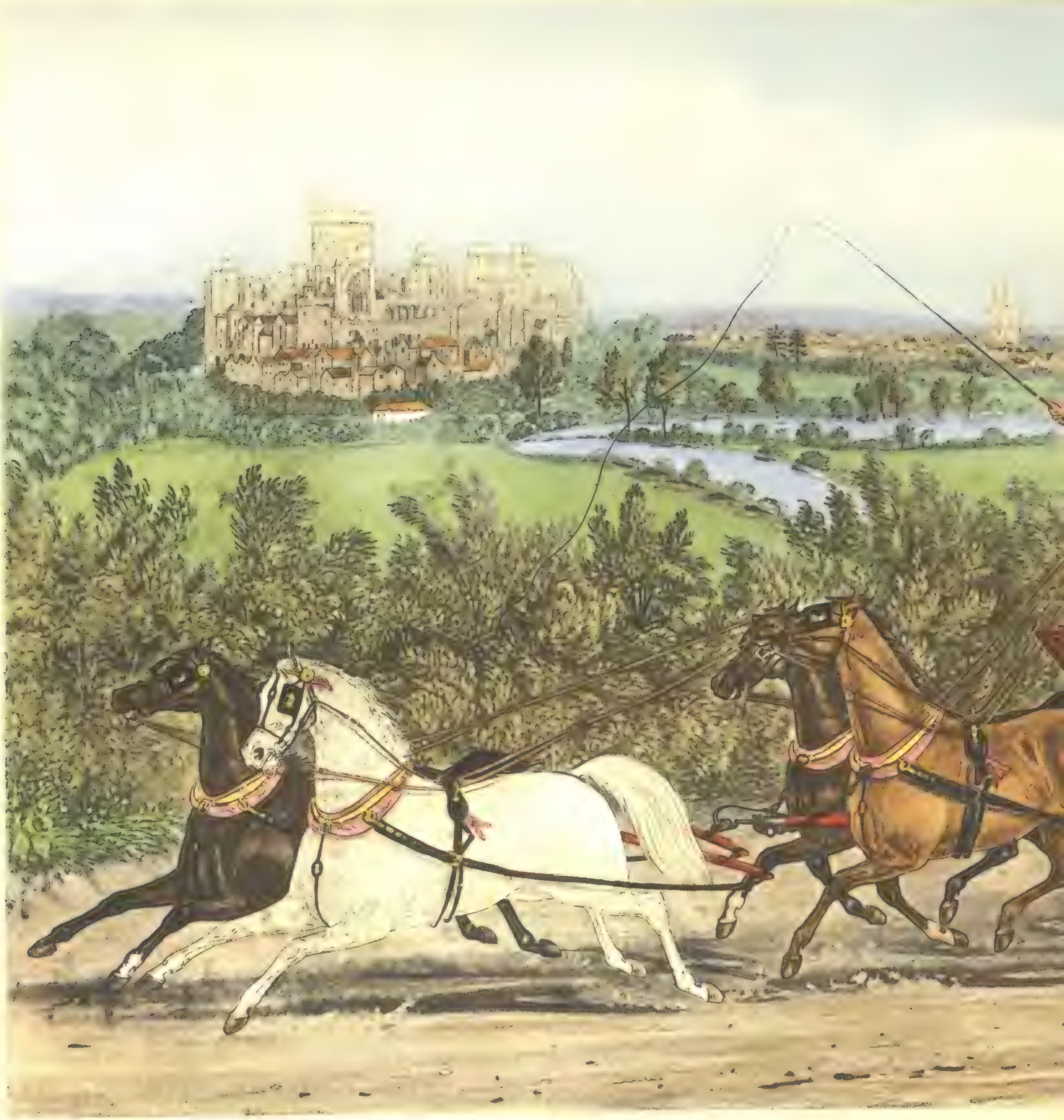
Whether Othello was or was not a Negro is thus purely an academic question, of interest only to academicians who have little else to do but bother their brains with such matters. It is of no interest to the theatre. The theatre has not stopped even for a split-second to reflect that the Mikado, Simon Legree and the Lord God Almighty may not have been or are not Negroes, yet it has joyfully accepted them as Negroes on the stage.

* * *

It is news to nobody but a number of our producers that, all things considered, a mystery play is generally one of the riskiest gambles in the present theatre. The aforesaid producers, who pride themselves on their commercial cunning, continue confidently, however, to buck the machine and most often have to borrow a louis from the croupier to get home. In the last five and a

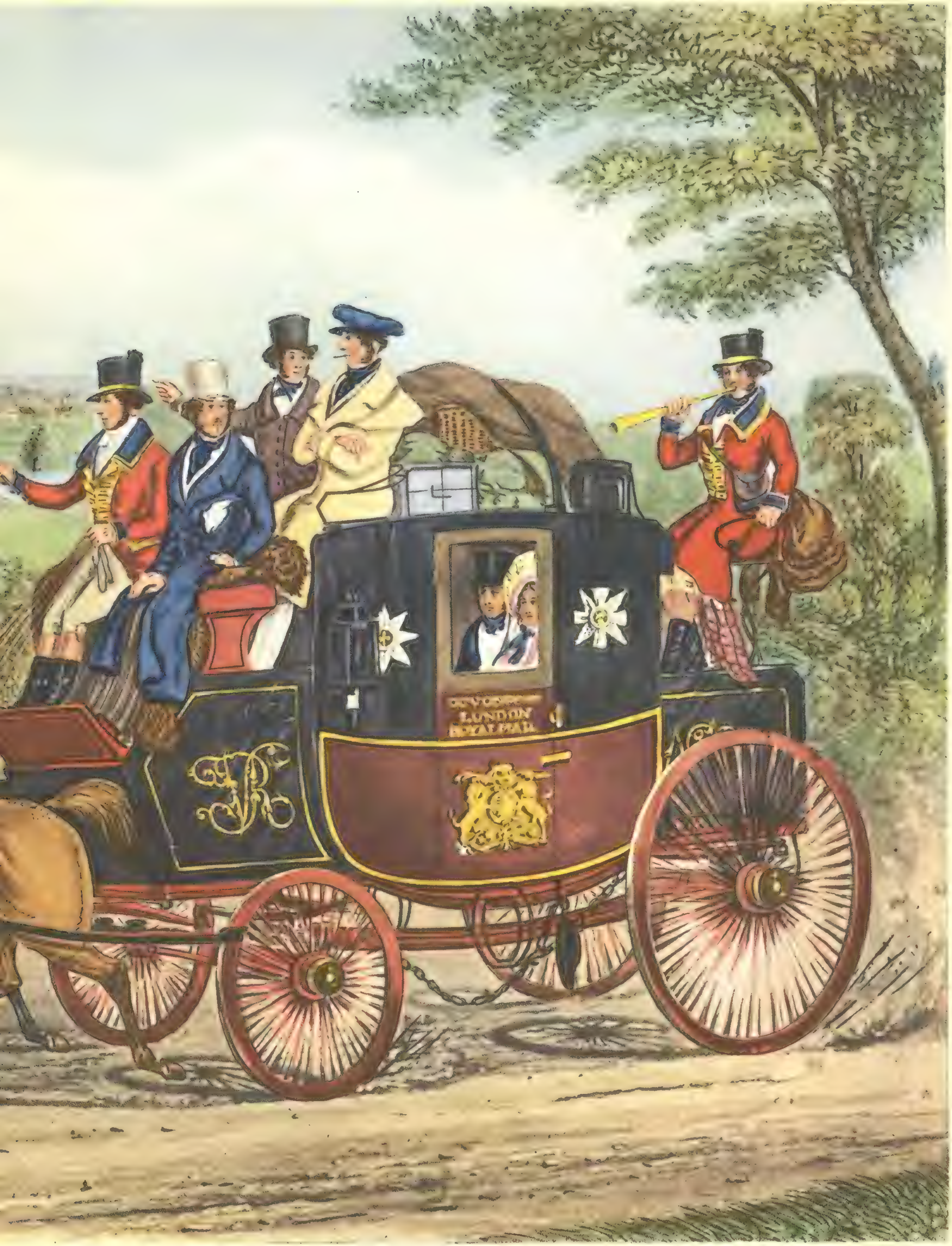
Continued on page 142

R & RIO G
McKAY



THE BIRTH DA

YOU have a very *Spicy Team* here Mr. Coachman, it must cost the Governors something considerable to keep it up in such stile; Lor bleſs you Sir it is done for a *mere trifle;* Ill tell you how its managed: in the first place, there is a little outlay in building the *Drag,* then all the rest is done by contract; there is no risk, besides they don't pay any wages except to the Guard and he has only *Ten Shillings and Six Pence* a week, then we have this livery Coat, waistcoat and hat given us once a year to keep a *respectable appearance.* _ *Passenger* _ only half a Guinea a week to the Guard! why the man cannot live on that; Oh, we know that, Sir, but he has leave to beg, but it would be better to pay them enough without their being dependant on the *Paſsengers.* it is a very *responsible* situation and every body knows that such places are paid pretty well. *Paſsenger* _ if they pay the Guard only that small sum, what do you get? *Coachman.* Charity Sir, covers a multitude of Sins, so they give some of us Coachmen, the full benefit of it; we get no wages and are left entirely at the mercy of Providence. *Paſsenger* _ well as that is the case, I shall give *five Shillings* between *you* and the *Guard,* and as I wish to get some horses, I shall be glad if you will tell me how I can get such as *those* you are driving. *Coachman* such as *these,* why Sir, you won't be able to match them in all the world; I'll just tell you the *Breed,* of 'em _ The *White Filly;* is the *Greatest* favorite we have had on the road for many years, she is *quite new* in Harneſs, but very safe _ I'd be bound she would go without any, but it dont do to trust so *young* a creature without a *Slight Snaffle,* she is as quiet as a Lamb, sometimes she's a little playfull, but *quite* innocent, nothing vicious, indeed we call her the *Queen* of the Road; Her *Grand Sire* was the celebrated Old *George;* He left a very fine stock, but none of them, turned out any thing like him; most of what he left, were entered for the *Crown* and *Sceptre,* somehow Sir, none of them did more than come to the *Starting Post;* so that this little thing walk'd over the course very easily and got the Stakes. I hope Sir, the Governors will endeavour to keep up the *Breed.*



REPRODUCTION COURTESY OF CAMILLA LUCAS, "OLD PRINT CENTER," 4 EAST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Y TEAM.

I beleive the Stud is all gone except a *Young One*, that is at graſs near *Cambridge*. __What is that off leader, he seems a spirited one, yes Sir, he is quite a *Nob.y* sort of thing he came from *Litchfield*, we call him the *General*, he is downright good on the Turf, and a great favorite at *Newmarket* _ *Very few* can beat him; yet they say he has got matched in *Norfolk* he goes very well in Harneſs too, and that's a great thing for these blood horses; sometimes he takes it in his head to Gambol, then if you touch him he kicks like the very d   l. This near wheeler, throws his head about lively, what is he. he's of a good sort Sir, I beleive he was *Bred* in *Northamptonshire*, and sent into the *Army*, but they had no use for him there, so he was sent to work in the *Mail*, we call him the *Colonel*, he is not quite so celebrated as his namesake, he does his duty very easy-no flurry about him-even temper'd and quiet to drive; he keeps all the others on the road to the right Pace, his Sire was well known and considerd of first action, but he *broke down* all of a sudden, and has been taken off the road altogether._Here's a hard working one, on the off side, he seems to pull *fresh* Oh he is quite new in Harneſs, I beleive he was first broke in some *foreign* work, then sent down the western road; we have only just put him in this; as we have parted with a very good old horse we had from *Louis*, I think of french extraction, we had him on the road for many years; it was quite pleasing to see him when the Guard began to blow his Horn he would actually step to the time in fact he had quite an ear for music; he has been either *Hired* or *Bought* by the clergy, so we have been obliged to *Stew* this one in his place: _I understand he was a surly temper'd animal before he got into this work but I suppose the good feeding and grooming has improved his temper as well as appearance. I hope Sir we shall be able to keep him, it is not pleasant to have strange horses; its always better to have what we *know* than what we do *not*. You may pull up for I alight at the *VICTORIA*, here is five shillings for you and the Guard I have been much amused, and shall not forget the *Birth Day Team* and the *Quick-silver Mail*. _thankee Sir Good night.

R K O's

DOROTHY KELLY

Hurrell Photograph

The Sporting Scene

Navy cadets' twelve-week program has awakened some school officials to need for sports but others remain apathetic

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

SPORTS

ONE wartime shortage the nation has not experienced, unfortunately, is that of lead in the fanny.

Evidence of lead surplus between the hip pockets was disclosed by the warm-up war of a quarter century ago. One result of the alarm was that thirty-eight states passed legislation for compulsory physical training in state-controlled educational institutions. It probably was possible to do this because a rising vote was not required.

Periods as brief as an hour a week were allotted for these attempts to sweat the lead out of the bottoms of American youth. By the time students had divested themselves of street clothes and got into athletic garb they were out of time and energy for the intended routine. It must be said for the then young men of the land that the general reversion to cosy inertia was not their fault entirely. School administrations generally have been inclined to consider physical education on a theoretical rather than on an active muscular basis.

Successful coaches have been regarded jealously by other tutors. The tall domes have thought of the physical educators as young men whose talents could be best applied to a shovel and as young ladies whose qualifications might be most effectively demonstrated over a washtub.

Now that there's a war which cannot be fought by the flabby and the lead-fannied, the grievous error of physical educational neglect has come to light. The physical educators, like the sunshine, begin to get appreciation when the shadows fall.

Yet physical inertia of some school administrators continues to handicap the nation in getting into war stride. Officials, political and academic, of many of the larger schools have been numb to the urgent necessity of compulsory physical conditioning of the student body. The smaller colleges, high school systems and a minority of the big institutions have applied the new pattern in equipping their students for self-preservation.

The pattern of the higher education in physical fitness has been made. Its production already is on exhibit as fighting men superbly fit to withstand the travail of battle. They have been given a good chance for their lives.

This pattern of today's training for prep and varsity students has been shown to hundreds of high school and college coaches and athletic directors during their visits to the naval aviation pre-flight schools at the universities of Iowa, North Carolina, Georgia and St. Mary's college. These experts in physical training saw the world's toughest program for transforming droopy youngsters into rugged, snappy physical specimens within twelve weeks. They were amazed at the marvels worked. They went back to their schools eager to give their students the benefit of the Navy's magic in making young men able to save their own lives.

Then what happened in far too many cases? The returning missionaries bumped into the same old lead.

The private opinion of numerous qualified military authorities is that if we don't lose the war within the next three months it will have to be won eventually for the United States by boys now in high schools and colleges. According to that authoritative view those educational administrators who are not acting to fit their students for fighting are reducing the students' chances of survival. But even that logical conclusion has not been sufficient to move the sluggish educational officials.

A common objection has been that the three-year wartime collegiate courses require such intense application to studies the lads have little, if any, time for exercise. That objection has been proved invalid by the experience of schools that have adopted the Navy's pre-flight physical training program. The Navy's own observation is that despite the super-strenuous schedule at its pre-flight schools students show a pick-up in academic class performance as their physical condition improves.

It is old stuff to college and high school coaches that the marks of athletes improve when the students are in the midst of sports competitive schedules and sag when the kids are out of competition. Apparently administrators of schools that have adopted physical training on the Navy pre-flight basis also are aware of the generally beneficial effect of sports competition on students' academic performances.

Another objection cited as an alibi for official inertia in not making an adequate program of physical training compulsory was that of possible injury to physically deficient students. That's answered by the thorough physical examinations students must receive prior to entering the curriculum. It has been found that 60 per cent of the Navy pre-flight cadets in Iowa City's earlier battalions had no collegiate athletic experience. About 24 per cent of the cadets had won varsity letters and 15 per cent of the pre-flight students had been varsity squad members without winning letters.

Such evidence does not indicate physical shortcomings among university students, but points to a neglect in supplying young men with physical training that would reduce by three months the time required to prepare them for the rigors of Navy flying.

From athletic directors and coaches there comes testimony indicting school administrators for a serious neglect to help high school and university students face the realities of a

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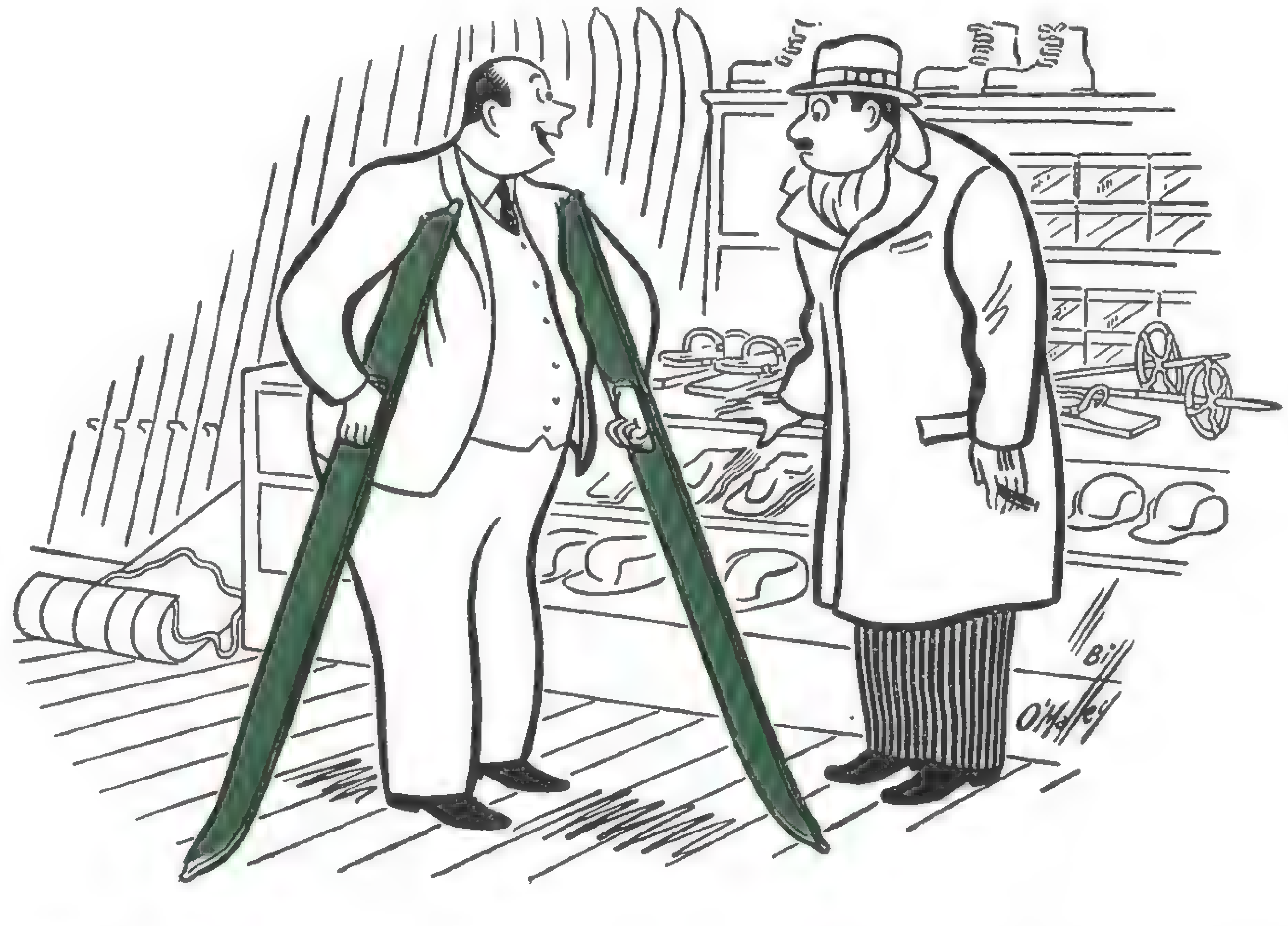
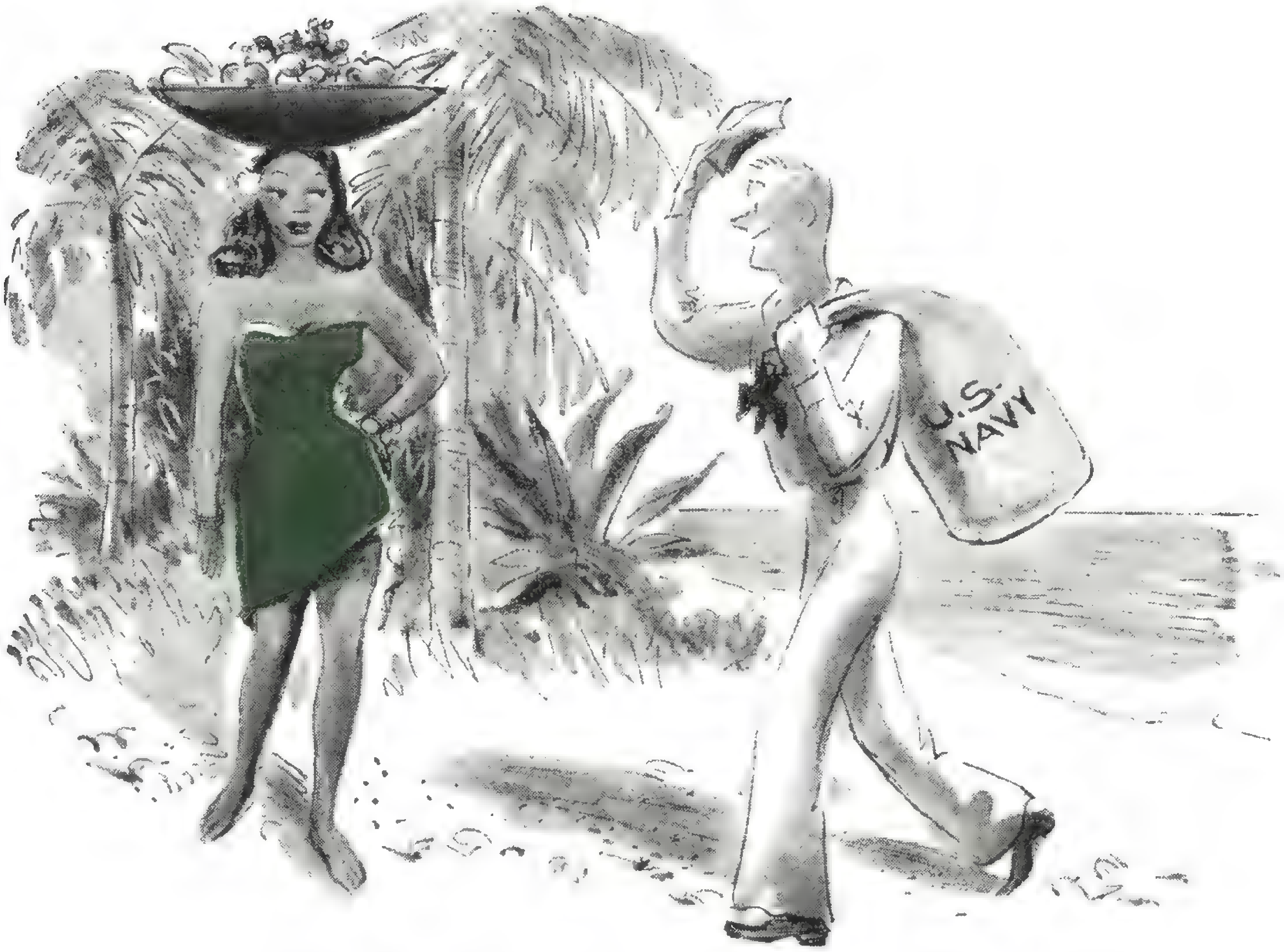


"This model is very popular this season, our combination ski and crutch"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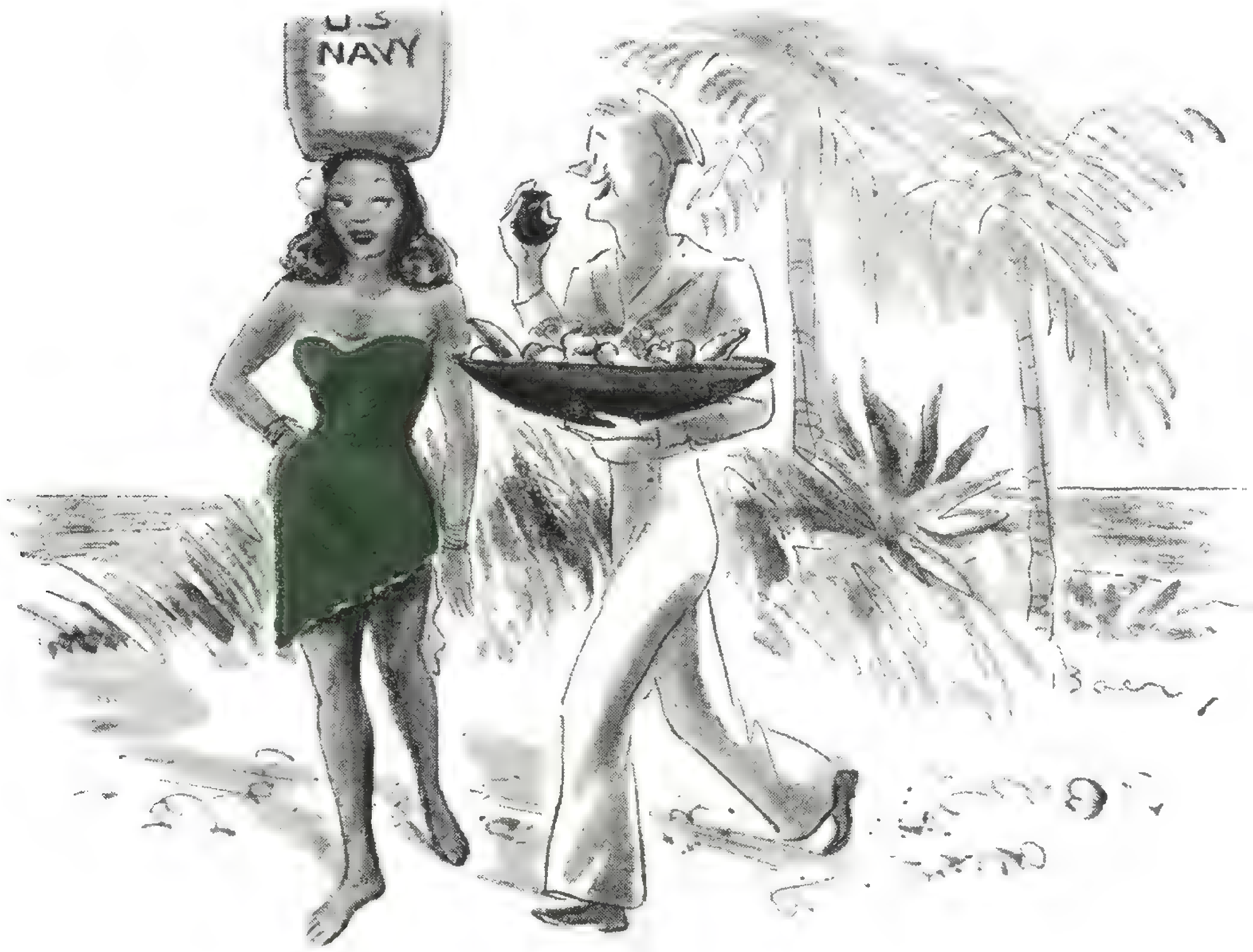
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Burbles in Every Bundle

Advice to givers of bottled gifts and to holiday hosts on how to make eggnog, how to chill wine and serve champagne

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

If a Yuletide paper-and-stringed mystery brought to your door gives out ticking sounds, call the F.B.I. If it burbles abdominally, don't call anybody. Assistance will come soon enough, if not sooner, assuring you that "Not to be opened till Christmas" is tyrannical, unconstitutional and full of loopholes that can be poured through.

In rare instances these cheer-caroling parcels are the work of generosity, but mostly it's conscience. Good old Bill Riffle, who during the past twelvemonth has squirted many a modest shot of fizz onto a sizable slug of your Scotch, now offers six bottles of same, as inroad menders. Golf crony Ned, ace of the nineteenth hole, accustomed to utilizing your playroom as a twentieth, makes restitution impressively. Kentucky Jim, whose approval of your juleps was almost more than your mint bed could keep up with, makes chivalrous atonement in Bourbon of the proud brand he was raised on, along with other items, included as concessions to Yankee tastes. Joe Bangaway, whom you and your favorite Rye took duck hunting, has likewise bethought himself of you appropriately. Rod-and-creeler Tom, noted for his ability to wade into any given quantity of moistenment, has come up with a few tokens on account. Steve So-and-So—and *what* a so-and-so you decided he was after his crashing in on you with that party of six on a dark and stormy night, sopping up the last drop on the premises—apparently has recalled that little foray, for here is a large package of apologies, assorted to make sure he didn't overlook anything important, and strictly of the best.

With things flowing your way thus splendidly, I hesitate to bring up the possibility that you, Mr. Serene Recipient, might have a social I.O.U. or two outstanding which ought to be liquidated this Merry Settlement Day.

What's that? You say your conscience is all bewildered after its undisturbed nap and can't count straight? Well, just keep prodding it and we'll work this problem out, bottle by bottle.

The first step, of course, is to sit down with pencil and paper and chart the thing out. Line XX, extending from left to right in fluctuations that look like heat lightning, represents the intensity of your feeling of gratitude to Expecter A. Uprising line YY, which hasn't a waver in it as it heads toward infinity, indicates the trend of Expecter A's thirst. The point where these two intersect is your key. By drawing a horizontal line through it, you get readings on both margins: the left one marked off in quarts, the right one in fifths. And yet there are people who say that Christmas is complicated!

Where the reading is an even twelve, your shopwork becomes so simple you could burst out laughing at its ease. For, I am reliably informed, alcoholic beverages come into the world in litters of twelve, which are promptly kenneled in boxes built to accommodate that exact number; hence all you have to do in this instance is to figure on one box, known in professional parlance as a case. Like luggage designed to slide under a Pullman seat, these cases slip readily into place under the gala greenwood tree. Scottish hosts camouflage them with a thick coating of artificial snow.

I once knew a Christmaser who, in receipt of a bliss-box of this sort, decided to use it as a plinth on which to rest his tree. Came another box, elevating the situation. And a third, and a fourth, so that erstwhile plinth was now quite a pedestal. And still the wonder grew, necessitating the sawing off of the lower end of the tree. By the time his arboreal masterpiece was completed, it had assumed the proportions of a veritable Tower of Burble, topped with a ceiling-tickling sprig.

One look at it would have knocked the fear out of certain donors I have since run into—guys afraid that a dozen of a kind might seem monotonous. Anxious to be generous, they'd hate to be thought single-trackers. Personally, when I unwrap or unpigeonhole a glad surprise, its exact duplicate is the last thing I'd consider redundant, no matter how many of them there are. And I guess you too are prepared to face superior numbers so long as it's a *good* number, announced by its label in the first place.

Still and all, there is much to be said for the festively-basketed or giddy-cartoned variety show, bountiful with fame items. Here originality gets in its thoughtful touches (and avoids being a soft touch for an unreliable retailer with liquid scrap to unload). Thus, if your standing as a Martini concocter is a matter in which you take due pride, the fact that Sir Rememberer now pays tribute to it with first-class Dry Vermouth, accompanied by exemplary Gin, is gratifying proof that he is no mere empty-complimenter. If the Gin is super-de-luxe rarity providentially brought from Britain while available, you can take bows as an acknowledged genius.

Professors of Manhattanese art get three-way honor: Rye, or special blend Whiskey; Sweet Vermouth; Orange Bitters, or dark secret Bitters. The Sazerac technician draws, with his Whiskey, a side bottle of Pernod (Absinthe substitute) so that his glasses won't lack an official inner lining. The fashioner of Old Fashioneds is a natural magnet for Bourbon, Rye, or distingué blend—likewise Rum or Sherry—plus Angostura, leaving him to provide his own maraschino cherry and half-slice of orange, and scrimp for his sugar. He won't grouse at attending to the kitchen police end of the drink if his admirers

Continued on page 126

BEER 10¢ GLASS
Economy SIZE 59¢
ED HUNTER

"I'll take another economy size"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Strong national governing body needed to control boxing and certify champs; promoters to blame for present slump

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪SPORTS▪

THE QUESTIONS

I

Do you think boxing still has any military value, as previously believed? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
87.72%

II

Do you regard boxing as too brutal and dangerous a sport for Americans? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑
94.45%

III

Do you think that the people in the boxing game are responsible for its present apparent decline? . . . . Yes ☑
The Promoters
51.19%

IV

Is the money angle, the fact that big fights can draw only in big cities, of crucial importance in the picture? Yes ☑ No ☐
72.89%

V

Should there be a genuinely strong national organization to control and promote the sport, and designate the champions in each of the weight divisions? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
92.47%

VI

Would you favor government regulation of the sport? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑
76.87%

VII

Do you believe that exploitation of amateurs is beneficial or detrimental to the sport's general welfare? . . . . *Beneficial*
56.55%

VIII

Do you believe that the bare-knuckle fights of the old days were more punishing to a boxer than the present-day bouts with gloves? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
83.48%

IX

Do you feel that the possibility of harm to non-professionals, such as the boys in the service, from engaging in boxing outweighs other values such participation might offer them? Yes ☐ No ☑
85.97%

X

Would you rather see a boxing match than a slugging bout? Yes ☑ No ☐
79.63%

THIS clinic known as the Esquire Sports Poll now will probe boxing and see what killed the bum. It may even discover that boxing isn't dead and thus prove that the sense of smell is not a reliable indication of demise.

Long before Uncle Sam, the chief and up-and-up promoter, called for fighters to sign into his stable, boxing was at the lowest point it's been since it became a legal sport in the United States. Only at a comparatively few colleges could the game consider itself on a level with other sports. It was regarded with disdain by the vast majority of American youth and held in disrepute by most of the adult public.

On question IX asking whether the risks of boxing outweighed its benefits, the soldiers of Fort Knox, Kentucky, voted 68.54% *no*, indicating there is still recognition of the sport as a participation recreation among the armed forces. Also, Fort Knox went 92.15% *yes* on Question I.

Examination of newspaper files shortly prior to and during the first World War discloses evidence of boxing interest among the public and soldiers and sailors far beyond the boxing interest discernible now or at any other time during the past four years. Veterans in the ring game relate sadly that the attitude of uniformed men toward boxing and boxers is virtually one of indifference as compared with the intense enthusiasm of twenty-four and twenty-five years ago.

This slump has occurred despite the most strenuous and skillful synthetic build-up of boxing events and the extensive employment of radio, a medium not available to boxing when the game had high standing with almost all of the nation's young men.

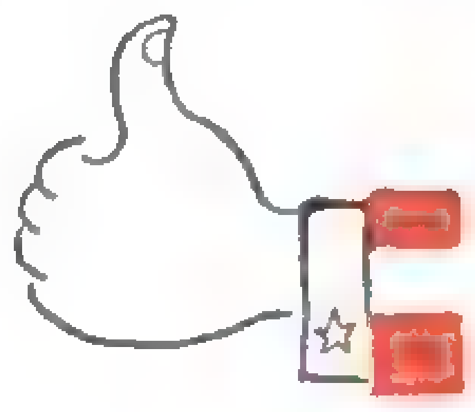
Is boxing through, or can it be fumigated and revived as a miracle the war may work on sport?

Esquire's Sports Poll voters among the general public, sports editors, sportscasters and a group of business executives have expressed themselves on the past and present of boxing. Their votes and opinions may have some significance in determining boxing's future in America if nature is allowed to take its course with the game. Nature will have to do a lot of road work before it can step into the ring against the forces that have been in control of American boxing (what's left of it).

QUESTION I

Do you think boxing still has any military value, as previously believed?

The public	**Yes 83.12%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 93.22%**
Sports editors	**Yes 91.56%**
Businessmen	**Yes 76.92%**



Army and Navy athletic programs give boxing big-letter billing as physical training and as entertainment for the men when they have completed their tasks and want to see a show. The vote checks with the action of the warriors' authorities.

"Boxing has no military value," wrote **Ed Danforth,** *Atlanta Journal.* "The only hand-to-hand fighting now is Commando stuff which teaches *not* to hit with the fists. The Commando tears up the rule book. Boxing looks mild now. A boxer would be murdered by a trained Commando. We have outgrown boxing. It is great for kids, but for adults it has no value. The 'manly art of self-defense' has taken a new, practical turn now. Ask the Rangers. Team games and sports of participation are driving out professional boxing, which is approaching the level of professional wrestling. The Army camps are cold toward the sport and by the end of this war boxing will not need regulation for it will be as passé as bear baiting. Promoters and managers have helped kill the sport, but I think the public has simply outgrown the idea that watching two kids slam each other around is fun."

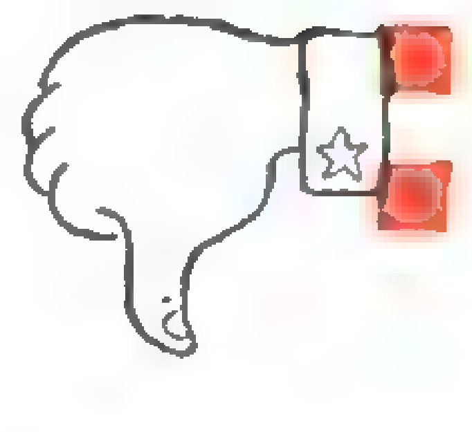
"Boxing is taking a back seat in this war because all stress is on 'teamwork'," declared **Howard Hamrick,** WCOS, Columbia, South Carolina. "All sports in which close co-operation among players is absolutely necessary are getting the attention now. Commando raids don't depend on the actions of any one man but on the performance of the unit. The running of a play by eleven football men is the closest parallel that sports can offer for the Commando unit. I believe that boxing is in for a loss after this war and that the gridiron game will get a healthy boost."

"There can be no questioning the highly important part boxing training plays in conditioning American servicemen, particularly invading forces," argued **Miller Hollingsworth,** Sharon, Pennsylvania, *Herald.* "Hand-to-hand fighting, although primitive, remains the basis of personal supremacy. Fighting men well trained in ring work will definitely be superior to those lacking such training. Americans have always topped the ring fighters of the world, and will do the same on the battlefield."

Quantico Marines voted 81.29% *yes* on this question, and they ought to know. Quantico, where the famed Fifth and Sixth Marines were trained in 1917 for combat in France, has been practically rebuilt since 1927, with wide highways winding in and out of the park-like reservation of many permanent three-story barracks. There are two swimming pools, tennis and handball courts, softball diamonds, a football stadium, a baseball park, a polo field and a golf course. In the Recreation Building, there is an air-cooled theater showing two movies nightly, and beneath the theater are 16 bowling alleys, a billiard hall, and reading room. But all is not recreation at Quantico these days. While at present most of the training is concentrated on the instruction of Candidates for Commission and Reserve Officers Class, a number of Regulars are on duty here. But wherever he may go, once a Marine has served at Quantico, he considers it his home.

QUESTION II

Do you regard boxing as too brutal and dangerous a sport for Americans?



The public	**No 90.91%**
Sportscasters	**No 96.61%**
Sports editors	**No 96.07%**
Businessmen	**No 92.45%**

The overwhelming vote on the *no* side is a pretty fair tip-off that the country has a different idea of "brutal" and "dangerous" than it had a few years ago. A large majority now consider boxing a mere pastime and boxing gloves playthings compared with activities and implements of the sure-enough championship fight in which the nation's engaged.

A question as to the precision of identification of boxing as a sport is raised by one voter.

"If professional boxing is 'sport'," wrote **Carl Walters,** Meridian, Mississippi, *Star*, "then Germans and Japs are 'sportsmen' for they go in strong for sadism, physical punishment and torture and persecution of the weak by the strong. Professional boxing is peopled with low-brows, bums, crooks, gamblers and others of the lowest strata."

On the other hand, **Budd Sweeney,** WHKC, Columbus, Ohio, felt that:

> It's a passe idea that boxing is brutal. Boxing in the true sense is a more scientific game than any other sport for it's a one man battle. The boxer must coordinate timing, balance, speed, sight and all-round precision. A group of good boxers can co-ordinate their actions and assume leadership faster than any group you will find.

QUESTION III

Do you think that the people in the boxing game are responsible for its present apparent decline?

	The Promoters
The public	**Yes 55.06%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 54.68%**
Sports editors	**Yes 49.56%**
Businessmen	**Yes 46.51%**

Note that the businessmen, possibly having a vague sympathy for men in the business of boxing, are not so inclined to condemn the promoters as mainly responsible for boxing's decline as are others who place blame.

Much of the general judgment that unscrupulous promoters ruined boxing dates back to the time when the bootlegging fuehrers anschlussed boxing and made it a department of the underworld's commerce.

The managers and the type of participants ran second and third in all four blocs in the voting. The public blamed the managers 28.09%, and the type of boxers 16.85%. The rating with the Sportscasters was managers 34.66%, fighters, 10.66%. The Sports editors said managers 31.14%, boxers, 7.02%. The businessmen figured the managers 27.90%, and the boxers 18.60%.

Voters expressed themselves candidly in damning those who have damned boxing.

Earle D. Wilson, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, thought that:

> Slugging matches, the leaving of fighters in the ring after they have been definitely beaten, inferior match-making and too many slap-happy, punch-drunk ex-pugs are, in my opinion, responsible—and rightly so—for the decline of boxing. Boxing is *one* thing; prize fighting is *another*. Not only the amateurs are exploited. Prize fighters, taking them in the run of the mill, are not from the better classes, and their ignorance is exploited by unscrupulous managers. Boxing as practiced in the Army in the last war was a sport. Professionally, in this land of the free, it is a business, and Big Business at that. Eliminate prize fighting and emphasize the benefits of boxing (and there are many), and the problem, I believe, will be solved.

Bernard Kahn, Daytona Beach, Florida, *News-Journal*, said:

> It's sound to say that you can judge sports by the men who are associated with them. Unfortunately this also applies to boxing. That the ring game has rotted to its current low life is largely due to the fact that the promoters, managers and their accomplices are, as a whole, an unsavory lot. Thieves, thugs and uneducated mugs are predominant. Respectability is the exception, not the rule, in professional prize fighting today. Unlike baseball and football, where the coaches and players are looked upon as idols by the kids of America, boxers of today are even distasteful to the children, thank goodness. The boxing game today is a disgrace to sport.

Ben Greenstein, Wilmington, Delaware, *Journal-Every Evening*, stated:

> Boxing is, and always has been, what the men in the "business"—and it *is* a business—make it. The greatest fault I have ever found with boxing is the managers. There are not enough good ones—"good" is the word. It's a shame we have so few to take care of so many.

David Banks, WWL, New Orleans, figured:

> Promoters, in my estimation, have been responsible for the present decline in the boxing game. Why hasn't Joe Louis met Harry Bobo, Lem Franklin, et al.? Could the poor draw of the John Henry Lewis-Louis fight have had anything to do with it? These things have been dimmed by the war, but these are examples of promotorial mismanagement. Mismatching of fighters is an every day occurrence when "building a boy up"; the few "fixed fights" are seldom entirely without the promoter's knowledge.

P. A. Lightner, Wichita *Eagle*, said:

> Professional boxing has been killed in such centers as Wichita, Kansas City, Oklahoma City and Tulsa where it once flourished, because of its semi-racketeering connections and big-money background. If the heavyweight aces take a bout at all they loaf through it. Why should they risk their hands when they can earn enough in two or three New York fights to become rich? Let the average town have a shot at some real fights again and you would see the game again boom in the "provinces."

Bill Kinney, Rock Island *Argus*, testified:

> Two things are horribly wrong with boxing. The first is that the build-up is all wrong. Once a boy is beaten he has a helluva hard time getting fights. The second is politics and state boxing commissions, which have their hands out for more than the traffic will stand. Commission fees for doctors, referees, judges, taxes, rentals, sanctions and so on, make the average "nut" too hard to crack for the promoters.

Tait Cummins, Cedar Rapids, *Gazette*, said a good word for the boxers themselves:

> The common idea is that participants in boxing are hoodlums or worse. On the contrary, boys who find boxing a pleasure are, in the majority of cases, chaps of nice manners, gentlemanly outside the ring, quiet and easy to handle. The fact that so many of them come from poorer homes is due in most cases to the fact that other sports are denied them. Definitely it can be said that boxers are not to blame for the low estate of the ring game. They are the victims of a vicious system that has arisen to protect huge profits for managers and promoters, and sure things for gamblers.

QUESTION IV

Is the money angle, the fact that big fights can draw only in big cities, of crucial importance in the picture?

The public	**Yes 75.09%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 74.54%**
Sports editors	**Yes 75.83%**
Businessmen	**Yes 57.78%**

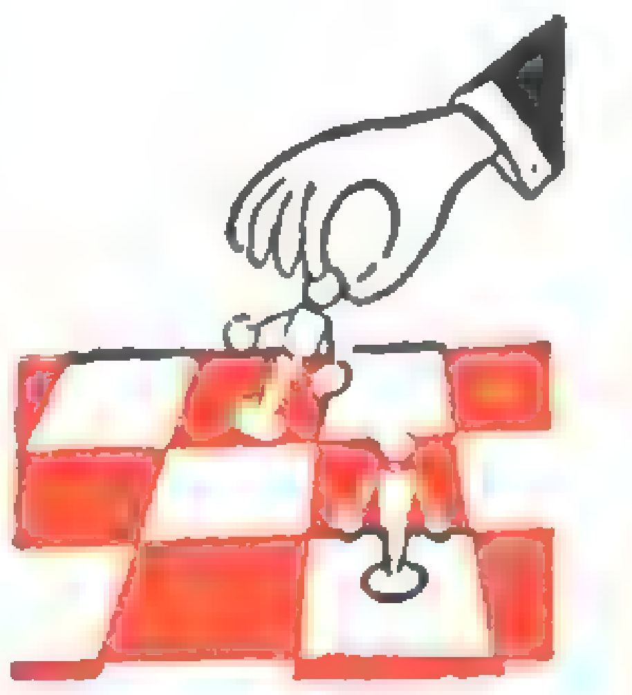
Again note the businessmen's vote. Its variation from the general public percentage may signify that the leaders in business still are of the opinion that if a man matches two better mousetraps in the wilderness the world will beat a path to the ringside.

With few exceptions, failure of championship matches to make a fair profit outside of New York has made big name boxing so remote to the hinterlanders they've lost the habit of caring much about ring fights.

"The whole trouble with boxing today," wrote **Pete Sallaway,** Victoria, British Columbia, *Times*, "is the fact that the entire industry is controlled from Mike Jacobs' front office in New York City. He and those '600 millionaires' of Madison Square Garden operate a monopoly over the entire business. Clean up the situation around New York, and boxing would be 100 per cent better off." **Ty Cobb,** Reno *State Journal*, insisted: "Well-promoted bouts can be very successful in small towns. Max Baer drew crowds of about 20,000 (against Uzcudun) and 17,000 (against Levinsky) in Reno when this city had a 20,000 population." **Fred Digby,** New Orleans *Item*, pointed out that: "When Tex Rickard was the leading promoter, he confined his monopoly to the heavyweight champion. Mike Jacobs' control ranges from top to bottom, and takes in even the top challengers. The result is that fans in cities other than New York are unable to see the topnotchers in action and refuse to support secondary scrappers and scraps. If a promoter in a small city takes the risk (financial) and the trouble of developing fighters he should have at least a chance to show those fighters to his fans if and when they become champions. Usually the fighters and managers would co-operate out of gratitude, but contracts with Jacobs prevent it."

QUESTION V

Should there be a genuinely strong national organization to control and promote boxing, and designate the champions in each of the weight divisions?



The public	**Yes 91.78%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 98.27%**
Sports editors	**Yes 95.39%**
Businessmen	**Yes 77.55%**

The experts—newspaper and radio men—lead in declaring for a national organization more powerful than any promoter, manager, or groups of these prime movers. Those who know the inside of the business of the sport are convinced that boxing control now is merely another field for political operations, hence lacks integrity and ability.

Numerous citations of rancid political deals in establishing mock government of the manly art were cited as proof that "a genuinely strong national organization" for boxing control is needed if the game is to come back on a wholesome basis after the war.

Harry Keck, Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, wrote:

> Boxing needs closer supervision by men who know the sport. Too many boxing commissioners are political stooges who are pushovers for managers and promoters who prey on their lack of knowledge of the "angles" of the business—notice I say business, not sport. It needs a "Judge Landis" to coordinate the state commissions and keep promoters, match-makers and boxers in line, and to regulate prices (why should it cost as much as $25 for a ringside seat?). There is no reason why a boxer should receive such purses that he need fight only a few times a year, when if he were not a boxer he would be lucky to make $25 a week working.
>
> Managers and seconds should be compelled to pass tests to qualify for licenses to protect the boxers, and all contracts should be signed jointly by managers and boxers to keep the boxers from being cheated. All boxers should receive stricter physical examinations and should be made to quit fighting when their health or vision is impaired. Referees and judges also should pass tests to prove their ability. Boxers of several years' experience should not be permitted to oppose novices. Boxers should be taught to box and not slug like longshoremen. If they can't learn to defend themselves their licenses should be suspended.
>
> It should be the first duty of commissions to protect the public, then the boxers, with the managers and promoters rating last consideration. Titles should be won and lost in the ring, not by official decree, and commissions should cease trying to be match-makers. Overweight and other non-title bouts for champions should be eliminated.

"Maybe a national organization of character would help the situation," wrote **Frank**

Continued on page 148

Man the Kitchenette

Scorn not the lowly vegetable and try such gourmet's delights as Marchisio's Potatoes with Eggs and Cabbage Purée

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •

In winning the war, food is more essential than all the fine fiery speeches, and equal in importance to the bombs and bullets, tanks or airplanes. A starving man cannot fight, a starving people cannot work. If you are not a member of the Armed Forces, directly or indirectly, it is your solemn duty to refuse the most beautiful sirloin set before you and not due to you under present day *mores*. One day soon the boys will come back and they might ask you, "And what did you do to help win the war?"

True, a man must eat meat, good red beef—but not too much of it. I don't intend to discuss in all seriousness the evils of excessive meat eating on these pages. I believe what La Rouchefoucauld said, *Les bonnes pensées viennent du ventre*, meaning that the best thoughts come from the stomach. But I'd like to amend the aphorism of the illustrious duke—the worst thoughts also come from the stomach.

An alimentary system kept in a fairly happy mood until the war is won is the answer. Back here, in the hinterland of hostilities, we have no business to gourmandize. Temporarily we have to give up all the pleasures of the table, so that the boys out front and those in the factories, can have all the culinary ammunition they need and want. And if we must, we ought to be satisfied with a few potatoes a day.

Oh! How I love that lowly tuber, jovial figured, democratic, dirty, prolific son of mother earth, springing from her womb to the delight of the underdog and the bon vivant alike! A few potatoes a day can be heaven . . .

Once in my life, that has seen plenty of ups and downs, I ate practically nothing but potatoes for several months. I was broke, where one is usually the most broke—in my own home town. One is extremely touchy about being penniless at home, and so I slept through the principal meal times, only venturing abroad at night. Avoiding opulent relatives, practically every night I visited a kind aunt, who was also down to next to nothing. I carefully arrived well after dinner time. Aunt Paula would invariably ask me in her hospitable fashion, "Have you had your dinner, my child?" And invariably I would answer, "Oh, yes . . . But could I just have a few potatoes? You know how I love them . . ." Both of us acted, of course. She knew I was starving, and I knew she could ill afford more expensive fare.

My aunt limped out to the kitchen—she had a bad leg—while I made myself comfortable in the parlor. Soon she came back, carrying a large dishful of steaming boiled potatoes, snow-white and flaky, and enormous. They were peeled, for though they tell you that the jackets are healthful, I don't like them. And although the darling tubers can be prepared according to a thousand and one recipes, I best like them boiled, and so that is the way Aunt Paula gave them to me on every occasion. She set the dish before me and with great delicacy left me alone and went back to her sewing in her bedroom. I hope she never peeked through the door, for I ate with all my being, with every particle in my body. I wolfed and swallowed and smacked my lips, until my spirits rose. I remember those evenings perfectly. Do believe me: I never revolted, never wished for a better or a different fare. I was happy. Poverty has its advantages—trifles, sometimes a begged-for morsel, can satisfy your hunger, please your palate, and make you supremely happy.

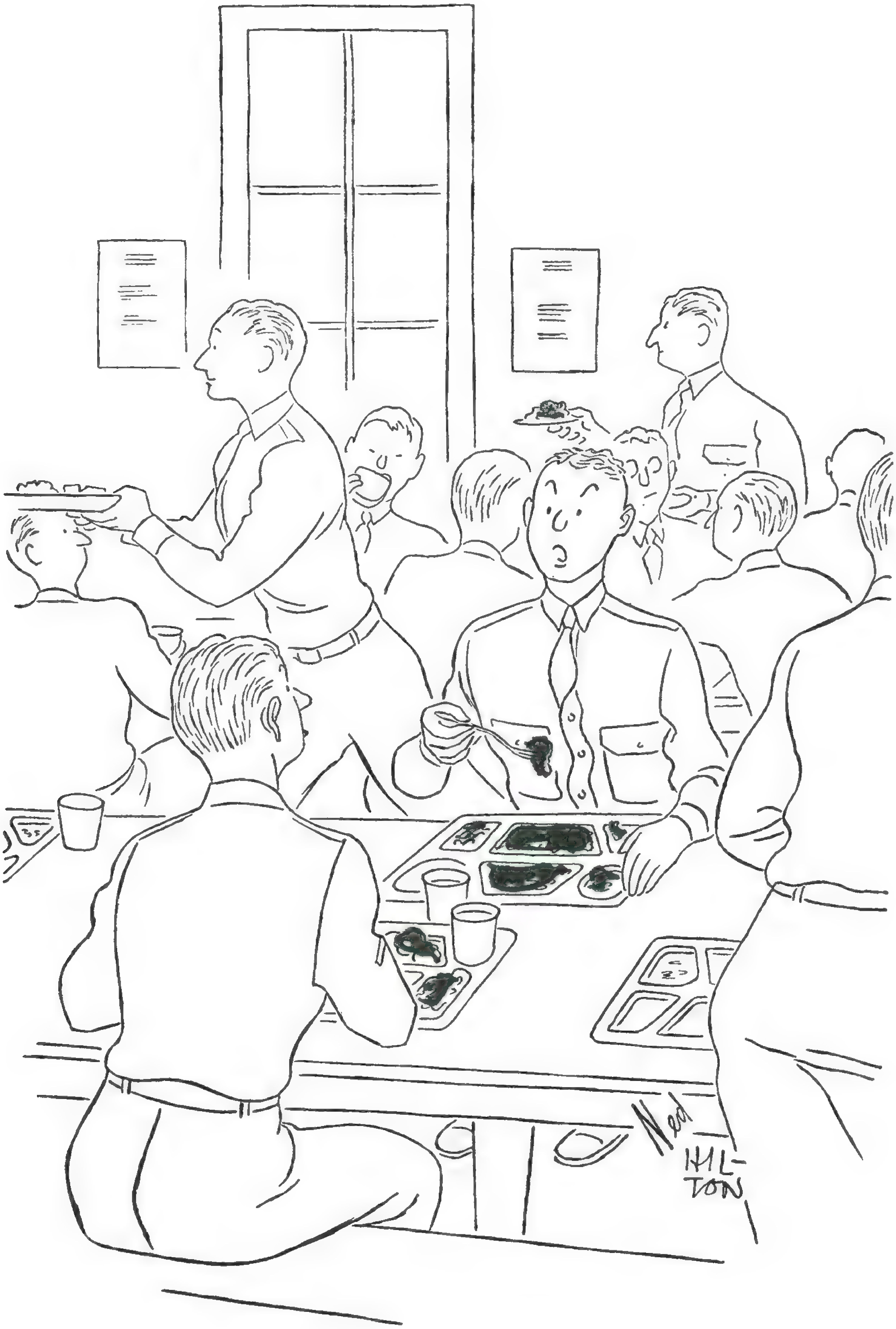
However, I don't wish to feed you merely simple boiled potatoes; don't pay any attention to my private tastes in gastronomy, which at times can be quite eccentric. At the back of the article I give you the recipes of two potato dishes, sufficiently interesting and nourishing to constitute perfectly satisfying, and even epicurean, one-course meals. They come from my old friend, Ercole Marchisio, master and master mind of the famous Marguery Restaurant in New York, who, as he handed me the recipes, made the remark that soon all of us will be on a mild reducing diet. "Plenty of potatoes," he said. "It will be a good thing, too. Americans eat too luxuriously." I thought I had caught my friend in an inaccuracy, and ventured to say that potatoes are very fattening.

Then, Marchisio, the food savant, explained to me that a medium-sized potato is no more fattening than a large orange, a large apple, a fair sized slice of meat, or a thin slice of bread, and that a small cookie is more fattening, and much less healthy. "Only people suffering from rheumatism should avoid potatoes. It's bad for them," said Marchisio, who, as in my own case, cares little about calories and vitamins, avoids speaking about this new fad, and believes in the old, safest, and easiest-to-follow gastronomic rule—namely, to eat a wide variety of food. That is what epicures always did, and this is exactly what the Army does in feeding the combatants. If you eat a wide variety of food, you don't have to wrack your brains about vitamins and calories; they creep up on you without your troubling about them.

Yet for your edification—and to satisfy the faddists—I tell you that boiled potatoes possess nearly a hundred calories, plenty of vitamins, A, B_1, very much C, a little of G, and loads of iron. The Army depends upon the potato for almost a fourth of the soldier's daily quota of Vitamin C. The "insignificant" *erdäpfel*, the apple of earth, as the Germans call it, is responsible for that

Continued in center of page 119

"Cream or lemon?"



"I suppose the real identity of what we're eating is a military secret"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Concerning Shaw, Dickens, the Latin on a one-dollar bill, *Men of Tomorrow, They Were Expendable* and a cure for hiccoughs

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

BOOKS

With all its tragedies 1943 will be a Happy New Year for lovers of liberty, including the Scandinavian, if the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. America, with our Allies, has only one aim in this war—to win it.

In the world of letters, 1943 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry James. I cannot think of any American creative writer, born since 1843, who is his equal. Humiliating? The truth is often humiliating. When he was born, there were living in America Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Mark Twain, Longfellow, Melville, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Bryant, Cooper, Howells, Bret Harte, Stockton. In the history of fiction, there are greater novels than the following three; but for flawless perfection, I know of no novels whose "outline" is superior to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*, James's *The American*. For those who have not reread Henry James lately, and for those who have never read him, let me suggest they begin with *The American*. And unless you belong to the small and very select minority who actually prefer *The Golden Bowl*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Ambassadors* to the earlier novels (I wish I did) read *The Portrait of a Lady*, *Daisy Miller*, and *The Turn of the Screw*. The astonishing thing is that *Daisy Miller*, which deals with "unimportant" people in unimportant situations, is just as exciting as *The Turn of the Screw*, one of the greatest of ghost stories. I mean it is almost as difficult to lay down or to forget. Why is it that the death of Daisy, a commonplace young girl from Schenectady, gives me as much permanent grief as the death of Tess?

Remember what Howells said: "Ah, poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?"

Anything human interested Henry James. He and another writer, who was supposed to be unshockable, were appointed to examine some scandalous records in manuscript. They were so terrific that the Unshockable said he could not go on; to his amazement, Mr. James was not in the least perturbed; but would murmur as he turned over another horrible revelatory page, "But how interesting!"

Although he never had a huge public, the fame of Henry James after one hundred years is greater than ever before.

Let me recommend a new mystery novel by the most highbrow of all murder-novelists, Michael Innes. This is called *The Daffodil Affair*, and I like it. His crime stories are the only ones I cannot read rapidly; there is so much to enjoy along the way.

The best two biographies of 1942, both in matter and in manner, are *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, by Samuel Eliot Morison, and *G.B.S.*, by Hesketh Pearson. The former I reviewed in last July's issue of Esquire. This new Life of Shaw, called in England *Bernard Shaw: His Life and Personality* and in America, (why?) *G.B.S. A Full Length Portrait*, is an admirable book. The jacket erroneously states that it is "The most Boswellian Biography since Boswell's 'Johnson'." This honor, I believe, belongs to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, which I have never read. Mr. Pearson says, "Shaw is primarily a great personality . . . my interest has always been in the man himself, on whose personality I have concentrated, knowing that the world would willingly sacrifice over half of any writer's output for more knowledge of the writer." This statement is too sweeping; it is true of Shaw but it would not be true of Milton or even of Shakespeare. Shaw is primarily a literary genius, the foremost living writer in the world. A.E. was a greater personality, though not nearly so great a writer.

It used to be said that Browning had done less to conciliate and more to influence the people than any other modern poet; we can say that Shaw has done more to irritate and infuriate and entertain and less to influence the public than any other contemporary. Millions delight in him; but very few have changed their creeds or beliefs or mental attitudes because of anything he has said or written. This is why it was so tragic that Henry Arthur Jones should have ruined his own health in denouncing Shaw (and also Wells). I knew Mr. Jones very well. I had a long talk with him one day when he was staying at the Hotel Brevoort in New York. I begged him to stop attacking Shaw and Wells and get on with his play-writing. I told him the only result would be that he would become an invalid. The controversy (all on his side) was plainly destroying his health. "But you don't understand," he said excitedly. "Shaw is a traitor; he is deceiving the American public; they do not see that he is having a frightful influence."

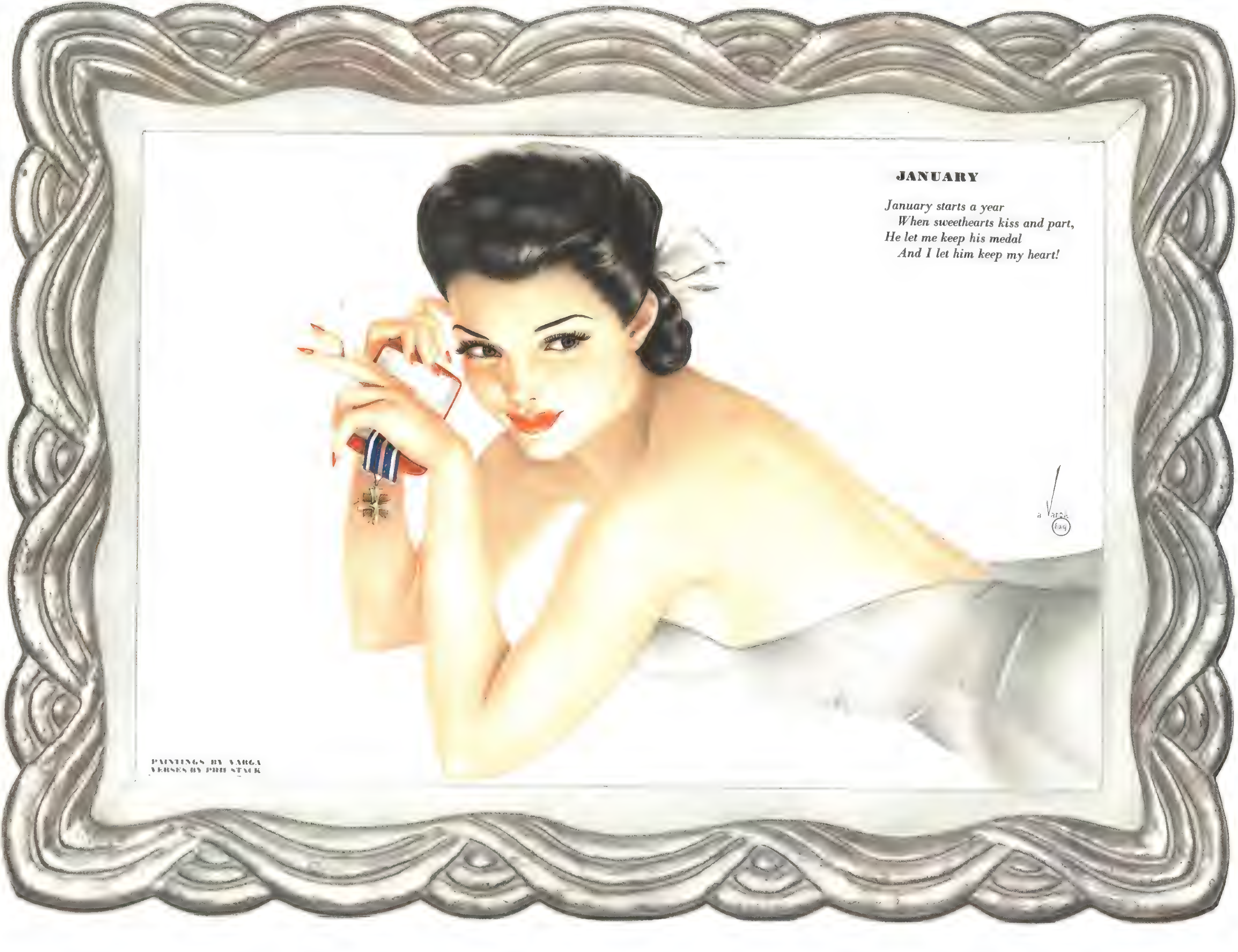
I said the only influence he had was in entertaining us; "we do not read him because he is a radical, or if you like, a Communist; we read him because he is a literary genius. Only a few cranks believe in whatever it is he believes, and he cannot endure the society of any of them. The only people he really loves are Englishmen like yourself." But I could do nothing with Mr. Jones; and in 1928 his sufferings as an invalid were appalling. He died in 1929.

Another thing that was gall and wormwood to Mr. Jones, and would have been to any other man in the same position, was Shaw's late and tremendous success as a playwright. During the long years of Shaw's obscurity when he and Jones were intimate friends, Shaw's plays attracted no general

Continued on page 201

Will Johnson

"You—you wolf in sheepdog's clothing!"



JANUARY

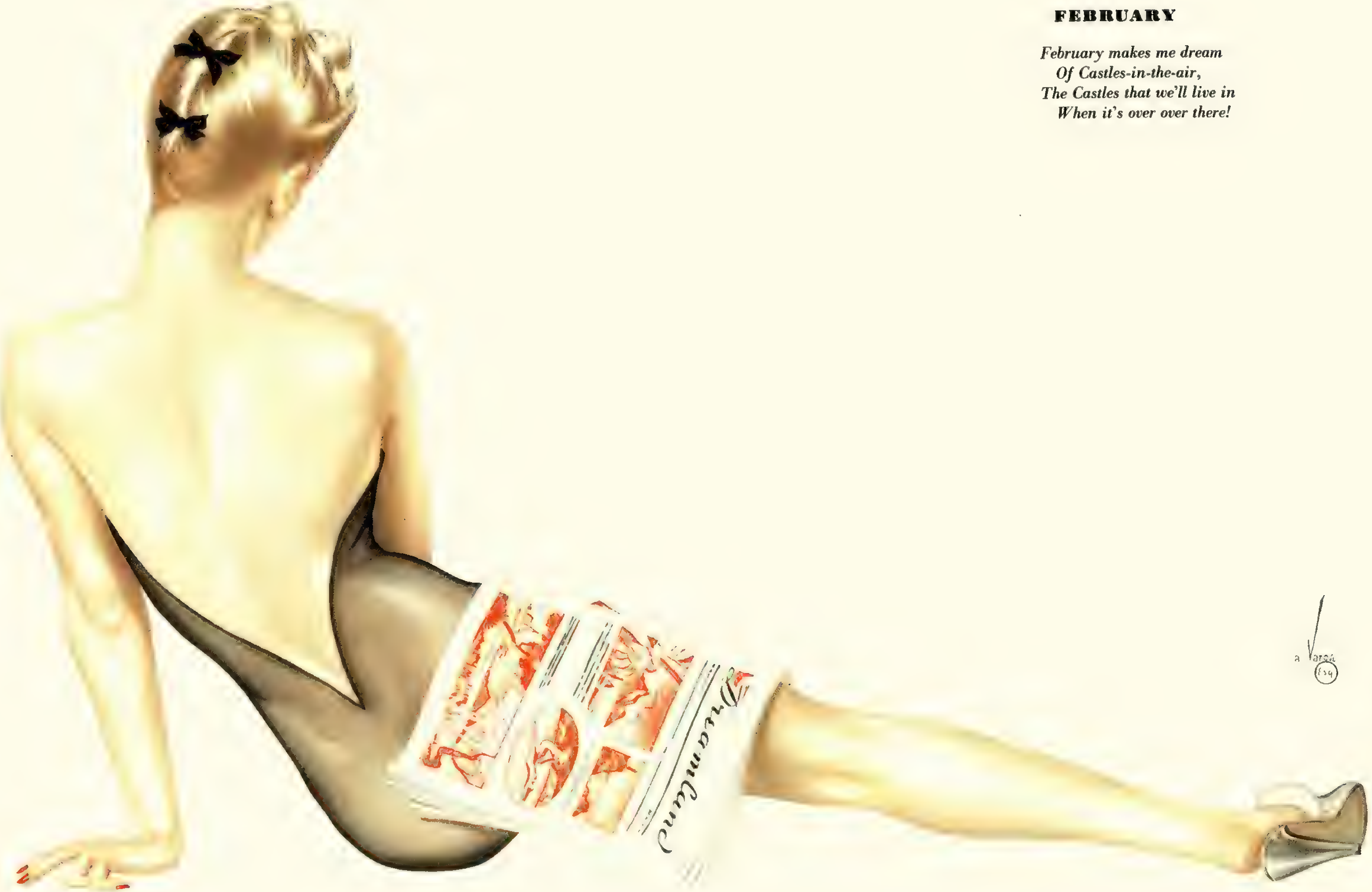
January starts a year
When sweethearts kiss and part,
He let me keep his medal
And I let him keep my heart!

PAINTINGS BY VARGA
VERSES BY PHIL STACK

For the de luxe, separate bound copy of the Varga Girl Calendar—plastic bound, and printed on special heavy paper—turn to page 193

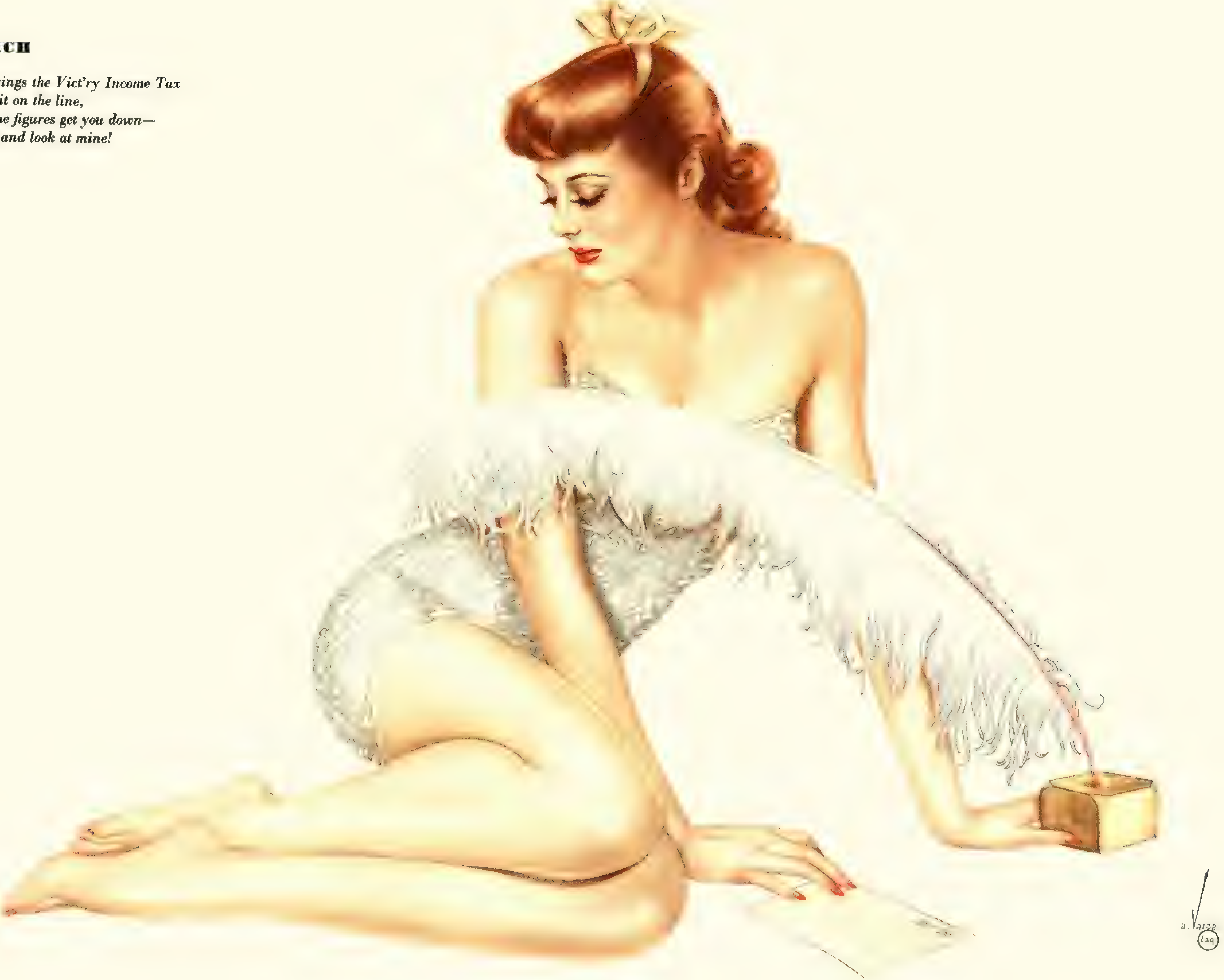
FEBRUARY

February makes me dream
Of Castles-in-the-air,
The Castles that we'll live in
When it's over over there!



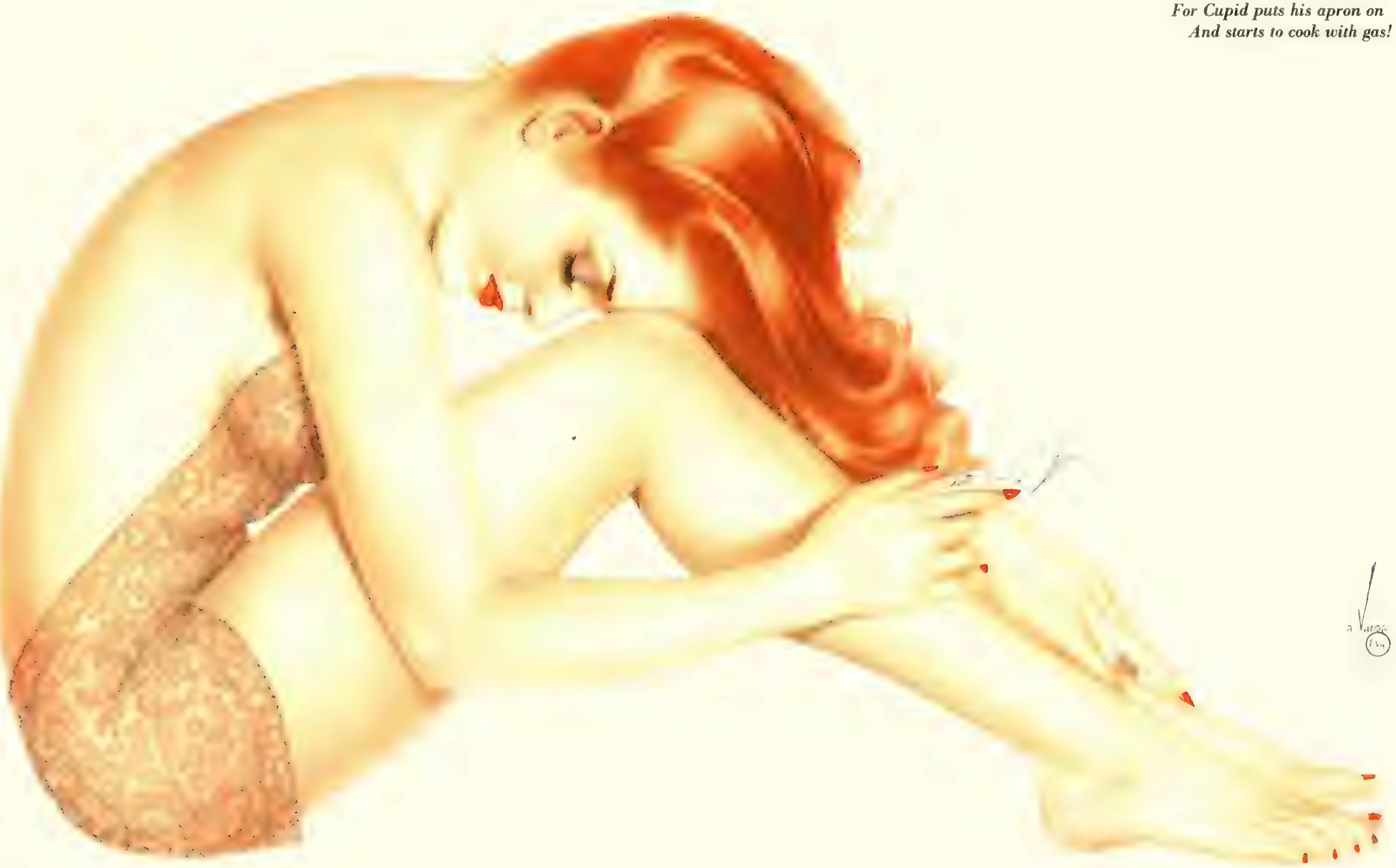
MARCH

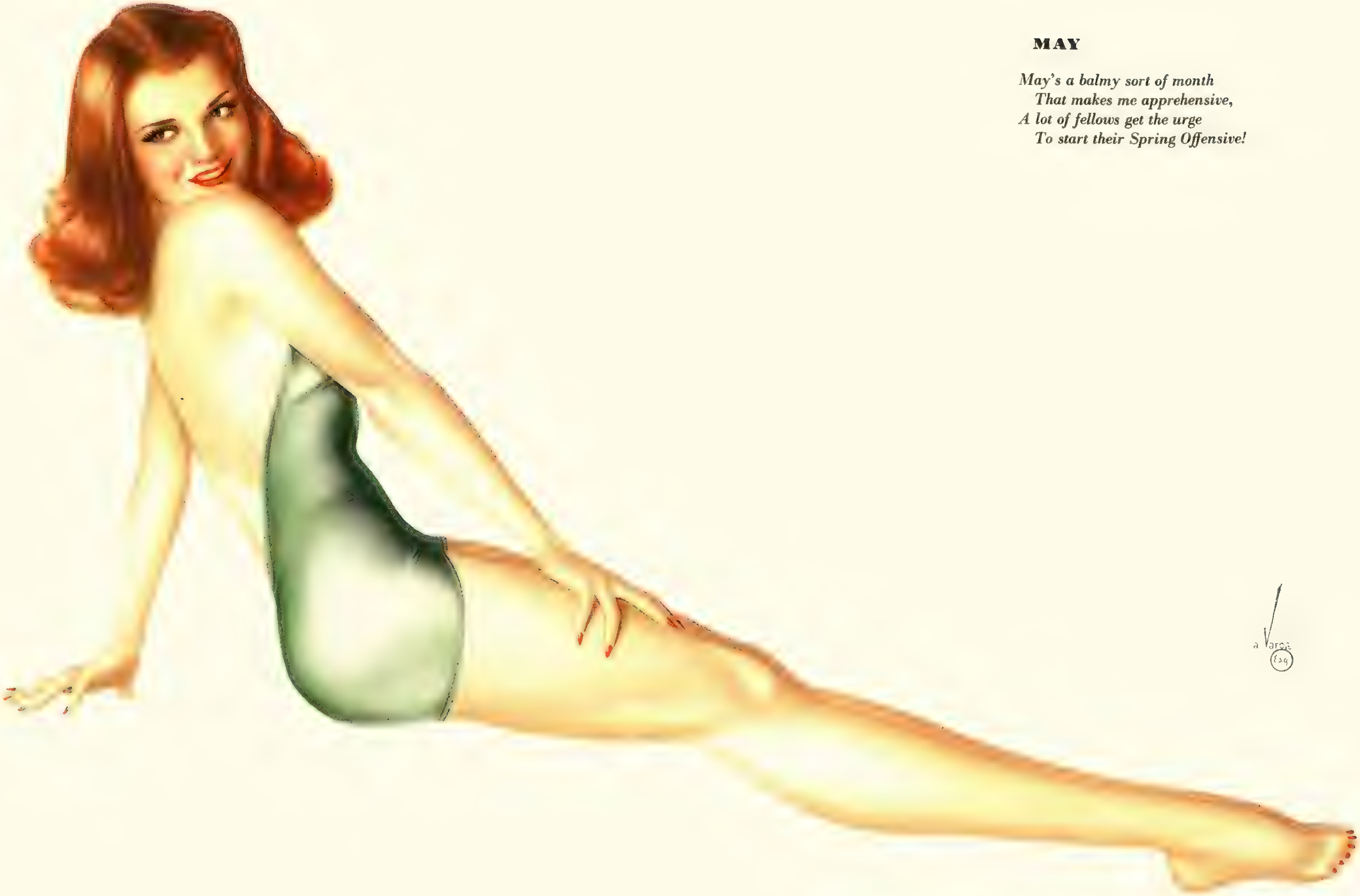
March brings the Vict'ry Income Tax
  So get it on the line,
In case the figures get you down—
  Relax, and look at mine!



APRIL

April is a thrilling month
To many a lovesick lass,
For Cupid puts his apron on
And starts to cook with gas!



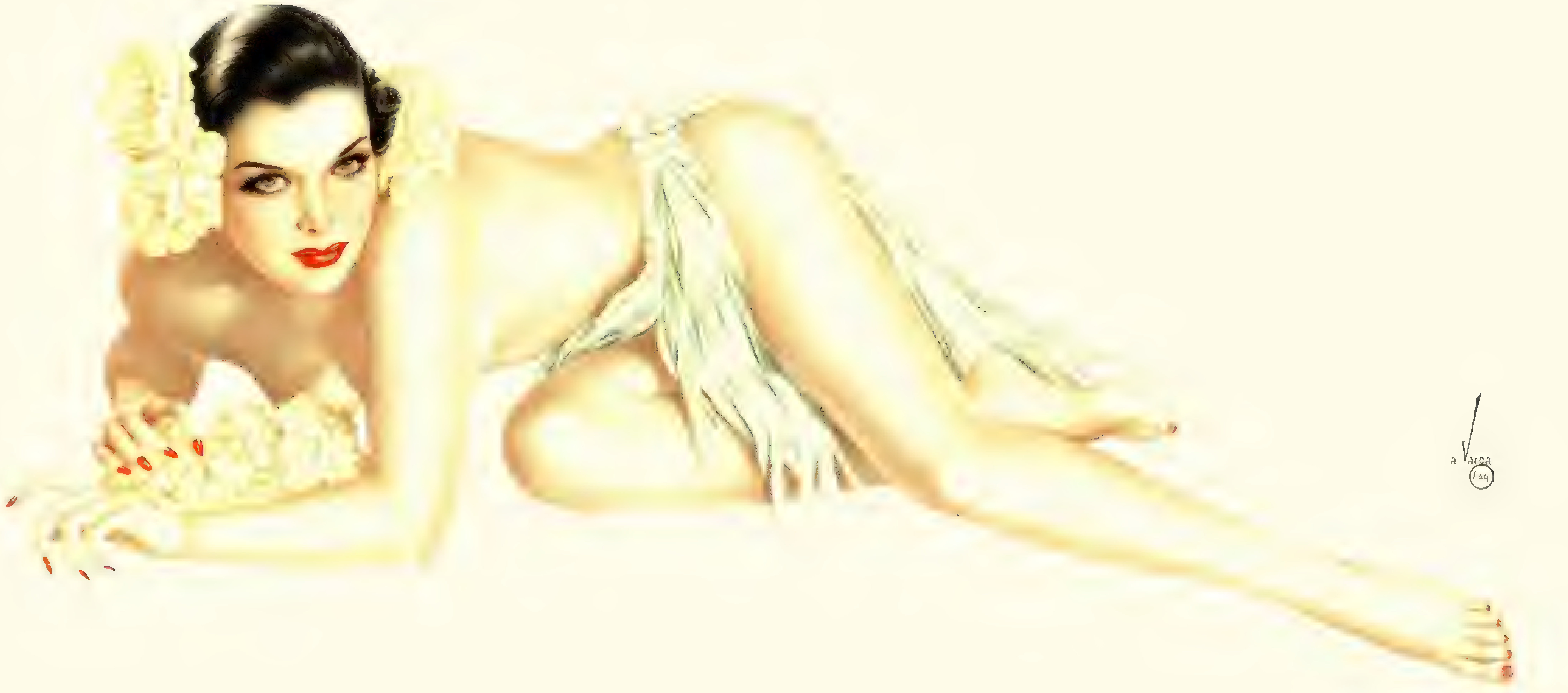


MAY

May's a balmy sort of month
That makes me apprehensive,
A lot of fellows get the urge
To start their Spring Offensive!

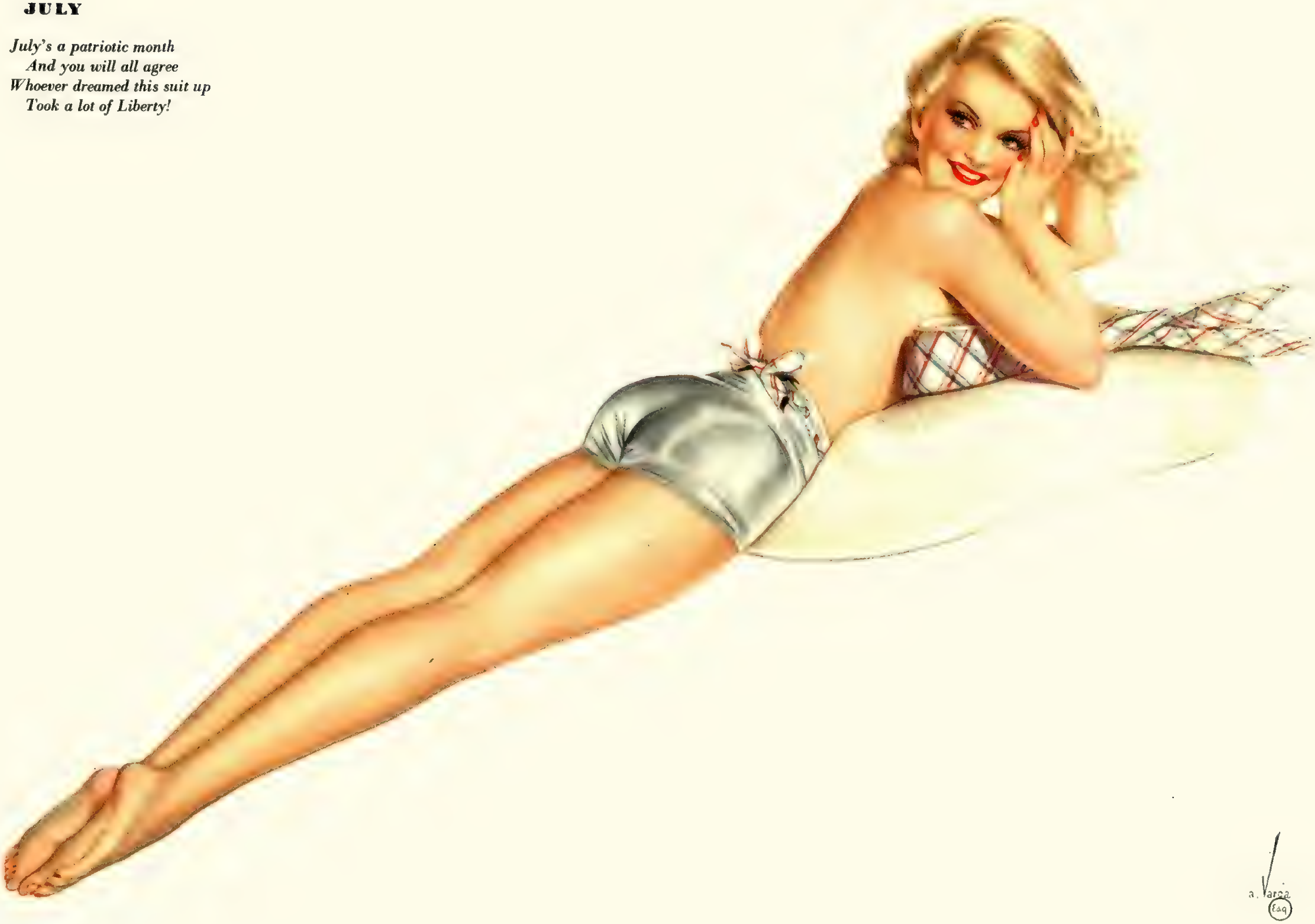
JUNE

This June I would have married
But an ocean stepped between,
I hope no sultry so-and-so
Has landed my Marine!



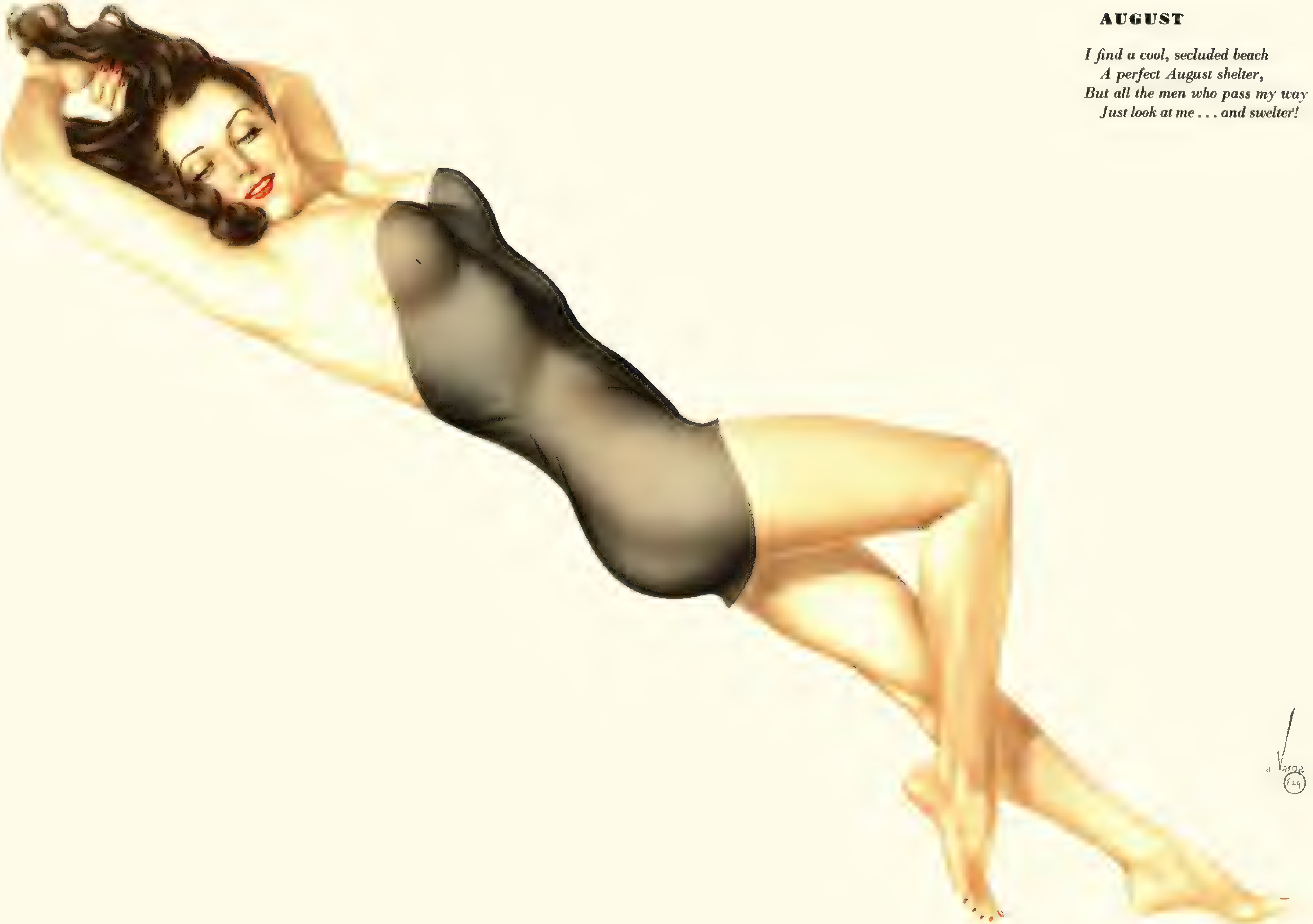
JULY

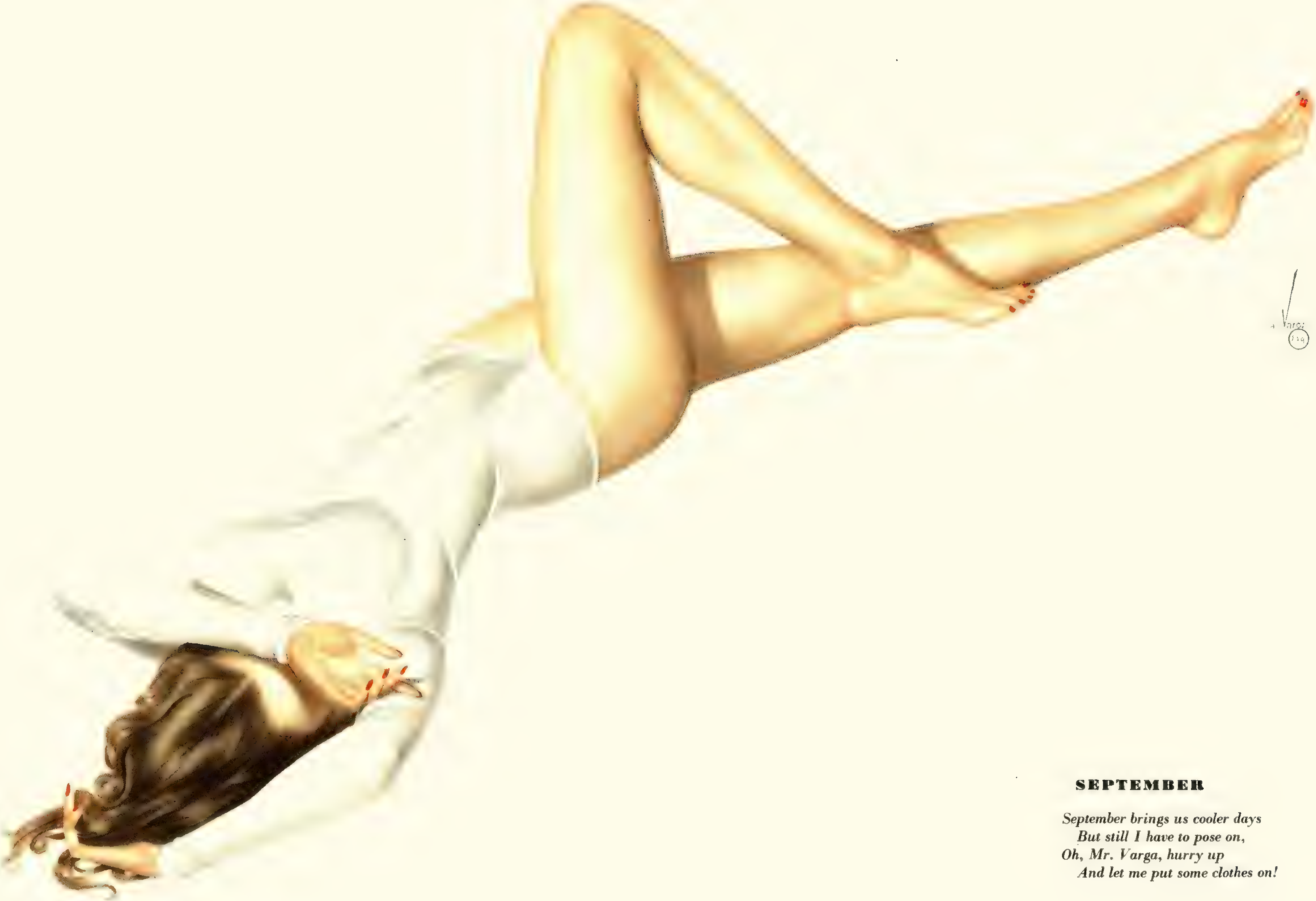
July's a patriotic month
And you will all agree
Whoever dreamed this suit up
Took a lot of Liberty!



AUGUST

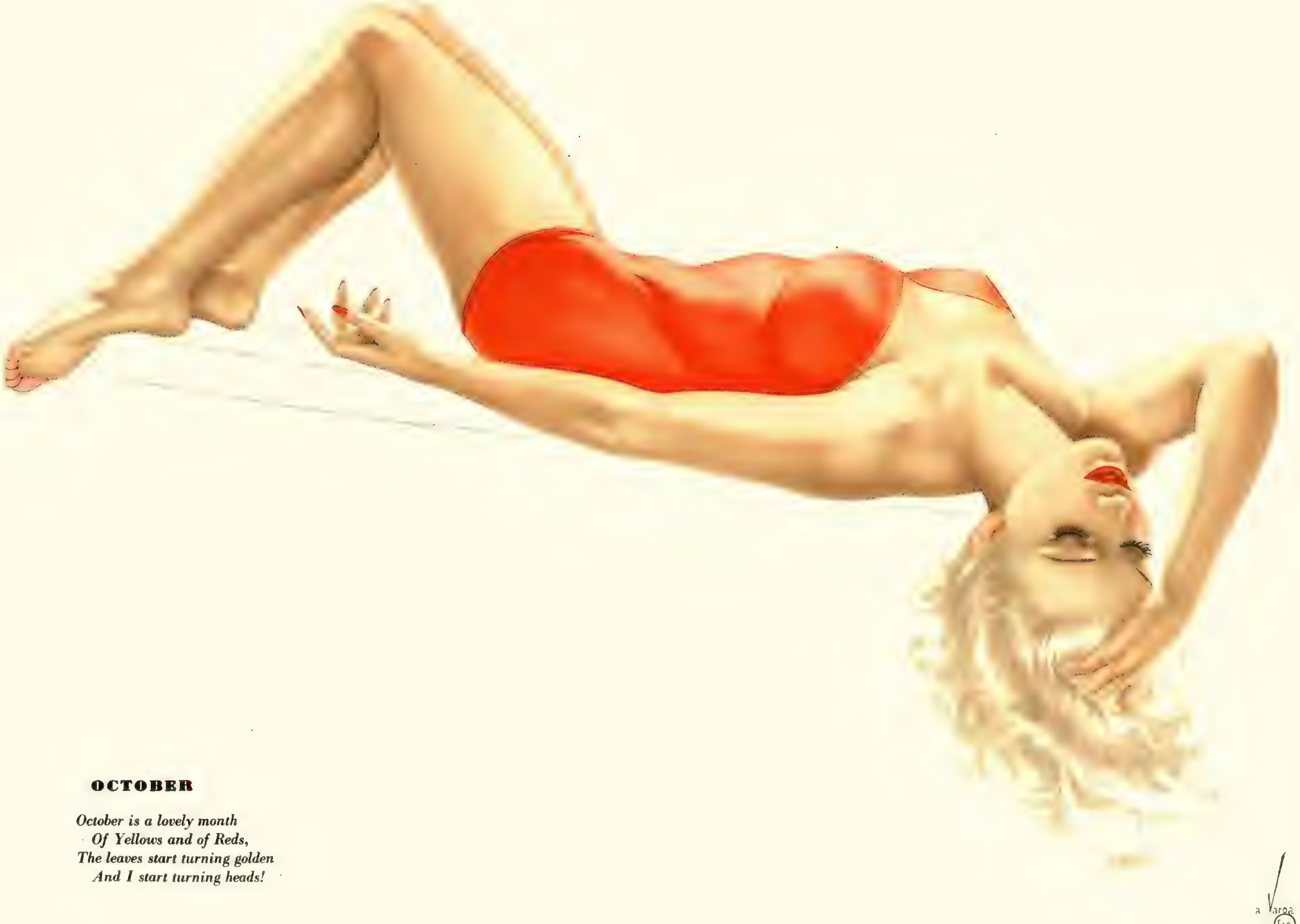
I find a cool, secluded beach
A perfect August shelter,
But all the men who pass my way
Just look at me . . . and swelter!





SEPTEMBER

September brings us cooler days
But still I have to pose on,
Oh, Mr. Varga, hurry up
And let me put some clothes on!

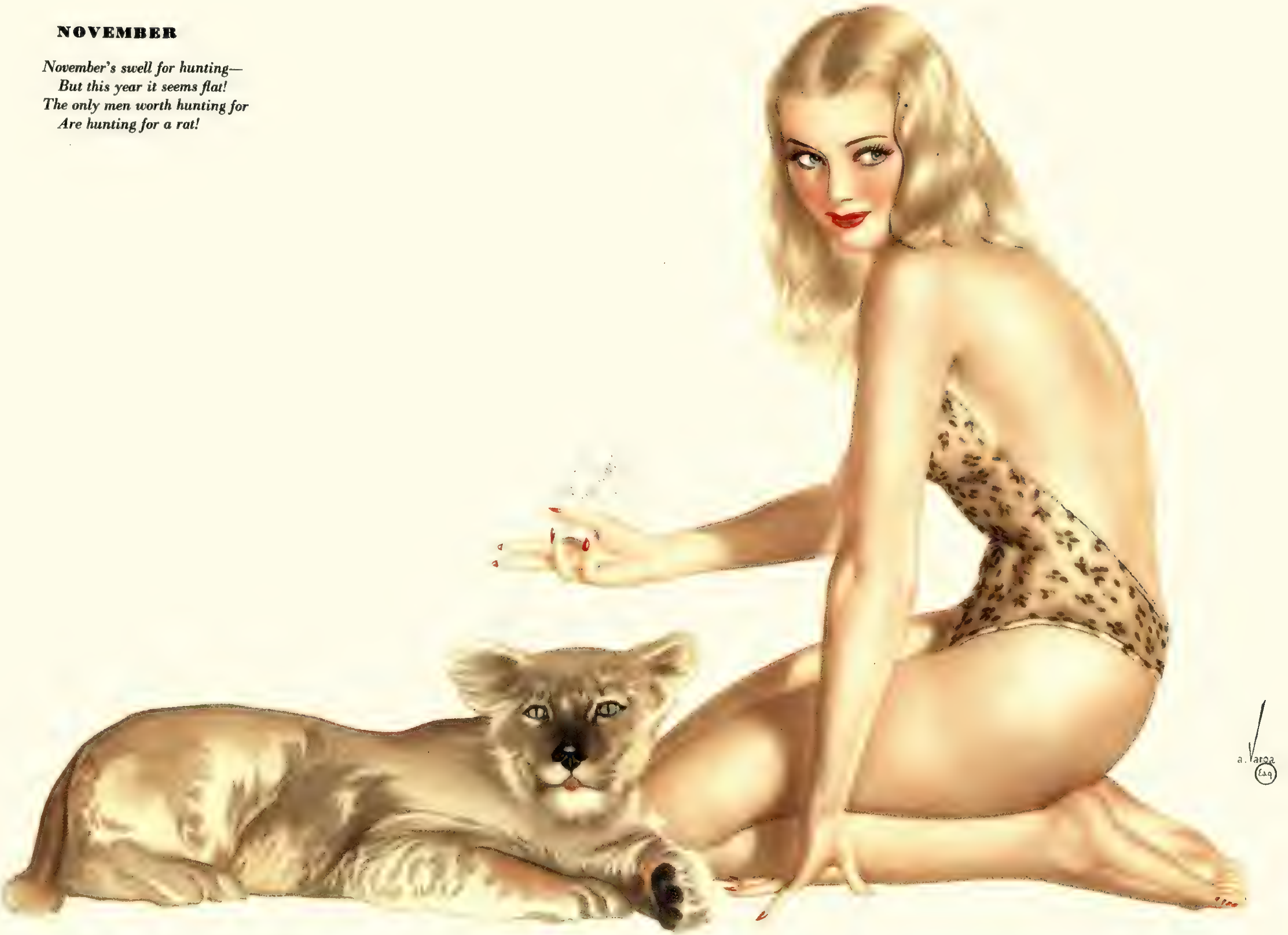


OCTOBER

October is a lovely month
Of Yellows and of Reds,
The leaves start turning golden
And I start turning heads!

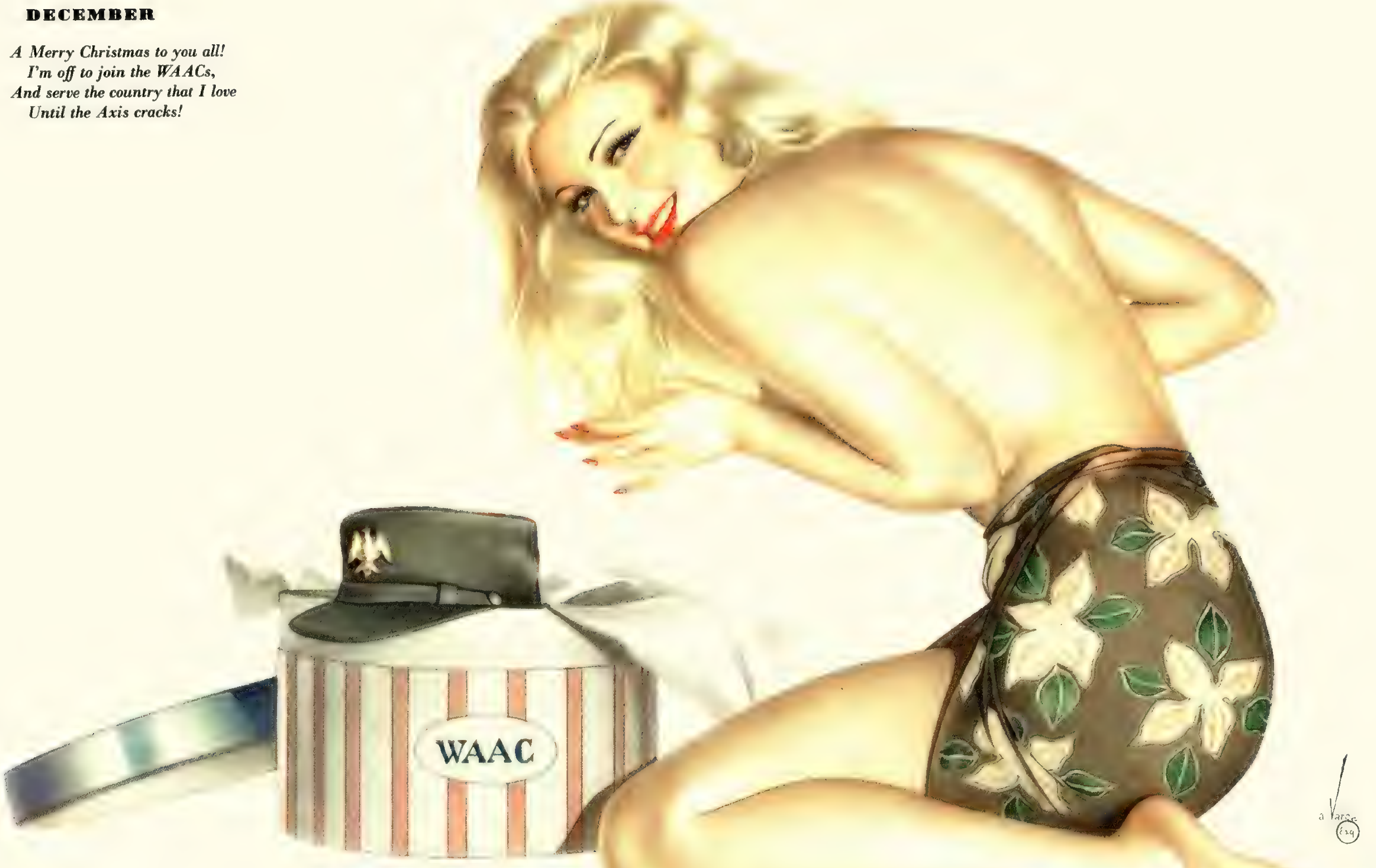
NOVEMBER

November's swell for hunting—
But this year it seems flat!
The only men worth hunting for
Are hunting for a rat!



DECEMBER

A Merry Christmas to you all!
I'm off to join the WAACs,
And serve the country that I love
Until the Axis cracks!



31 Lessons for Brass Hats and Bureaucrats

from THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY

by WILLIAM B. ZIFF

A compilation of modern military precepts and axioms of airpower, developed from the experiences of the war to date, that are excerpted from *The Coming Battle of Germany* and should be, like that book itself, required reading for every adult American, with certain portions worthy of memorization by the military and civilian leaders of the United Nations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the following pages we present what might be termed a distillate, rather than a straight condensation, of the famous best-seller by William B. Ziff,* The Coming Battle of Germany, *published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. Whether or not you have read the book itself, we feel that you may read and ponder, with many a pause for reflection, the lessons that are listed on the pages that follow. For in them we have carefully culled, out of their context in* The Coming Battle of Germany, *all the aero-strategic judgments, based on the actual experiences of World War II to date, that go to make up a short but complete Manual of Air Power. As such, we feel that the pages that follow represent the most important part of the most important book to come out of the war to date. We feel that it is worth reading and rereading, again and again, by expert and layman alike. And yet we do not for one moment pretend or suggest that a reading of the following pages excuses anybody from reading* The Coming Battle of Germany *in its original book form, and in its entirety. That is why, before we venture to present our own compilation of the book's basic dicta, we first refer you to the following passages from the introduction to the book itself, as offering the most cogent and convincing credentials for the book's prime-priority claim on your reading time.*

INTRODUCTION

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM E. GILLMORE
U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS (Retired)

WILLIAM B. ZIFF, noted civilian authority on aviation, has at last put down for the permanent and public record the things he has been telling the experts, both military and civilian, during all these extraordinary and world-shaking months of World War II. None of the experts will agree one hundred per cent with what Ziff has to say; but at the same time I doubt that any reader, expert or layman, Army, Navy or Marine officer or average reader of the daily headlines, will be able to put this book aside once he starts reading it. It is dynamite, and by that I mean that it is dynamite of the kind that is needed to win this war.

This book projects on a clear-cut screen a picture of the entire new strategy of inter-continental air attack. It is done with solid fact and logic. Seversky, in his *Victory Through Air Power*, posted one theory and part of the doctrine, but this book fills in the blanks. Ziff backs up his statements with an apparently incontrovertible marshaling of "reasons why" and then the "how's" in complete detail.

The "reasons why" are sober, gloomy, almost terrifying. The author shows how we can lose the war not at some future date but *now* by not taking the proper strategic steps and by not utilizing swiftly and correctly the means we already have on hand.

Of late there has scarcely been a day when the sense of Ziff's argument has not been underwritten by bombs dropped by American flyers over Midway, the Aleutians, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, the Arefura Sea, the Timor Sea, the Coral Sea, and scores of other places around the globe.

Whatever criticism may be launched at this volume, it is nevertheless one of the most vitally important books ever published in wartime. It makes notably clear the fact that it is not simply production or "weight" of production that will win this war, but a carefully calculated strategy based on our technical resources and geographical position.

If the warning note in Ziff's pages is not heeded, there is a considerable chance that we will be talking about *the coming battle of America* rather than the coming battle of Germany, and Ziff knowing this as well as any man can know it, does not soften his words in his attempt to wake up other Americans.

As any careful reader of the book will soon realize, the various elements auxiliary to our broad strategy are numerous and important. The problems of communication, of transportation, of unifying the command of sea and land and air forces, of organizing production, of providing leadership and sustaining morale, are all dealt with fully and with the kind of stark, compelling, hard-headed realism that distinguishes the book's main thesis. I hope that as many Americans will read this book as read, let us say, their local newspaper. If that were to happen, then it seems to me that Ziff would have made a contribution of incalculable importance to our victory.

This book should be read by all members of the Congress. It should help save enormous expenditure of precious American blood and many years of harrowing conflict.

I Waiting for an accumulation of strength can only end in the deterioration of our war effort and our eventual defeat.

We must learn to utilize the matériel, troops, and equipment at our disposal *now* in a continuing, hard-hitting offensive. It is unsound to believe that we can take our time, fighting a delaying action and slowly retreating over the globe while we translate our huge industrial potential into an immense, suffocating force which can win by sheer weight of numbers alone. Much of our wartime production, engines, tanks, and airplanes, is already obsolescent in terms of today's operations. In terms of tomorrow's tasks it will be obsolete. If we are to have the tremendous output of weapons we now contemplate, the loss of the aging equipment now at our disposal should not be disturbing.

II We must recognize that the only agencies capable of having any direct effect upon the outcome of this struggle are the Army, Navy, and Air Force. The intrusion of political officials and civilian bureaus can only affect the conduct of the war adversely, and, to the degree that it exists, directly handicap the activities of the Armed Forces.

We should have a unification of all fighting elements, Army, Navy, and Air Force, under the sole command of some great powerful strategist and tactician, who in turn will be accountable only to the President and the Congress of the United States.

An indisputable unity of command should also exist in reference to the forces of the twenty-eight United Nations. The armed strength and economic power of all should be welded together under a single leadership. The commission form of operation is useless. It fixes neither responsibility nor authority, and is deadly to initiative and enterprise.

III We must recognize in their full degree the enormous changes which have been brought about in the science of war by modern industry and invention. The full lethal quality of these new weapons must be given the whole importance due them, irrespective of how much hell this raises with classical notions of strategy and tactics. Organization and strategy outmoded by events of the past three years should be discarded, together with the leaders who insist on adhering to them. New leaders who understand the processes of total war as they relate to a high-powered industrial civilization, and gifted with the imagination to create new techniques out of these giant potentialities, should be put in their places.

Foremost among these latter-day instruments is air power. Whatever the cost, we must seize and hold command of the air, with special reference to the heaviest bombers it is possible for our aeronautical engineers to build. With these terrible instruments of death in our possession, the full force of the attack should be directed at the very heart of our principal enemies. We should understand that any action which takes place on non-German or non-Japanese territory is indecisive and remains in every real sense of the definition a defensive action. It still leaves intact the mainsprings of the enemy's power and the whole complex of his organized industrial and military strength. *No true offensive action can take place anywhere except directly upon or over the territory of our chief enemy, Germany, or our secondary enemy, Japan.* Our first priority mission is to destroy the Third Reich by a vertical investment of her cities while she is still securely locked in a death struggle on the Russian prairies. Our second is to proceed overland to the shores of the Yellow Sea, rolling up the flanks of the Japanese and then annihilating their islands.

IV What cannot be attained by an attack in force should be secured by splitting the enemy's morale, by rotting his strength from the inside, systematically sapping his belief in his leaders and the power of his arms, promoting fear, hysteria, bewilderment, and revolution. This great new adjunct to our armed bodies, *psychological warfare*, should be given its proper place in the task force we are creating and should be considered as one of the primary elements in our offensive strength.

V We should determine first and last, with unshakeable resolution, never to leave off until we have achieved the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan.

Our resolution, strength, and powers will finally be put to the acid test in one of two struggles—the coming Battle of America or the coming Battle of Germany. Either would be the crucial battle of 5000 years of written history.

If we fight the Battle of Germany now, the Battle of America will never be.

Continued on next page

31 Lessons for Brass Hats and Bureaucrats

Congressmen should memorize Lessons I, II, III, V, 6, 7, 8, 18, 21, 25, 26
Army men should memorize Lessons I, III, IV, 5, 10, 11, 20, 25
Navy men should memorize Lessons I, III, IV, 15, 16, 17, 19, 25

Until the advent of World War II the science of war had changed but little. It was essentially a tussle between individual people armed with individual guns, massed together to obtain the greatest possible firepower. Where only armed masses counted in the past, a new factor has now been introduced: the masses are today not in the front lines, but in the industrial machines behind the lines. For purposes of concentrated attack the mechanical monster has taken the place of massed bayonets and cumulatively gained firepower.

A single airplane can do a better reconnaissance job in fifteen minutes than all of Stonewall Jackson's cavalry in a day of reconnoitering. A single .50 caliber machine gun will pump bullets at the rate of 600 per minute, capable of penetrating five-eighths of an inch of armor plate at 500 yards distance and can literally out-gun an entire battalion of Civil War vintage. Philippe Barrès describes the conversation he had with his superior officer at military headquarters in mid-May 1940, who lamented: "The entire French army has been disrupted by 5000 enemy tanks and 2000 airplanes to such a point where we are in no position to launch a serious counter-offensive. These German tanks and planes are led and manned by roughly 100,000 troops and opposed to them we have 5,000,000 practically helpless Frenchmen. . . ."

It is not necessary to claw an opponent apart piecemeal, as in the days of the saber-toothed tiger. If you can strike at his key industrial centers or principal transport and communication systems in sufficient force, your opponent will be mortally wounded. Today a little pellet no bigger than the end of your finger will bring down the biggest animal in the world if you can draw a bead on him and hit him in the right place.

Out of this war is emerging the fact that no nation may seal in its vitals by a wall of protection. The "rear" has virtually ceased to exist and the "front" is wherever an attacking airplane is. Two-dimensional warfare has receded before a new development—that of cubic warfare.

The airplane has already become the principal instrument of battle, of defense as well as attack. It is the single weapon by which control over vast reaches may be established and maintained. While all other instruments of war have more or less reached their peak in efficiency, the airplane is in the very beginning of its development. Under conditions such as those which face the United States today, it is the sole instrument of power, the only instrument that can have any major effect in any decisive theater of operations.

The British, who have been fighting piecemeal land battles all over the world, have taken a disastrous beating wherever they have attempted a land operation in force. Whether this was in Norway, Singapore, or Greece, they always found themselves in an identical position, outmaneuvered, outgunned, outnumbered, and always without the one element absolutely essential for success—adequate protection in the skies.

The mere possession of numbers is not in itself decisive. Numbers may be of themselves inert and passive, presenting the need for a qualitative as well as a quantitative measure. The legions of Darius lost to the Greeks, the Chinese to the Mongols; Russia, with a tremendous army, fought three wars with smaller nations, Japan, Germany and Poland, and lost each one.

Magnificent assaults by smaller forces, as that at Xeres where 12,000 Mohammedans under General Tarik seized Southern Spain by defeating an opposing Christian army of 80,000, depend on ferocity, determination, organization, and mobility. They invariably involve a dynamic force which strikes a stagnant and decaying mass.

The United Nations have entertained all sorts of useless propositions in relation to this war, all of them based on wish-fulfillment and adherence to ideas which run counter to the realities. One of these was the blockade which was not only a failure, but is now rapidly evolving into a counter-blockade, depriving us of essential materials desperately needed for our own war effort. We find ourselves critically short of silk, rubber, and tin. There are serious shortages in aluminum, magnesium, chromium, copper, tungsten, and zinc. We will require some twice as much toluene (basic element in TNT) if our big bombs are to depend on the latter product. Our supplies of nickel, of iron and steel scrap, and chlorine are wholly inadequate. The Japanese conquest cut us off from the great bulk sources of cod liver oil, of which the U. S. A. consumes some 7,000,000 gallons annually, and from practically all of our quinine and rubber.

The fact which must be faced is that we are rapidly becoming a have-not nation. This is one of the factors which must determine our military policy, which will force us to channel our energies in precision planning, in a type of strategy which exacts the utmost advantage from our peculiar geographical position as well as from our remarkable industrial talents and facilities.

Secretary Stimson expressed the national mood when he stated that "we shall seize every opportunity for attack and utilize every opportunity for surprise . . . to do otherwise would be the surest road for defeat." This makes sense. The only thing that doesn't make sense is the means we are utilizing to achieve this end. These consist for the most part of small expeditionary forces which have been dribbling out to all portions of the globe, to Australia, to Eritrea, to Britain, and India. They represent a frittering away of our national resources, no matter how large our army might be. This is made clear by the single fact that Great Britain, which has consistently lost land battles all over the globe, has under arms, including expeditionary forces, troops at home, and various garrisons scattered everywhere, the stupendous figure of 5,336,943 men. This giant force has been weakened if not thoroughly immobilized by the inherent weakness of the geographical position it occupies, widely scattered, defense and garrison minded, and always compelled to operate on wide exterior lines. Thus automatically it is in the continual process of parrying blows, never being in a physical position to risk all in a great furious campaign which could be decisive.

It may not be assumed for a moment that there is some magic in the word *offense* which precludes the possibility of defeat. The great advantage of an offensive is that it allows the attacker to name the time, the place, and the conditions under which the battle is to be fought. But it does not alter any of the basic axioms of generalship. The assailant must still bring to bear overwhelming power at the point of attack. He must be prepared to follow his advantage through with undiminished strength, and all the physical ponderables of the situation should favor his side, whether by virtue of organization and quality or naked brute power. It required only a single miscalculation to throw the legions of Napoleon back from Moscow in utter rout, or fling the Italian Bersaglieri from Greek Epirus in headlong retreat. History is half compounded of offensives which failed, and the record is still far from complete.

Whatever lessons we are to learn from the easy victories of the German *Wehrmacht* should be gained by cautious examination and analogy, rather than by slavish imitation. Much of it will be found not to apply to our own particular tactical situation at all.

The amazing success which attended these lightning German maneuvers has given us an entirely false conception of the conditions which produced them and made them so extravagantly effective. If we seek to build an army modeled directly upon the German experience in Europe we will be building one which can have no conceivable relationship to any strategy open to us. This, and not the example of stupendous German successes on the Continent, is the lesson we must learn from two and a half years of bitterly waged blitz war.

Without absolute air control over the area of attack the entire tank assault collapses. If the defending artillery remains intact, neither panzers nor motor-borne infantry can approach. It was the dive-bomber which removed the panzer's neck from the chopping-block and gave it the "occupying power" which allowed it to move on far ahead of the supporting foot-soldiers. Yet today the dive-bomber itself may be through as a type since it is subject to heavy fire from ground weapons, the only airplane, in fact, which is really vulnerable to ground attack. The British at Dunkerque discovered that if they stood their ground the dive-bomber was a perfect target, whereas opposing soldiers had previously been unnerved by the deadly screeching and ferocious power-dives of these craft.

The Lesson of the Russian Campaign

The progress of the campaign in Russia makes a revision of all blitz war concepts necessary. Although the war still remains one of infiltration, the front as a continuous line has disappeared. It has become, instead, a mobile and elastic belt of territory involving not lines but zones. Its original principles were evolved by Chiang Kai-shek long before they were known in Russia, as a protection against Japanese tanks, artillery, and airplanes. The Chinese employment of this so-called defense in depth is to use belts up to thirty miles wide full of barricades, barbed wire, machine-gun emplacements and other available types of obstacles. Layered in front of and within these barricades are riflemen who are the front area of defense. Far in the rear is such artillery as the defender possesses.

The Russian defense in depth is much more elaborate due to the availability of greater resources, but it is designed on identical principles. It consists of an outpost zone held by a small mobile detachment, then a sector fortified with anti-tank mines, at the back of which are various belts of steel and concrete barriers.

These various layers, together with ditches and methodically scattered fortresses, give way finally to the mass of counter-attack troops which lurks behind.

The effect of the wild shrieking *Stuka* was largely lost on the Russians who were not frightened by this hellish apparition. The Muscovites learned to use their own limited aviation in massed waves or in the sense of true air power, only incidentally tied to the ground formations, strafing and bombing the invader's troops, supply lines, and depots. Here, too, was something quite different from the bewildered textualism which had frozen the operations of the Allied high command in the West. Blitzkrieg under these conditions is robbed of most of the surprise element on which it depends and its precipitate speed deteriorates rapidly into exhaustion.

The Lesson of Dunkerque

13 At Dunkerque, the British acted with intelligence and decision. They essayed the bold maneuver of evacuation, although its successful completion seemed impossible. The story of the many small boats of all types which raced through the French harbor to rescue the English Army is well known, but what is not thoroughly realized is the fact that the British threw into this operation the whole of what remained of their admirable air force. The success of this entire operation was due to the British fighter planes which, against enormous odds, kept command over the air at Dunkerque and the Channel.

The German air corps, under Grauvert and von Richthofen, swarmed in to sweep the roads of approach, the beaches, and the harbor waters with killing fire. British tactics were compelled to rest on interception. At any and all costs complete mastery of the air had to be established over the points of embarkation and the Channel waters.

The Nazi planes found themselves powerless to break through this wall of interception which British steel and courage erected. During a single 36-hour period 121 German planes were brought down by the completely outnumbered British fighters. During the nine days of the evacuation the British shot down 377 Nazi craft and lost only 87.

Had the German General Staff read correctly the meaning of this local struggle, they could have taken warning. It would have been clear that flushed with success as it was and despite its quantitative superiority, the *Luftwaffe* was totally unequal to the task of reducing Britain itself. In speed, firepower, maneuverability, and in the individual training of fighter pilots, the English were infinitely superior to anything the Germans had in the air. Hereafter, too, the Germans would have to attack from continental bases, drastically cutting down their already short range and staying power.

Dunkerque proved conclusively that even an army hopelessly beaten in the field, disorganized and without adequate weapons, can be rescued if it can maintain local superiority in the air long enough to bring the operation off. Gazing with strange prescience into the crystal ball of fate, Winston Churchill observed: "There was a victory inside this deliverance which should be noted. It was gained by the Royal Air Force."

Lessons of the Battle of Britain

14 As a phenomenon, the Battle of Britain is comparable to the stand by the little band of Greeks at Thermopylae against the huge waves of invading Persians. On the British side this battle will rank with any in Crécy's list for its decisive effect on the course of history.

On August 8, 1940, the Germans began their assault, commencing with a series of air attacks on coastwise shipping, ports, and airdromes. Secure in their knowledge of tremendous numerical and, they believed, tactical superiority, Goering and Milch sent over great mass formations of bombers. These were escorted by echelons of single and twin engine fighters, Junkers 87's and 88's, Heinkel 111's, and Dornier 17's. Their object was to destroy British fighter craft on the ground, render air bases useless, and clean all hostile shipping out of the Channel—largely a duplication of the measures so successful on the Continent. Ports and communications could then be destroyed without opposition, the military forces of the British paralyzed, and the German armored divisions placed in a position to operate undisturbed. They sought a swift decision which would end the war in one more great sweep of the German broom.

Facing this invading host was a group of perhaps 1000 British fighters, mostly single-seater Spitfires powered by Rolls-Royce-Merlin engines, and the somewhat slower Hawker-Hurricanes.

Both types were faster and more maneuverable than any of the German models brought up against them. The backbone of the British fighter command was the Spitfire, which de Seversky called "the most effective single-engine fighter in the world." Both Spitfire and Hurricane possessed eight .303 Browning machine guns installed in the wings, with vulnerable spots well armored. The importance of this single fact in combat may be judged from Sir Archibald Sinclair's remark that "the decision to adopt the eight-gun fighter like the Hurricane and the Spitfire, may well rank as one of the great decisions in the history of the war."

The German fighter planes on the other hand, for all their boasted superiority, were the products of mass output, a fatal flaw in a fluid situation where swiftly-evolving technical improvements could give qualitative supremacy almost overnight. "The Germans got ready for war so early," says Narracott, "that by the time it came, many of their aircraft were obsolescent and some even obsolete." These had been the last word in perfection at the time of the Spanish Civil War, but in the competitive, fast-changing conditions of actual combat their palmy days were over.

The best German types were at least fifty miles slower than the British and were not nearly as maneuverable or well armored. More serious still, their firepower was both limited and fixed, developing blind spots of which opposing craft were quick to take advantage.

The same relative differences of superiority applied to the bombers possessed by the two contestants. Due to the influence of General Ernst Udet, the German bombers did not carry heavy defensive armament and relied principally on fighter escorts plus speed. Their load capacity was usually not great due to limited range, and did not average more than one ton. In most instances their combat power was so poor that "they could meet an eight-gun assault from a British pursuit with only one gun, making a hopeless ratio of eight to one."

As a task force, the *Luftwaffe* proved itself utterly incapable of its mission. This weakness was the direct product of its earlier success on the Continent. Though it was a separate arm co-equal with the German Army and Navy, it possessed none of the qualities of separation—of independently conceived strategy and consequent organization. It was primarily a co-operative force designed to facilitate the operations of ground units. As long as it acted as a reconnaissance service or as a mobile air artillery, clearing the roads for the panzer divisions, it was strikingly successful. The compact power of the "fighter team" as a slugging, aggressive, land-gaining unit, hid from view the distinct limitations of German air strength, its deficiencies in armament, speed and range, armor and maneuverability—its lack of solidly trained personnel, and its inexperience in terms of independent operations.

The Royal Air Force on the other hand, though without any of the peculiar strength of an air force built to co-operate in a Stuka-panzer-artillery-infantry team, had none of its limitations either. Neither in its training,

Continued on next page

structure, nor equipment was it fettered by the minds of men who saw it useful only as an adjunct to a ground army.

Whether in an orderly formation or a free-for-all scuffle, they understood perfectly the whole philosophy of arms as it applied to the air. Even the silly effort at promoting revolution in Germany, attempted earlier in the war by the dropping of tons of leaflets, had had its bright side since it created the best group of night-flying pilots and navigators in existence, a knot of alert, competent hit-and-run hunters to which the Germans had nothing which could remotely compare.

The British never risked their entire air armada in pitched battle anywhere, resting mainly on interception and attacking the invader piecemeal. Every artifice to entice the limited British force into an all-out encounter somewhere, so as to destroy their bases, failed no matter what beating their cities took. The English simply would not rise to the bait. They could not be mangled on the ground since they had been at pains to scatter their planes in widely separated places—in fields, under hedges, and beneath haystacks.

The keynote to the whole British defense was flexibility plus co-ordinated action.

After a week of intensive struggle the Nazis found that they had lost almost 500 aircraft. In an additional two days some 245 aircraft more were added to the mounting toll. The British losses for this period were 153.

Rocked back by this unexpected resistance, the *Luftwaffe* halted to regroup itself and to take stock of its losses. It had learned that the familiar dive-bombing tactics practiced over France involved disastrous expenditures. The area of attack was extended to include cities and aircraft factories, as well as fields and bases. London became the chief objective in an effort at terrorizing it into submission. The German planes came hurtling into the assault in waves of between forty to eighty, equally divided between bombers and accompanying fighters. British Spitfires and Hurricanes were thrown into the fray to intercept them before they could reach the city. Dog fights took place all over Southern England.

The Germans attempted every type of arrangement and tactics cunning and rage could improvise. As many as five Messerschmitts sometimes accompanied a single bomber. They tried great night attacks and the use of converted Messerschmitts as fighter-bombers for daylight sorties, but the English defense remained impregnable.

The triumphant *Luftwaffe*, the pride of the German war machine, had been turned back. That great grinding juggernaut on wheels, the German *Wehrmacht*, which had smashed irresistibly through Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and France in nine weeks, was completely and effectually halted by a narrow body of water it could not bridge.

The Battle of Britain proved conclusively that even in its present stage of development air power alone can be a decisive factor in the affairs of nations. It gave rise to a situation which may be accepted as doctrinal—that vast armies equipped with great quantities of armored machines operating with strong air units as an invincible team, are only valuable where they face an opponent on a contiguous land surface, where his industries, cities, air fields, and railroad centers are open to attack and may be occupied. Wherever an unbridgeable body of water separates such a conqueror from his prey, the striking power of his military establishment becomes nullified. Possession of these enormous armies may even be an actual burden, limiting his freedom of action and approach. The opponent himself is impregnable to attack if he possesses a fighter force capable of coping with such enemy aircraft as may be thrown against him. The struggle then becomes one of air power alone, *which without the intervention of surface arms, is quite capable of deciding the conflict.*

This historic battle also gives rise to two other inferential conclusions:

One, that air power is used most economically not as a self-limited adjunct to some surface body, but as a completely self-contained apparatus possessing its own individuality of tactics, strategy, and structure. Not only unity of command but full representation at the very seat of political power is essential to its healthy development.

Two, that there is a limit to the energy, factory space, intelligence, and raw materials in any country, and that if an overwhelming proportion of these are drained off into equipping and maintaining other forces, it will be at the expense of the maturing air arm. It is obviously impossible for any nation to be as potent in all branches of military power as it would be if it concentrated all its efforts in the single avenue of approach where its advantage is the greatest. The conditions which force this conclusion are dominated by time, resources, and geography.

The Effect of the Airplane on Sea Power

15 Nothing inferred by the rise of air power alters the validity of Admiral Mahan's doctrines, which apply today more accurately than ever. It is still true that whoever controls the sea lanes will control the world—though there is a notable difference in technique. Previously this had been done by dominating the little fringes of land which bordered the oceans. Today it is only possible by controlling the air over the oceans themselves.

The day of the surface vessel as possessing the sole initiative of action on the seas is finished. This initiative is passing in rapid transition stages to patrolling and raiding aircraft.

Thus we see a picture of surface sea power rapidly transmuting itself into the air, like a caterpillar emerging into another stage of its existence.

The task of fighting ships is now largely restricted to convoying in waters safely beyond the range of shore-based airplanes. As the latter's radius of action develops, it is even conceivable that air power will drive sea power under water altogether, as a furtive and skulking adjunct to the aerial establishment.

If this should eventuate, as some aeronautical engineers are inclined to believe, the aircraft carrier,so essential in global operations today, would cease to have a function. It is vulnerable to attack by submarines and opposing aircraft. If military aviation is still evolving in a continuously lengthening radius of action, the sea-based air field will inevitably disappear as having outlived its usefulness.

However this may be in the future, the part played by the carrier at the moment is an important one. It completely commands its own areas of action. The situation may be more readily grasped in its real aspects when it is realized that the aircraft carrier has an artillery range of some 300 miles from its center. Thus it can shoot down surface opponents several hundred miles away, while these in turn can only attack what may be considered to be the carrier's expendable ammunition.

The Lesson of Norway

16 The first clear-cut test of strength between dominant surface power and the blustering ships of the air, in which the challenge was thrown and the issue settled once and for all, occurred in the Battle of Norway.

At no time during this struggle was the British Navy able to fulfill its traditional mission by cutting the supply lines of the enemy and isolating his task forces. It could not prevent the hauling of materials and men across the sky-guarded waters of the Kattegat and Skagerrak. Neither was it able to protect the landing of its own troops despite the fact that the harbors were practically unfortified, the native population friendly, and the German invaders scattered in pockets over a wide area.

At Norway it was demonstrated that battleships no longer could land men on a hostile shore unless they were able to achieve absolute control of the skies over the point of entry. It was shown, also, that sea-based aviation is not capable of competing with the heavier, faster, and more numerous craft of a competent land-based adversary.

The Preview of Pearl Harbor

17 The rising authority of the airplane as possessor of the capacities for initiative and surprise was brought out at the Battle of Taranto.

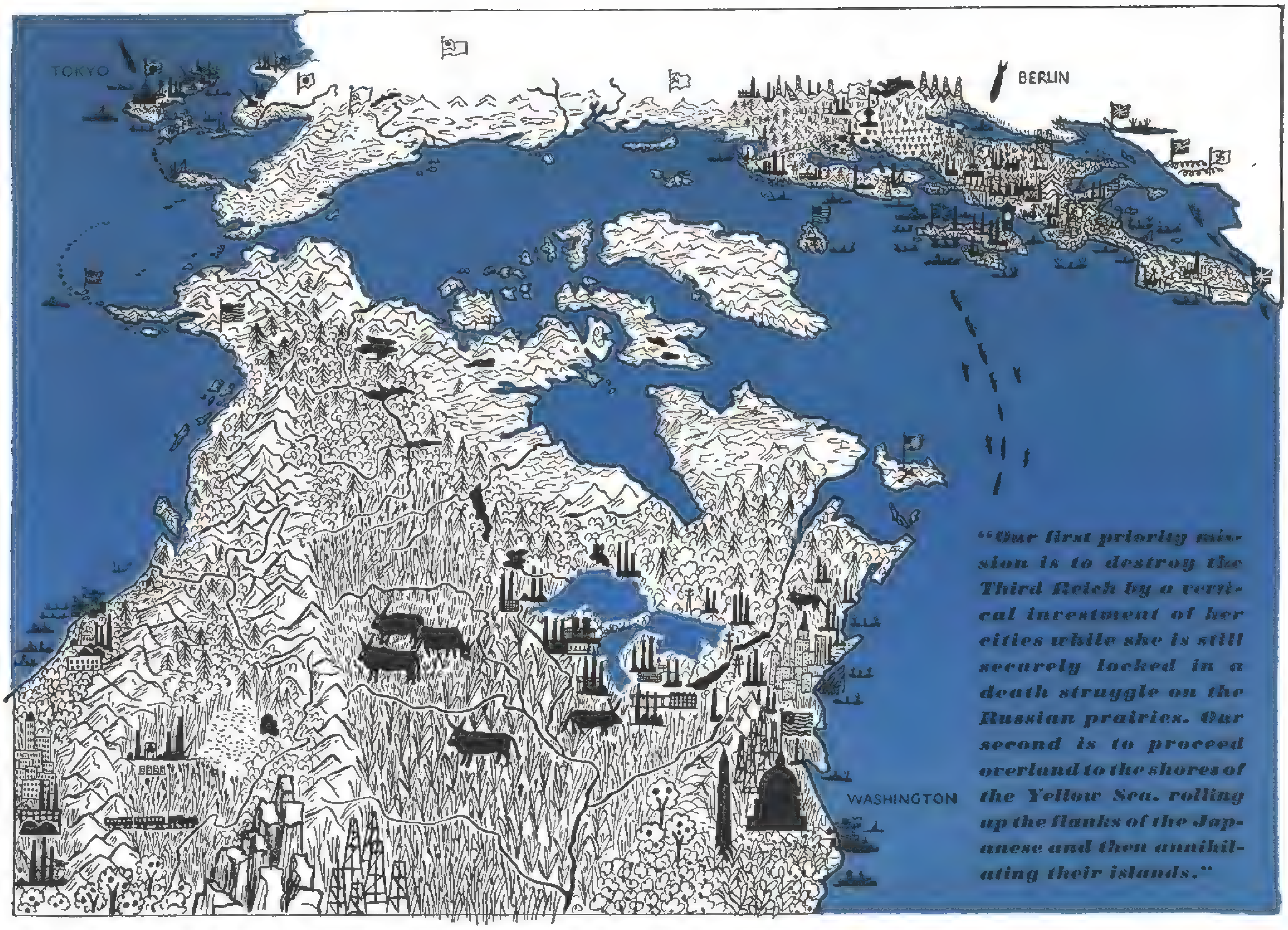
This engagement which took place at the toe of Italy on November 13, 1940, is noteworthy not only because it marked a complete victory by aircraft over sea power, but because the planes used were relatively obsolete Fairey Swordfish, a type which does no more than 160 miles an hour. These ancient craft, taking off from British carriers, succeeded in sinking a 35,000-ton Italian battleship, a capital ship of smaller tonnage, two cruisers, two fleet auxiliaries, and some other vessels. All this was accomplished with the loss of only two airplanes, despite the fact that the harbor was protected by the most modern ground defenses to be had.

A study of this exploit should have prepared us for such a surprise assault as that which took place at Pearl Harbor. Granting the element of surprise, any type of torpedo or bomb carrier, obsolescent or not, can sink any ship afloat. The weakness of these airplanes is against other and superior airplanes—not against battleships and cruisers.

The Secret of Initial Jap Success

18 The noteworthy factor involved in the disaster at Pearl Harbor was not the Japanese success—that was, under the circumstances, inevitable. Nor was it the treachery of the Japanese—the possibility of such an occurrence has been distinctly in the military mind for a long time. (According to Pearson and Allen [*Washington Merry-Go-Round*, February 28, 1942] Lieut. General Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, told officials of the Insular Affairs Bureau back in 1939 that if he were an enemy he would like the assignment of bombing Pearl Harbor. He pointed out that the navy was huddled close in the harbor, and the harbor's mouth was narrow making it difficult to get out, and that it was a perfect target for an air attack.) The fact of striking importance which emerges is that for the first time naval power deliberately was used as auxiliary to air power. The United Nations were totally unprepared for this occurrence and for the events which followed it. They seemed to be completely unaware that a new instrument of power had been introduced, and were not in a position anywhere in the Pacific to undertake an effective defense.

Observers are unanimous in the opinion that a few hundred Wellingtons or B-17's with a hauberk of modern pursuit ships used in time would have stopped the Japanese cold in their tracks. One of the basic elements which differentiates the strategy of air attack



"Our first priority mission is to destroy the Third Reich by a vertical investment of her cities while she is still securely locked in a death struggle on the Russian prairies. Our second is to proceed overland to the shores of the Yellow Sea, rolling up the flanks of the Japanese and then annihilating their islands."

from that of the older military institutions is that in the case of the former the time and space elements are of infinitely greater importance. Fifty planes used at the moment of stress are worth 1000 brought up later when the enemy has had a chance to entrench himself, erect his bases and establish his lines of supply.

Lieutenant Governor Van Mook of the Dutch East Indies declared that 200 airplanes would have made Java invincible. Admiral Fiske wrote that fifty torpedo planes for attack upon Japanese troopships and fifty pursuits to deal with their air units might have prevented Japanese landings in the Philippines. American and British experts in Malaya were unanimous in the belief that a few squadrons of modern bombing and fighting planes would have spelled the difference between victory and defeat, preventing completely the subsequent Japanese southward movement. According to Lieutenant General George Brett, American flyers in Java took out our few big bombers daily, not knowing whether any landing field would be left when they returned to their base.

All this was the result of a curious military blind-spot, of an insistent inertia, and a smug lack of accommodation to a new circumstance whose coming had been heralded with a blare of trumpets over two years of bitter war.

In Manila the clear-sighted MacArthur was vainly demanding airplanes. He had read the auguries of the times and was ill at ease. In Hawaii the heads of the military and naval establishments, secure in the great power of American might, patiently awaited the political decisions by which their actions were regulated. The Dutch East Indies, acutely aware of the nature of the terrible danger which was impending, were sending missions to Washington and, like MacArthur, begging for airplanes.

In England the warnings of the R.A.F. leaders that Malaya and Singapore were resting on a defense which had no more value under modern conditions than if it were made of tissue paper, went completely unheeded.

The situation throughout this gigantic area, by which the United Nations forfeited resources tragically required for their own war effort, was exactly like that of Norway, and was repeated from island to island. Tremendous air squadrons knocked out the few Allied planes. Dive-bombers then completed the job, allowing the sea-borne forces to move in and take over. What might easily have been was indicated in the slashing triumph of American and Australian air forces striking at Jap invasion bases in New Guinea on March 18, 1942. Twenty-three Japanese ships including twelve warships were sunk or damaged, with small Allied losses.

Lessons of the Coral Sea and Midway

19 The unqualified superiority of the land-based airplane as an instrument of battle was unmistakably shown at the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea. These two struggles will go down in naval history as milestones in the evolution of sea war and the historic processes of sea-borne invasions.

In the Coral Sea battle, the first Japanese naval defeat in history, the struggle developed in its first phase into an out-and-out contest between aircraft carriers. It ended with the appearance of General MacArthur's big bombers from Australia, which forced the withdrawal of the Japanese Navy, after it had taken a heavy drubbing. Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman who commanded the U. S. carrier *Lexington*, which was sunk in this engagement, stated that it "signaled a new kind of warfare at sea and was as much a turning point as the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*."

At the Coral Sea it was emphasized that sea-borne aircraft were no match for land-based planes, and that the carriers themselves were as vulnerable as any other vessel to attack from the skies.

All this was underscored with rigid finality in the spectacular American triumph at Midway, early in June, 1942. Midway spotlighted for even the most myopic eyes the plight of invading armadas which venture within the jurisdictional area of shore-based demolition planes. In this great victory is contained a grim note of warning that the day of invading sea armadas is finished *and that there are no enabling factors which would render success more likely for us than it was for Admiral Yamamoto in his attempt to take our island outposts in the Pacific.*

The Battle of Midway was a battle of aircraft. At no time did any of the contending surface vessels come within a day's journey of each other.

The Lesson of Crete

20 German operations in the Mediterranean Island of Crete revealed to startled military soothsayers still another new plateau of action. They demonstrated, among other things, the complete soundness of the

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old Russian and German theses relative to gliders, and rounded out the concept of the strategic mission of air-borne troops. For the future they point to the complete freedom of invading armies from orthodox types of land and sea communications.

In this minor contest, which is more an incident than a battle, is presaged the technique and strategy of intercontinental war of the future—its emancipation from the chains of linear dimensions, its ability to create its own automatic supply lines in which distance and terrain will no longer be governing factors, and its fantastic capacity for concentration of superior and overwhelming force *in any portion of the globe from any given point.*

The strategy is already here. It only waits on technical development to bring it to a head.

The Battle of Crete must be understood in these terms: It was not an air expedition alone, but an air, land, and naval contest in which all other services were engaged auxiliary to air power.

Crete was the first instance of a true airborne invasion. The Germans utilized the airplane for everything. They dropped men, howitzers, machine guns, motorcycles, light tanks, and artillery. They landed shock troops, engineers, and mountain infantry—including specialized groups whose whole function was to remove the debris of wrecked planes, so as to clear the landing fields for subsequent operations.

This campaign marked the end of an era in war-making and the beginning of a new one.

Lessons for Good Neighbors

21 Realistic geo-military thinking dictates that we seize at once all land approaches to this continent, and that we establish an armed protectorate over all areas on our connecting continental land mass which might serve as springboards for an invasion of our shores.

Under no circumstances should any anti-American piece of ground large enough to land an airplane on, be allowed to remain in foreign hands. In the Caribbean Sea, which Homer Lea refers to as "the second most important strategic sphere on the globe," the West Indies and the Antilles completely dominate our Atlantic Seaboard and Gulf Coast as well as the indispensable Panama Canal and the entire littoral which runs down to the big bulge of eastern Brazil.

We should immediately lay hands on the French West Indies, which must be regarded as German outposts. There is reason to believe that German submarines have been operating from Martinique's harbor, the best in the Caribbean, and have been refueled there. The island lies about 370 miles from Puerto Rico and about 250 miles from South America. French Guadeloupe, consisting of two islands separated by a narrow strip of sea, is about 290 miles from Puerto Rico. There is a magnificent harbor at Pirate-a-Pitre and another in the Les Saintes group which strings out from the two main islands.

These places should be taken outright, and not merely immobilized by "agreement." Vichy's guarantees have not the slightest value and should be completely discounted. The protests of this puppet of Adolf Hitler can be quite sensibly ignored.

Airplanes operating from Dakar could raise literal hell with our shipping and would be within a few hours of the American continent. From its harbor an enemy navy would be closer to South American waters than we. This port is by far the strongest base in Africa. "The danger to the United States," says General Charles de Gaulle, "should Dakar fall into Nazi hands, is not somewhere in the future, but is imminent—immediate. It is only the lack of matériel which keeps Hitler from using French West Africa and that situation results only from his being temporarily unable to spare aircraft from the Eastern front."

It is also high time that we took cogent steps to place South America in a better relationship to this war. So far the Latin powers have placed very little at our disposal beyond good will, and for this we are granting in return a large portion of our precious industrial production.

We are short both the goods essential to Latin American needs and the ships to carry them, and it would be folly to give preference to Latin America over self-evident war needs. We should stop making these injudicious promises to Latin American businessmen and should condition them to the fact that there is a war going on, and that they are part of the Western Hemisphere, as well as of a stricken world civilization. This is a grim and dreadful test of strength, and South America as well as the English-speaking union to the north must put her men and resources to work to overcome the common enemy. To do less is to do nothing. She must engage all of her factories and the total resources of her economy as well as her existing navy, land, and air forces. She could easily manufacture bombers according to specifications laid down by a joint War Board, in addition to other armament, and could contribute tankers and ships as well as raw materials.

This is a military matter, not an economic one, and not one in which diplomacy is involved on the old terms. Diplomacy created this war and may cause us to lose it. This conflict will not be won by fine talk or by resolutions of moral purposes. It will only be won if all those who will be affected by its outcome get together with a will and a toughness of purpose equal to that of our Axis opponents.

The Lesson of Action Now

As far as the military position is concerned, the governing realities are determined by the existence of the British Isles, only a few hundred miles from the German heart of the Axis war effort, *as an advance base for our operations.* The implications of this favorable position have not been generally grasped. Indeed they are being wholly ignored by those who press for "second fronts" in the sense of land invasions.

It is a piece of difficult and expensive engineering to construct bombers capable of carrying a payload of explosives across the Atlantic and back. The cost in gasoline, man-hours, engine-energy and raw materials per ton of bombs is staggering compared to that of machines which need only shuttle over a comparatively small neck of territory. One machine attacking Germany from its base in Britain can do the job of twenty forced to make the long haul over the great forbidding waste of sea. Our bombers need only go 240 miles to reach the Ruhr Basin from Dover. Even to strike into the far end of the German industrial complex in the heart of Silesia, they need only travel 650 miles. In order to get at us and reverse this performance, Germany must figure on the following distances: between Brest and Pittsburgh, 3800 miles; between Brest and Gary, Indiana, 4000 miles; between Brest and Birmingham, Alabama, 4300 miles.

In this sense both we and the English are in a far more fortunate position, a situation the German *Fuehrer* attempted to equalize by his ill-fated adventure in Russia. This was unquestionably the primary reason for Hitler's otherwise inexplicable decision to risk a war on two fronts. As long as the Soviet giant existed he did not dare expend all his energies in the construction of an unfettered air fleet which could attack frontally, take its losses as a matter of course, and duplicate in the cubic sphere the type of roaring, unlimited onslaught for which the Germans are known in surface warfare.

The inevitability of such a race for air power is well recognized by informed British leaders. Said one of them to the writer: "If we don't blow Germany out of the air the Huns will finally blow England out of the air, and will win the war by literally blowing away our industries and communications until there is nothing left."

If England should fall, the wholly favorable tactical position which we now enjoy would at once disappear. We would then face Germany on equal terms except for the relative capacities to produce. Therein lies the urgency of utilizing the current tactical picture without delay. Our strategy against the Axis must be governed by a recognition of the fact that we must take the offensive before the emergence of the great, compact Eurasian-African land mass towards whose staggering manpower and resources the Axis partners are reaching. When this fatal point is reached we can forget all questions of the offensive, since none will be open to us.

We can fight the battle of Germany *now* and win by systematic, grueling destruction over a limited period of time if we turn our energies to the task. At the present time we are producing several hundred four-engine bombers a month, a figure which will soon be raised to 500 a month.

A reasonable diversion of our raw materials and industrial energies from other and less critically needed equipment, would enable us to boost the monthly output to several thousand within a year. The rarer metals could be funneled into the bomber program almost in their entirety, without hurt, allowing substitute materials to fill in the void.

We should not wait but should begin now, throwing into the breach everything we have. Our entire available attack force should be based in Britain and flung at the heart and center of the enemy's system, the Reich itself. Whatever we possess in productive strength should be concentrated immediately, with an unswerving singleness of purpose on the job of knocking out Germany by direct and sustained assault from the British Isles. From this point forward the primary aim of the United Nations would be to increase the weight of aerial attack against the Reich at all costs and with the utmost possible speed.

The military principles which would govern the technique, strategy and tactics of this proposed campaign are simple. These are:

(1) Wherever two belligerents of comparable power are separated by a body of water which cannot be bridged, the conflict becomes one of air power alone, so that the combatant first able to develop an overwhelming assault by the use of air strength will, with absolute certainty, finally succeed in grinding his opponent to bits.

(2) A national organism is like any other living body. If the heart or vitals are pierced, the limbs or periphery immediately proceed to die or dry up. No matter how much territory or resources Nazi Germany held fast in her grip, even were she able to conquer all Europe, Asia and Africa, if desperate and deadly blows were struck at her vitals—at her transportation centers, factory concentrations, and civilian morale—it would mean the quick and complete disintegration of her entire war effort.

(3) All forces which can possibly be brought to bear should be at the point where the decisive blows are to be struck, even at the risk of weakness at other points. An air offensive, to be successful, cannot be a mere harassing affair. It must be an attack in force comparable to any other type of all-out campaign. It should accept the necessity of heavy losses just as this is accepted in a great land operation.

The Lesson of Planned Precision Bombing

Bombing, without plan and without continuity, cannot produce the results desired. Only a continuous scheme of destruction based on a systematic reduction of communication centers, viaducts and bridges, shipyards, key factories, oil reservoirs, and industrial aggregates, can defeat the enemy by making it impossible for him to carry on.

Our ultimate goal as the grand finale of the great operation should be a continuously replenished pool of 5000 heavy bombers weighing up to 300 tons each, with speeds in excess of 400 miles per hour. Whether or not we reach this goal is not as important as that we drive rigorously toward it. Five thousand Consolidated B-24's or Boeing B-17E's would serve our purpose nicely and would do a first-class job in reducing Germany to a pulp. Invention and technical progress will inevitably bring us to the heavier faster ship but we need not wait for that—as long as we possess numbers and a willingness to use them.

A sky battlefleet of the proportions proposed, coupled with a readiness to write off 2500 of the craft a month, would for the first time constitute an aerial body capable of delivering an attack in force, so as to be able to compel an absolute decision with no other important supplementary factors operating.

The conventional view remains that in order to achieve final victory it is necessary to defeat the enemy army in the field, though a study of the last war gives no support to this contention. It was lost by a nation whose armed forces had not been conclusively beaten and who was standing on foreign territory on every front at the moment of capitulation; and, remarks Douhet, it was almost won by the defeated nation through the use of submarines possessing no occupying power whatsoever.

For absolute and conclusive effect air power must be something more than mere desultory pinpricking. Factories, cities, and communication centers may be pretty badly smashed and the damage still be repairable. The rehabilitating quality of cities and industrial establishments is in this sense comparable to the recuperative power of man himself. But there is a point where cities, industrial installations, water works, and strategic arteries may no longer be profitably repaired. It is at this point that they must be abandoned, and if the aerial arm is to achieve victory it should have at its disposal sufficiently heavy forces to exploit to the absolute limit any success it is able to create.

British airmen are altogether convinced of the possibility this situation offers. The Minister of Airplane Production and Supply, Moore Brabizon, confidently told the author: "Our tanks will walk across Europe if we can clear the air." And Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas commented: "The war will be won by the time we are able to invade the Continent."

Like the opinions of airmen everywhere, their views are baldly expressed, and to the point. The writer mentioned to a friend in the Air Ministry that serious tracts were still being written in America covering cavalry maneuver and prodded him for comment. His reply condensed a volume of opinion in a single sentence. Said he dryly: "Yes, yes, I know, old fellow! The order will be 'The horse will now attack assisted by two squadrons of Spitfires and one of Hurricanes!' "

The Lesson of Unified Command

The War and Navy Departments now enthusiastically recognize the airplane as one of the principal instruments of combat—so much so that an old-line engineering officer recently made the amusing comment: "It looks to me like what we want now is a separate army."

Unfortunately, however, air units are considered by these Departments only in relation to their own respective spheres of activity, and in no sense as a self-reliant body with its own strategy, freedom of action and totally separate function. They can hardly be expected to conceive of air power as being capable of carrying out independent missions which under given circumstances would make their own particular Service an actual subordinate.

American air power has been seriously circumscribed as the result of being thus tied down to the ground strategy. Fighter range is limited, and until recently long-range bombers were seriously deficient both in bomb-load and firepower. This situation was the result of a dependence by ground officers on draftsmen and theoreticians for the construction of their aerial arm. Wherever the building of aircraft is dominated by the designing board alone, it will represent nothing radical or revolutionary in either bomb-load, firepower or maneuverability. The bombers, in particular, will be not much more than rebuilt airliners.

The recent Army reorganization is a fine example of streamlined co-ordination between air and ground staffs, with an enormous amount of emphasis placed on the Air Forces, a recognition which could hardly be more complete. To say that the High Command thereby recognizes the importance of air power is to say that it recognizes the existence of the pyramids, or the fact that the sun rises in the east in the morning. It is utterly impossible not to recognize the importance of the air phase in any land operation. But the airplane continues to remain subordinate to Army needs and is tied close to surface tac-

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tics. There is no provision for a primary air strategy, one capable of operating completely on its own as a competent and self-sufficient instrument of decision.

The new organization may be looked on as a long step forward toward the co-ordination of all armed forces under one command, with the Air Forces occupying a status equal to Army and Navy. Under the present plan the commanding general of the Army Air Forces occupies exactly the same relationship to the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War as does the Commanding General of Services and Supply, and the Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces. Their combined relationship to all future tasks, to strategy, to procurement and development, is a matter of mutual integration within the office of the Chief of Staff. It is, therefore, strictly limited. It cannot organize for a conclusive action and it cannot even compete at the sources of political and economic power with the other armed forces, so as to make its demands heard. It simply takes its share and co-ordinates itself as a recognized partner in the air-land forces working together as a team. Like the *Luftwaffe*, its training, equipment, and activities must all be heavily influenced by Army outlook.

Mitchell, Douhet, and de Gaulle, the great prophets of streamlined war, believed without reservation in a complete co-ordination of all the armed forces, directed under one mind. In modern warfare, said Douhet, great military commanders "can no longer be merely army, navy or air officers—they must be capable of waging war in all fields and with all types of forces." You must, claimed Mitchell, have a single commanding officer and "a sphere of command specified into which the entire air force, the sea force and all the others together go and have their work laid out."

This war cannot be won by conferences and committees any more than it can be won by the countless little AEF's we are now sending all over the world. It can only be won by some great military leader who is willing to act tough and who has absolute power and authority of direction. None of the present correlating agencies is an adequate substitute for such a singleness of leadership.

The direction of the entire war effort should be handed over to a single man who has the strength to create one single vital, inspired war machine. He should have unquestioned jurisdiction over every element of the fighting forces and be responsible only to the President of the United States and to the Congress. He should be removable, if necessary, but his work should never be directed by outside or political influence. He should be generalissimo-in-chief, director of Army, Navy, and Air Force, of all procurement, and of the Department of Psychological Warfare.

As yet no such thing exists as a compact, hard-driving, synchronized leadership for the so-called United Nations. The whole question of unity is still in the academic stage.

Russia keeps itself aloof. China is willing but inaccessible. Holland, Poland, Norway and the others are not much more than names on the morning roll-call. Canada does not even have conscription for fear of offending her intransigeant French population.

Britain and Australia, like *Barkus*, seem to be willing to make a try at the business, but not much has as yet come of it. In Washington there now sits a combined Chiefs of Staff group composed of American and British Army, Navy, and Air officers. Its powers are limited to those of discussion and recommendation. If the Joint Anglo-American Staff is to have power and usefulness and be anything else than a high-flown debating society, it must possess a directing head capable of making any decision he deems necessary relative to the conduct of this war; and it must be invested with absolute powers to determine strategy and to act in the name of the governments involved.

If this agency were set up seriously, with the required authority, it could become the nucleus for a great war-making apparatus involving all of the thirty United Nations.

At the head of this Gargantuan combat mechanism, we could do worse than to place the giant Frenchman, de Gaulle. If clairvoyance and a close apprehension of problems to be met in future constitute military genius, de Gaulle is the greatest soldier alive, but a leader without an army. To place him in command of the United Nations' war forces would be a political master stroke, in addition to an act of military consequence. The effect it would have on the Latin nations of Europe, on Spain, Italy, and France, now told with some effect that the war has settled into an Anglo-Saxon effort to control the world, would be incalculable.

Lesson for All Critics of "Typewriter Strategists"

25 A hidebound general staff, wedded to the past, is an incompetent general staff. It is a dangerous state of mind which scoffs at the capacity of an original and revolutionary mind like Hitler's to create strategy and lead tactics and which at the same time will reward some dull intelligence like Gamelin's with the reverence accorded genius. As far as capacity is concerned, the exact opposite may be and often is true, as when an inspired dialectician like Trotsky, unencumbered by any great amount of classic military knowledge, succeeds in leading a rabble to victory over the best-trained tacticians in Europe.

De Gaulle points out that since the army lives by stability, conformity, and tradition, it "instinctively fears anything that tends to modify its structure." "We know that all professions develop rigidities," comments Pendleton Herring. And says Alexander Severus: "There is hardly an aspect of military life which does not display an amazing collection of carefully preserved antiquities."

Just as the American General Staff considered Mitchell extreme, and the French thought de Gaulle's ideas fantastic, so, long before, the cross-bow was looked on contemptuously as an effeminate arm by the brawny wielders of the long-bow it was to supplant. In every age and at every period resistance to innovation has been the military habit. Only when the new weapon could no longer be refused was it widely adopted. It was the German artillery arm itself which was the center of the opposition to Count von Schlieffen's efforts to create a mobile heavy artillery, as it was the Junker army caste which fought the innovations demanded by the Nazi firebrands.

Most of their ideas for the scientific selection and indoctrination of men were stolen by the Germans from two great French thinkers, Le Bon and de Gaulle, with much contributed by American writers such as Harold Lasswell and Leonard Doob. We should not hesitate to borrow these ideas for our own use and to improve on them. Our only major consideration should be whether or not they are valuable toward the prosecution of this conflict.

26 If we can fashion our entire nation into one total war-making apparatus from which all superfluous factors have been ruthlessly cut away, we could then bring this struggle to an end within the smallest possible compass of time. Nothing could withstand the crushing weight of our will and of our industrial strength totally applied.

Like a soldier in the field, a nation in war must be toughened up, not pampered. It must be told bluntly that victory will not be easy and that every man, woman, and child must pay for it—not only by the buying of Bonds and the surrender of trivial luxuries, but by long hours of the harshest labor, by sacrifice without pay, and by a love for the common destiny which is as strong and hard as steel.

The American people are beginning to understand this and to realize how short our time really is. The restlessness proceeding from this slowly dawning realization is apparent wherever one turns—in the newspapers, in private discussions, and wherever men speak out. *They want action* and are prepared to make whatever sacrifice it calls for.

If we strike now, placing our last ounce of skill, determination, and resource into that crowning tribute to American combat genius, the invincible Armada of the Air, Hitler must fall and drag with him the island citadels of the Mikado.

On that day, which is certain to come, the lazy circling of olive-painted American wings over the black, smoldering cities of the Nazi Reich and of Nippon will proclaim a final end to the mad and lustful bid for power by these outlaw states. ⧺

RUFFED GROUSE

by WALTER E. BOHL

CHAMPION JACKMINS FERDINAND

(English Bulldog)

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

Those Star and Garter Blues

Continued from page 83

come together there) would not be interesting, unless cowslips flirted and violets were really bashful and false-ragwort were a seducer. It's the trace of mentality that gives us sex as a subject for fun; the trace (not more) of morality that adds spice. So an entertainment which by-passes all the refinements and whoops it up about cohabitation, with a sneer or a laugh or a cackle or even a shout, has a limited field. Burlesque and all other exhibitions seem to run into a groove; it's the best groove and you mustn't call it a rut. The girls in two-bit burlesque are seldom beautiful, but by being where they are they touch off lubricity; they combine some exceptional qualities because they are outspoken and pretend innocence and corruption at the same time. They make familiar gestures whose meaning cannot be in doubt; but these gestures become a special formalized movement which one would be surprised to encounter on the street or in private. The whole event is mass-seduction with delayed satisfaction if any. It can't be the divine event toward which all aesthetic creation moves; but it is a relief after some mincingly disagreeable expressions of sexual impotence or variation.

And once in a while, as in a great comedian, as in Clark and Lamberti, you get a touch of common delight in sex which escapes all the categories of burlesque. Rarer still is something else which the same *Star and Garter* afforded, a song number by the talented Harold Rome. It begins with a solo, a young girl carrying a large toy rabbit, singing "Bunny, bunny, bunny" . . . and refusing to sell her toy rabbit even to a rich man, no matter how much he offers. But she remarks, without anyone asking her, if she met anyone she cared for, she'd give it away. So she sings about her bunny-rabbit and the chorus comes on, daintily and completely clothed, with their toy bunnies, and they all sing praises of their cute warm fuzzy bunnies and protest their faithfulness . . . no matter how much money they are offered.

And that's that. However, the ripple of delight in this song, which is suggestive in the sense that it suggests what it doesn't say, is a fresh note, you don't hear that particular kind of appreciative laughter very much in the theatre. It's a little like the response to an entirely new kind of off-color story, a delight in the novelty, an appreciation of the wit, a feeling for the hardihood of the author who had broken new ground and come up with that great rarity, a very funny impropriety.

Because the improper may have been funny in itself many years ago; like the unexpected, the eccentric. But with the years our moral approaches have changed and only those who never heard of sex until it was too late can be amused by *all* dirty stories. Modern education, the postwar breakdown of morals, or plain common sense are making us more selective and a little harder to please. It isn't that burlesque has moved up town and now plays at $4.40 a throw; it's that you have to pay gagwriters and others to invent dirt that's funny.

A few things are always so sound, as productions, or so struck with genius, that they need never change. For they go back to first principles—the first (and unknown) principles of comedy as in the case of our Bobby Clark; the first, and easily calculated principles of production, which Lamberti knows to perfection. It may be sheer prejudice, but I think they'll outlive the strip; the strip will change just as the figures within the strip have changed, by public demand.

Or maybe I will change first, who knows? #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 94

nation's withstanding defeat as long as she did in the last war. I just wanted to show you that those fat little fellows have more power than you imagine.

Beef eating, steak devouring, is an Anglo-Saxon gastronomical invention and habit, and a wonderful one at that. I wholly subscribe to it, but not the way a friend of mine does, who eats—or ate—steaks at every meal! I was brought up on fish and fowl, and when, once a fortnight or so, the country butcher sent word that there were some steaks to be had, we children were overjoyed at the prospect of getting a mouthful. Red meat, steak, was preserved for the grown-ups, who slipped us a tiny piece when they saw the longing in our eyes.

Even in Paris, where beef was, of course, plentiful before the debacle, steak was only a once-a-week occurrence on the bill of fare of the epicure, and this chiefly during winter. The fine young cattle of Limoges, Cotentin, Poitou, the black bullocks of the Vendée and the Auvergne, marched up gravely to the capital in January, were slaughtered, and eaten immediately. In this country sirloin is not called good unless it is at least five weeks old and has aged in the refrigerators for that time. In Paris, people generally went to the superb restaurants around the municipal slaughter house for steaks, where they were sure to get the meat on their plates a couple of hours after the animal ceased to exist. The slaughter house was quite far from the residential sections; it meant a trip for the gourmets, who, once they had their fill, went back to town and forgot about steaks for another week.

Meat gluttony is a northern pastime. Nordic peoples use meat as the main feature. For southern people meat is considered as a luxury to be added to equally nutritious but cheaper foods. The Italians, more than any other nation, have shown how this can be done without any real deprivation. In times of meat scarcity it is well to remember that hard-working men can fully sustain their strength for months and even years on the most modest foods. One of them is cottage cheese made of skim milk, to which, just before eating, some cream is added for fat and flavor. And if you have the cottage cheese stand for a few days, it acquires a ripened flavor that pleases even a gourmet's palate. And if you would boil the cheese at this point, it takes on a consistency like that of the finest Port Salut.

Furthering the argument that meat for the southern people is more of an accessory than a main dish, I must tell you that the Italians, always a poor people generally speaking, could not afford roasts, or steaks, or joints, like the English, or the Americans, or other well-to-do nations. When they wanted to taste meat, they would buy a few cents' worth of veal, lamb, or chicken, and add this to a large pot of their farinaceous foods or vegetables. That little flavor was all they needed to be happy in a culinary sense. If they could find a bone to place under a head of cabbage, they were more than satisfied.

The Byzantines and the Latins had a firm base in this sort of frugality. As the ancient story goes, Diogenes, preparing a head of cabbage for his dinner, said to Aristippe who was an opportunist, "If you could stomach cabbage, you wouldn't have to flatter the great and rich." "And if you would know how to flatter the great and rich," answered Aristippe, "you wouldn't have to eat cabbage."

To eat cabbage doesn't call for great sacrifice; if it is prepared according to the recipes I give at the end of the article, even the wealthy can eat it without feeling that they are stooping too low. I got these recipes at the L'Aiglon Restaurant in New York, from the owner, Mr. Sirna. I especially recommend the *chou marroné*, a vegetable dish Catherine de Medici invented, or brought with her from her native Italy to France. In France, and in most European countries proud of their gastronomical art, a vegetable always meant a separate course, making its entry after the entrée. In other words, the vegetable wasn't eaten with the meat course, but after it. This way the meat course didn't have to be very large in quantity; the diners preserving some of their appetite for the next, the vegetable course. Often those *plat de légumes du jour* were more important than the preceding meat dish. Making them a separate feature, as they used to in Europe, is the answer to cooking vegetables right and carefully.

I want to steer you into eating less meat and more fish, poultry, eggs, cheese and dried vegetables. The supply of these latter edibles is and will be plentiful even if the war lasts years. But since military and lease-lend purchases are taking a quarter of America's entire meat production, we'll have to go easy on steaks. The total meat supply of the current year will be twenty-four billion pounds; the demand will be twenty-seven billion; these figures tell the story.

But so many things can replace beef steaks and other meats. Most everything in eating is an acquired taste. They say that cannibalism is too; that anthropophagists eat each other, first for religious reasons, but then slowly begin to like to gourmandize on the flesh of their fellow-man. I don't tell you this so that you'll start taking bites out of the arms or legs of your pals just to see whether you get to liking the flavor, however; it's merely for illustration's sake.

A friend of mine, Edgar Laytha,

Continued on page 120

THE ENGLISH BULLDOG

CHAMPION JACKMINS FERDINAND owned by W. S. Fletcher, Jr. Bull dogs were not bred for a worthy purpose—but fortunately, when bull baiting and dog fighting as sports became illegal, the bull dog's real worth was recognized and the breed was not allowed to die out. It is interesting to note that coming from such ferocious stock, more courageous and determined, really, than vicious, today's bench-legged English bull's chief asset is his incomparable disposition. He weighs all his decisions with care and never jumps at conclusions. A short-haired dog of compact muscular build, he weighs from forty to fifty pounds when mature, and his colors range from red brindle to solid white. His appearance is misleading, of course: that massive jaw and the deep-broad chest, not to mention that highly publicized bulldog grip! (His lower jaw being longer than his upper jaw, it is a physical impossibility for him to let go while there is any tension on the object gripped.) But even though appearances are misleading, no intruder is going to take a chance.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 94-119

author and globe-trotter just returned from Australia, where they say there are still some man-eating aborigines left. However, Laytha never saw them, and instead of talking of "long pig," he told me of two dishes which are prepared with meats that are going to be less scarce than beef. One is called Australian goose, the other Australian duck, and both of these dishes are great favorites down under. Both of them are actually made of lamb or mutton, and St. Martin, protector of all geese and ducks, would be shocked if he knew of these gross misstatements concerning his charges. But he is dead for these one thousand seven hundred years, having left us a most important golden sentence, a saying truer than most. He said, "Eat and drink; that is about the best thing we can do."

But eat moderately. The most profitable diet for man is simple. You may think that just because I write about food, I have extravagant tastes, and only the cuisine of Carême would satisfy me. Actually I often am happiest when I eat a most simple fare at home; a piece of cheese, an onion (raw, because that's the only way I like them), and a piece of bread, washed down with a glass of red wine. Choice viands are not always important to gourmet satisfaction. The *cuisine bourgeoise* of France was perfection itself; yet their mode of cooking, their way of preparing their simple edibles was plain. There is no more of that fine *cuisine bourgeoise* left in France, where people are going hungry just as they are in every other corner of the earth, excepting the United States. This is still culinary heaven, this great land.

In order to preserve that culinary heaven, there are a few maxims that should be observed, and the more rigorously you observe them, the greater patriot you are, and the less time it will take to win the war. First of all: waste no food. Restrict the use of a few scarce items. Use more varied food. The four foods whose use should be restricted are: wheat, fat, sugar and meat. Fortunately if we use substitutes wisely, we shall in no way suffer by the change. Actually, this great country imposes no hardship in a culinary sense on anyone.

The right substitutes for meat are cheese, milk, eggs, fish, peas, cereals, beans. For sugar, use molasses, honey and syrups. For wheat, try potatoes, corn, oats, rice, barley, and buckwheat. And as regards fats, use just enough of them so that you never waste a bit.

Everything is available in this country, all the fine flavors, for after all, flavor is much more important than bulk. Grace Moore, as great a gourmet as a singer, told me of a favorite dish of hers, which uses very little meat and a very little California brandy. I tried it in my chafing dish, and I can tell you that it is superb. It was so good that I gave it to the chef of the St. Regis Hotel, and they put it on their menu. An exchange of kitchen information and food cements friendships, and in turn the chef told me, as a bit of gossip, that the King of Greece who often ate there, is a most modest diner and a wise semi-vegetarian. One night when he gave a party he ordered nothing but a consommé, cold hard-boiled eggs à la Russe, string beans and boiled potatoes, ice cream and coffee.

As to the exchange of edibles, I don't know whether you heard of an incident that happened to Abraham Lincoln. It seems that during the Civil War presents of all kinds were sent anonymously to persons of influence in Washington. The anonymous donors would in due course make themselves known, when it was too late to return the gift (which was usually something to eat or drink, such as canvasback ducks, terrapin, wines, and the like) and then send on a petition for some official favor. One day a large case of bottles appeared at the White House, without indicating the sender, as usual. A month later the sender wrote to ask how the President had enjoyed drinking his Dry Cabinet. Lincoln replied: "Sir, I thank you for your letter which enables me to thank you for your gift. Believe me, I have tried every kind of insect poison and found nothing equal to your old Dry Cabinet."

MARCHISIO'S POTATOES WITH EGGS

Boil six large potatoes, while you are hard-boiling six eggs in another vessel. After both have cooked, clean them and slice them. Slice likewise some sausage or wienies, just to add a little flavor of meat to the dish. Place in a heat-resisting casserole a piece of butter and two tablespoonsful of cream, and on top of this place first the sliced boiled potatoes, the sliced eggs, then the sliced franks. Now again place on top a piece of butter and pour over it a little cream, salt and pepper it, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Proceed this way with the layers until you have used up your stock of potatoes, eggs and meat, but be careful that a layer of potatoes will be on top. Pour a little more cream on the very top (altogether it will take almost a half pound of butter and about a pint of cream), and sprinkle breadcrumbs over it. Put it in a moderately hot oven for thirty minutes, or until top is nice and brown.

(This is for six hungry people and the total cost is only $1.20!)

POMMES DE TERRE AUX CHAMPIGNONS MARGUERY

Boil one pound of potatoes, peel and cut them into thick slices. Put them in a saucepan with quarter of a pound of mushrooms all chopped up, a chopped chive, a chopped shallot and a small piece of butter. Put it on the fire. When the butter has melted, stir in one teaspoonful of flour, salt, black pepper, and a tiny bit of hot water. Cook it slowly, let the sauce reduce, and thicken with a yolk of egg beaten up with a spoonful of vinegar.

CHOU MARRONÉ
(From the L'Aiglon Restaurant)

Blanch a cabbage in boiling water, and skin and boil a dozen large chestnuts in salted water, and fry a few wienies. Cut out the heart of the cabbage and in its place put the chestnuts. Tie up the cabbage and braise it in stock that you can make with a few bouillon cubes. Cook it well and skim off the fat. Drain and cover with sauce Espagnol—obtainable in better groceries or delicatessens—and serve, with the sausages rounding it.

CABBAGE PURÉE
(Also from the L'Aiglon)

Boil a head of cabbage, drain it and chop it small, and pass it through a sieve. Melt a half ounce of butter in a frying pan, and stir into this one tablespoonful of flour. Then add the cabbage, season with salt and pepper, moisten with two tablespoonsful of vinegar, and stir it over the fire for ten minutes. Put it in a dish and pat it down, and garnish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

GRACE MOORE'S VEAL WITH BRANDY

Take some exceedingly thin pieces of veal. Melt a little butter in a chafing dish, put the veal slices in it, together with chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and a few drops of California brandy. Ignite the brandy, and allow the veal slices to burn. Then pour some sweet cream on them. This dish takes seven minutes to make at the table, and it is beautiful on account of the brandy's bluish flame.

AUSTRALIAN GOOSE

Take a leg of lamb, one cup of breadcrumbs, half a teaspoonful salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, one small onion, one dessertspoonful of dried and powdered sage, one ounce butter, one egg. Bone the leg of lamb, lay it flat on the table and spread with the seasoning. Roll up and shape as much like a goose as possible. Sew it up with strong cotton and put it in a baking dish. Dredge some flour over it and add two tablespoonsful dripping. Baste well. Bake for two and a half hours. Serve with brown sauce.

AUSTRALIAN DUCK

Take a shoulder of lamb and bone up the first joint. Trim away all surplus fat from the joint, fill it with forcemeat and skewer up firmly. Bake in the usual way. Serve with brown gravy and apple sauce.

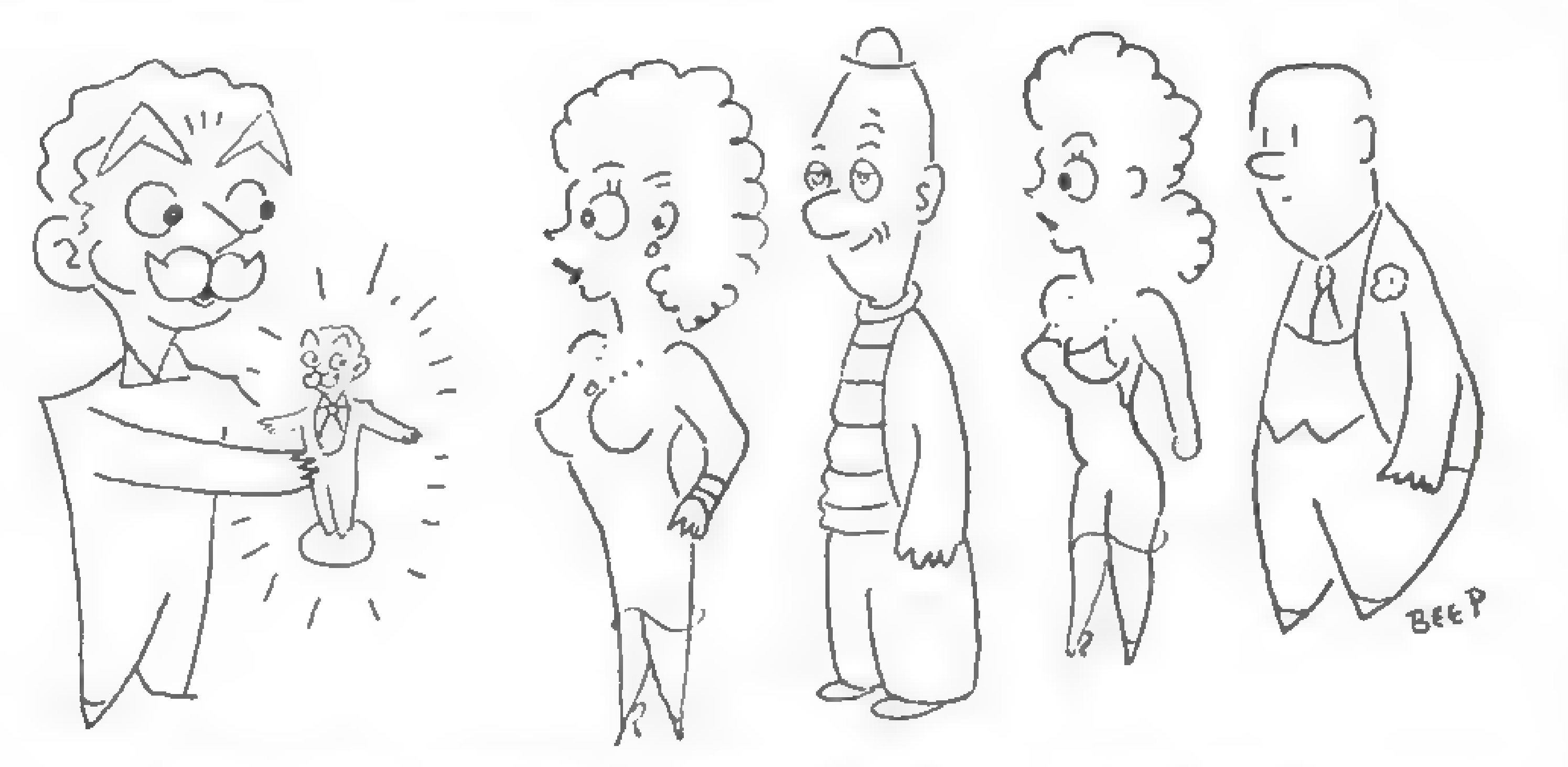
(Both these recipes come from Dr. Deborah Buller Murphy, who, according to Edgar Laytha, has the best kitchen in Australia.)

VICTORY CAKE

1 cupful molasses
⅛ cupful sugar
1 egg
⅜ cupful coffee or water
1 cupful wheat flour
1⅓ cupsful barley
½ teaspoonful baking soda
2 teaspoonsful baking powder
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
⅛ teaspoonful cloves
½ teaspoonful nutmeg
½ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful raisins
¼ cupful citron, sliced
¼ cupful fat

Mix the molasses, sugar, egg and moisture. Mix the dry ingredients. Through a sifter add them to the molasses mixture. Cut the raisins in halves. Mix the raisins and citron with a little flour. Add to the other ingredients. Melt the fat and add it to the mixture. Beat well. Turn into a bread pan and bake in a moderate oven.

(Rice flour or more barley may be substituted for the wheat flour in this recipe. If this is done, use 2 eggs instead of 1.) ⧺



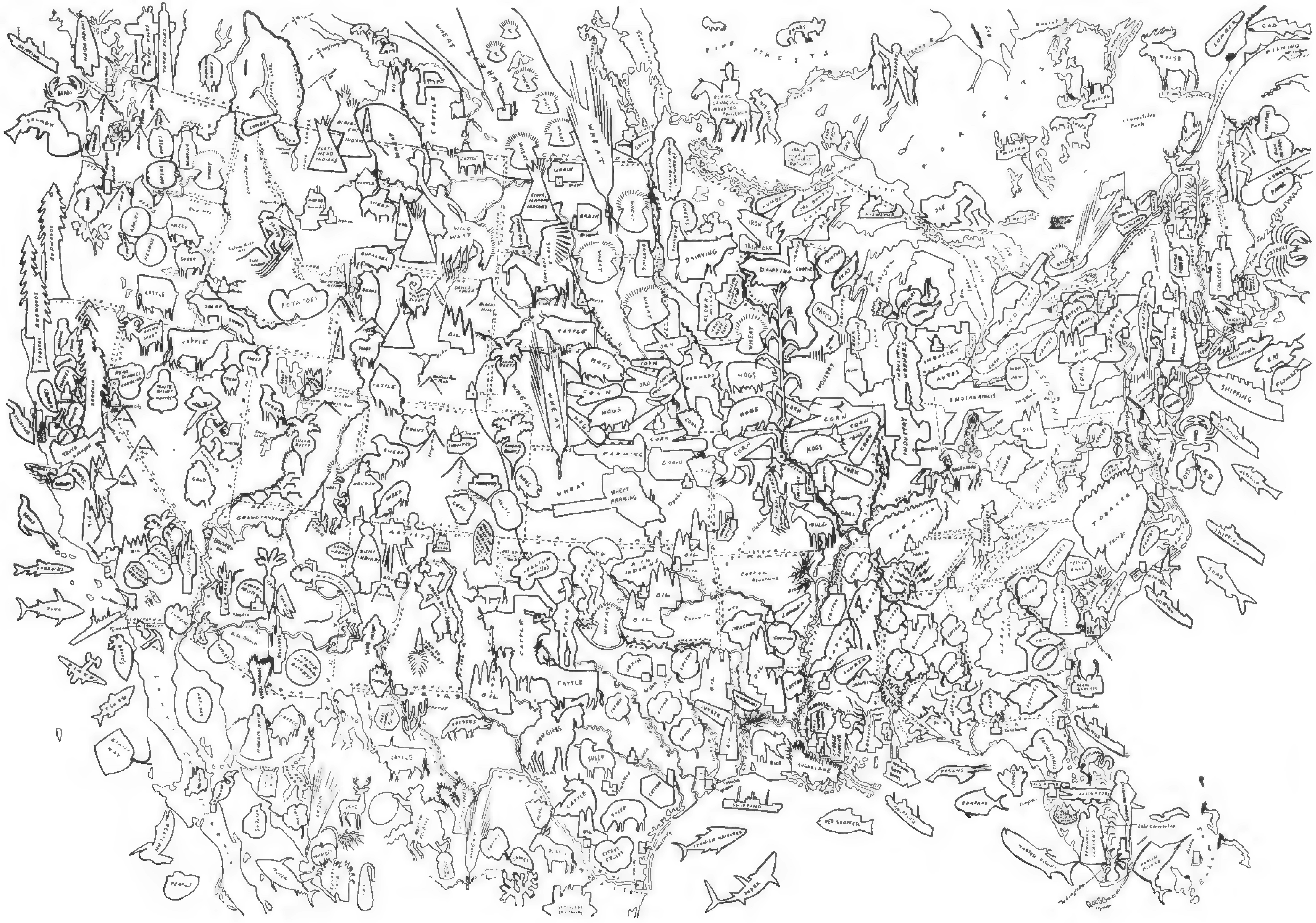
We Nominate For Oscars

Rebecca Walker: Lovely blonde star of *You For Me, Tropic Stars, Houses Aflame* and other noteworthy hits. In a recent interview Miss Walker was asked if it was true that her favorite diversion was to go to the kitchen of her lavish thirty-seven room house and whip up an angel cake. "Of all the bologney!" retorted Miss Walker. "If there's anything in the world I hate, it's cooking! With me making better than three grand a week, why in the name of common sense should I go into a hot stuffy kitchen, and ruin my fingernails, my disposition and a lot of perfectly good ingredients to put together something that wouldn't be fit for a dog? Give me a swank restaurant any time!"

Jimmy Foster: This famous comedian started in slapstick and has now worked his way up to low-comedy farce. When asked the other day if he would like to play a serious role for a change, his reply was: "Not on your life! I was born a clown, and I'll always be one. If they gave me a serious role like Hamlet or Macbeth, it's a cinch I'd murder it. As a matter of fact I never could see Shakespeare anyhow. I guess he's just over my head."

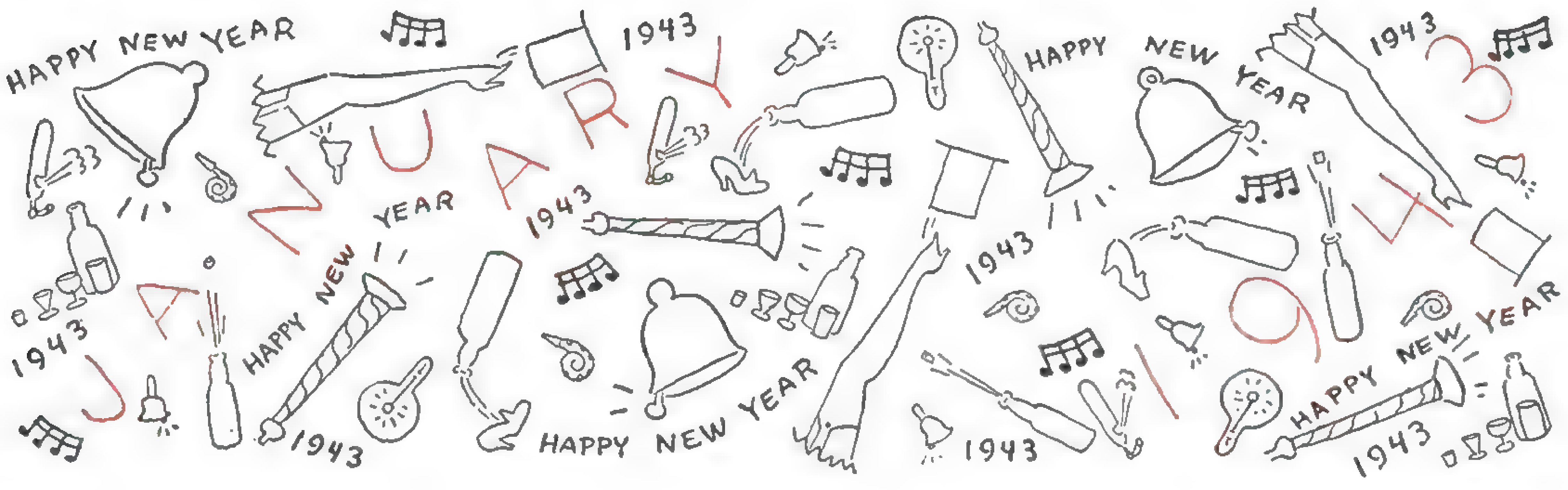
Richard Thatcher and Doris Mumford: Former "happiest married" couple in Hollywood, they were recently divorced. "There has been a rumor," stated Miss Mumford recently, "that our divorce was a perfectly amicable one, and that we intend to see each other in the future. That's the bunk! We're sore as blazes at each other, and I think Richard is a heel!"

Commented Thatcher: "Here is the whole trouble: Before our marriage Doris was a world-famous actress, while I was just a wealthy but unknown businessman. Well, when we got married, Doris wanted to abandon her career, and have a real home. I put my foot down on that. I married her because I got a kick out of being the husband of a famous woman, and I insisted that she keep on being famous. That's why we split up." —PARKE CUMMINGS


REDWOODS
TOTEM POLES
HAIDA INDIANS
SALMON
APPLES
CATTLE
SHEEP
POTA-DES
WHEAT
BLACKFOOT INDIANS
WILD WEST
SIOUX INDIANS
GRAIN
OIL
HOGS
CORN
FARMING
WHEAT FARMING
DAIRYING
IRON
LUMBER
FINE FORESTS
ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE
INDUSTRY
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
AUTOS
INDIANAPOLIS
PAPER
COAL
New York
COLLEGES
SHIPPING
TOBACCO
GRAND CANYON
ARTISTS
TRUCK GARDENS
GOLD
TUNA
COTTON
LUMBER
SUGARCANE
RICE
SHIPPING
RED SNAPPER
SPANISH MACKEREL
TARPON FISHING
POMPANO
PRAWNS
SEMINOLE INDIANS
CITRUS FRUITS
ALLIGATORS
Lake Okeechobee
COD
MOOSE
FISHING
LUMBER
POTATOES
SHAD

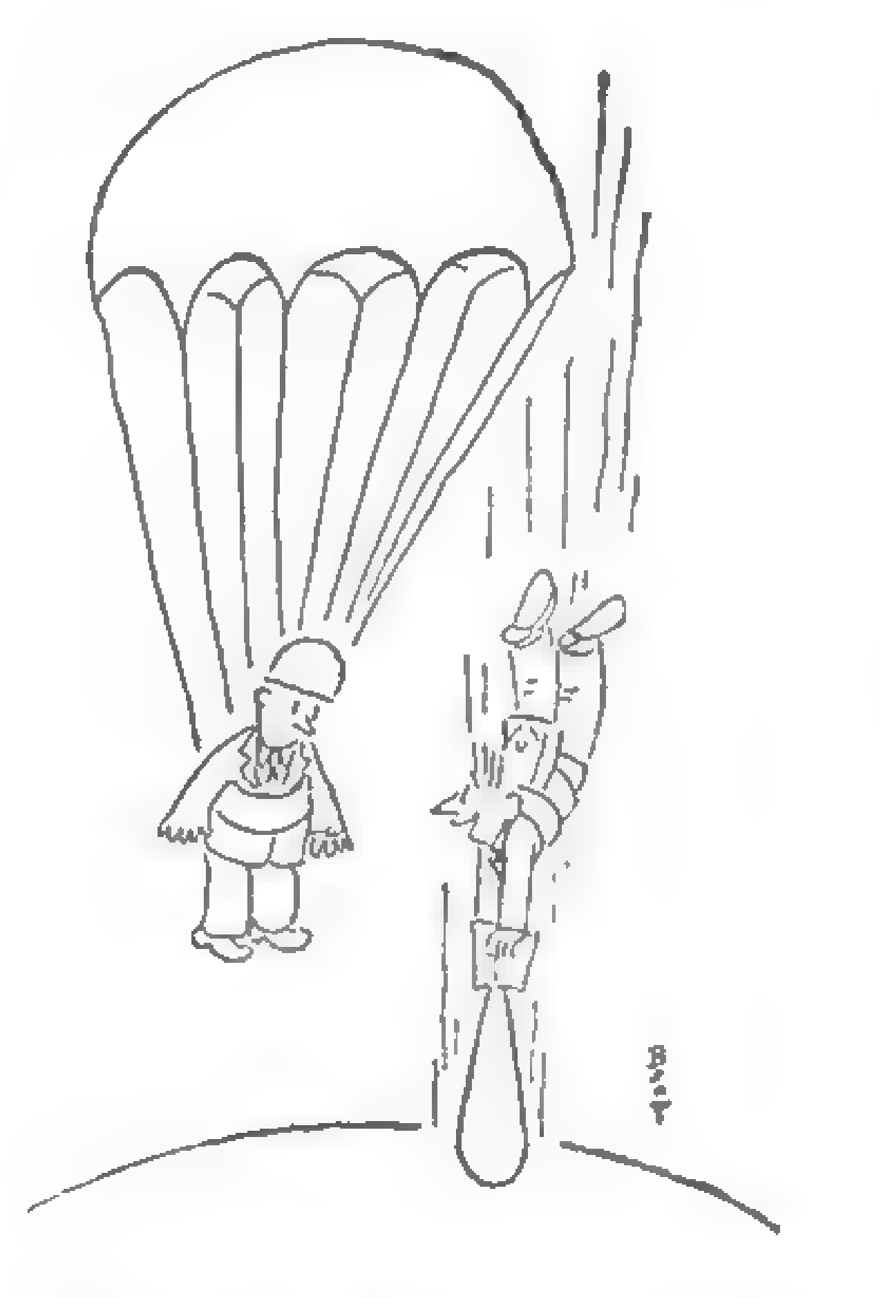
Fine art facsimiles of the map by Covarrubias on page 47, reproduced in the famed Gelatone process, are available from the Associated American Artists. These Gelatones are 36 by 24¾ inches and sell for $10.00. A Prospectus carrying full information concerning the map and framing is procurable to Esquire readers without charge by writing the Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Ad Libbing With Esquire



The Treasury knows we can take it—they want us to dish it out.

Mary Ann, who is studying typing in her spare time to help out in the War Effort, sent tnis half complete sentence to her dopey boy friend: "Now is the time for all good men to come to . . ."



"Last one down is a sissy"

Story for Lou Holtz

Scene: The Court of Judge Fiddle. Mr. Foreski steps before the bench and speaks: "Your honor, may I address the court?"

Judge: "Go ahead."

Foreski: "It's about my wife . . . on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday we get along as well as anyone in this world—we are ideally happy—my home it's a love nest—it's a haven from the world of woe—it's an Eden without snakes—BUT—on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we fight like animals—like dogs—on those three days she is a witch—the best man on earth couldn't get along with her—her temper is uncontrolled—her tongue is like a two-edged sword—and she scratches like a cat—she throws things at me and she has an eye like an eagle and an arm like a ham—she beats me and kicks me from dawn to dark."

Judge: "So you want a divorce?"

Foreski: "No . . . I want to do away with Monday, Wednesday and Friday."

It was so cold in our apartment one night recently that the Varga Girls came down off the wall and got in bed with us.

Have you ever noticed how every item in Charles Chaplin's make-up is essential to the character he creates . . . more so than in any other character we can think of. Leave out any one item . . . hat, tight coat, baggy pants, big shoes, moustache and at once the character isn't "The Little Fellow."

Movie Sequence

A young man enters a streetcar and sits down in a seat with a very beautiful girl.

He takes several things from his pocket and begins to assemble them. When he is through assembling he has a collapsible aerial, headphones and tiny radio set. He clamps the headphones on his head, extends the aerial and settles back to listen.

He smiles, growls, chuckles, applauds, frowns, sighs, sneers and bursts into laughter at what he hears on the radio (inaudible to the others on the car). Suddenly he looks out the window, sees it is his spot and departs.

. . . the end . . .

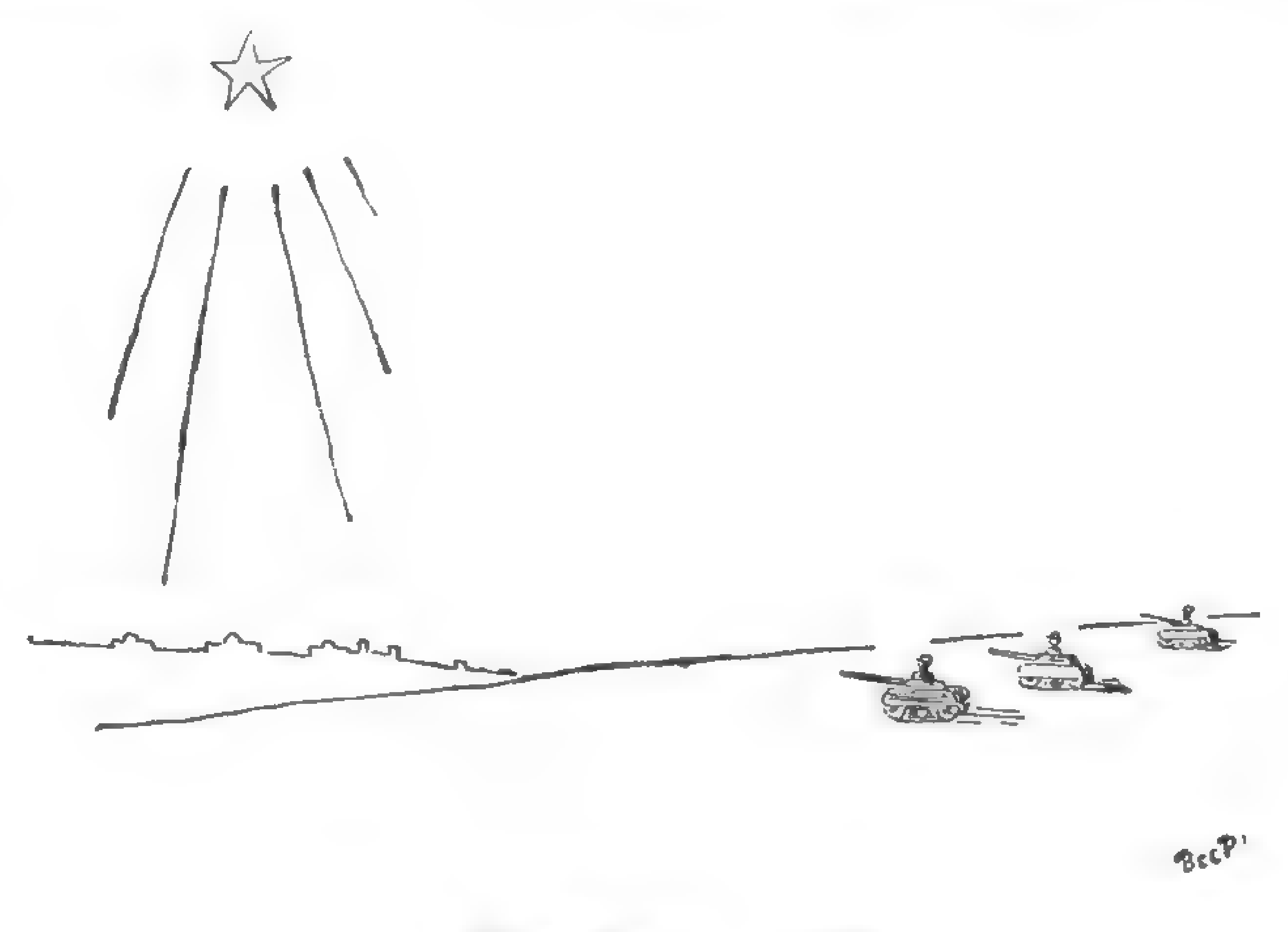
The Scene is the Office of a Famous Psychologist. A patient enters, sits down and speaks: "Doctor, I want to tell you about my dream. I dream about a country full of bad gophers. They were always doing bad things. Last night they kidnapped a beautiful canary and carried her away to their castle. All the other canaries got together and formed an army. Then they surrounded the walls of the Gopher Castle, and all sang the same note till the wall of the castle fell down and the beautiful female canary was freed."

Doctor: "Well I think it will be rather easy to free you from that dream."

Patient: "I don't want you to rid me of it—I want you to give me carfare to go to California—I think I can sell it to Walt Disney."

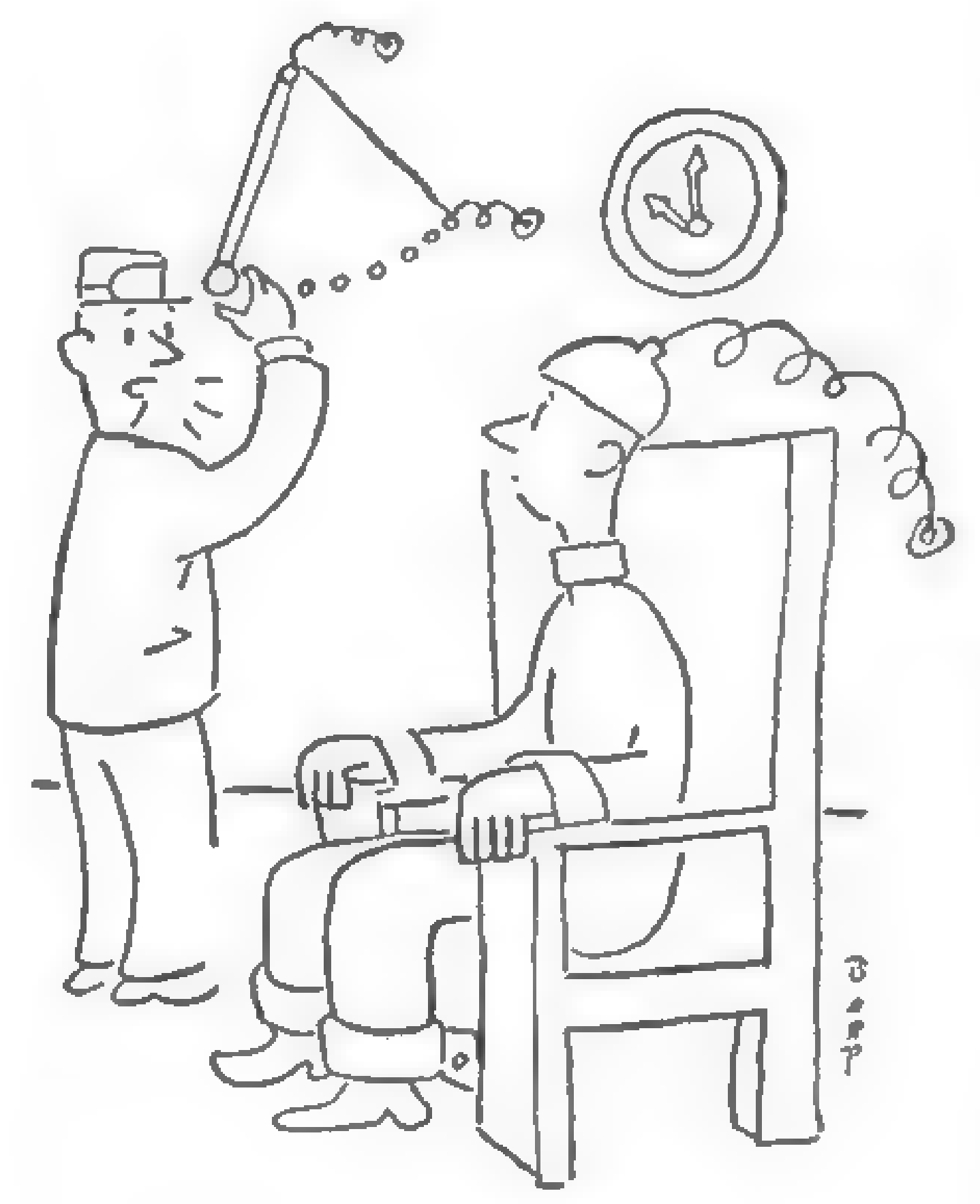
The Germans could easily increase their lard supply by rendering Herman Goering.

Through his dreamy thoughts
Girls passed to and fro
Like in and out a powder room
The ladies come and go.



Wise Men . . . 1942

If it ain't one thing it's another—ten years ago we worried about having a chicken for every pot—now we have the chicken but there is a shortage of pots.



"Rare or well done?"

The Soldier with Roscoe

The soldier at the other end of the bar seemed to be talking to himself. So I thought, what the hell! maybe things aren't going too well for him, so I'll go over and cheer him up.

I opened up with: "Have a drink, fellow?"

"Sure," he answered, "make it Scotch."

When we had downed them I said: "I hope that makes you feel better."

He waited a minute then spoke: "Oh you must have seen me talking . . . that doesn't mean I'm downhearted, that just means I'm talking to Roscoe."

"And who is Roscoe—if it's any of my business?"

"Well—I'll tell you from the first. I'm a sucker for correspondence courses. I'm the kind of guy that always fills out the coupon and takes a short course in welding by mail or how to fly an airplane in ten short weeks. It ain't a bad habit and nothing much happened either way till I took up a course in ventriloquism. I wanted to learn to throw my voice into trunks and cellars. I studied pretty hard at it but soon saw that I would never be an Edgar Bergen and was about ready to give it up when I began to hear sudden and unexpected voices coming from me. At first I thought I was going nuts, but decided to do a bit of research before I gave myself up, and it was then I discovered Roscoe."

"Time out for a drink, soldier, before you tell me who Roscoe is."

He finished the drink, wiped his mouth and continued: "Well sir, Roscoe is a tapeworm dwelling in my stomach and somehow while I was studying that course in ventriloquism he learned to talk. I was shocked as hell when I first found out that I had a tapeworm, and was going to a doctor and have him eradicated, but Roscoe talked me out of it, and I'm glad he did now because he is a lot of company. He gives me damn good advice too. For example he saved me from marrying a dame in St. Louis last year."

"How did he do that?"

"By making very disparaging remarks about her. He kept it up till she slapped my face and kicked me out of her house. She couldn't ever believe that I wasn't responsible for what he said. I'm glad now that he did because I found out later that she had three kids of her own living with the neighbors just till she landed a man. After a few close shaves like that I have come to rely on Roscoe's advice. When you saw me talking to him just now I was asking him if he thought I ought to go home and he said I should."

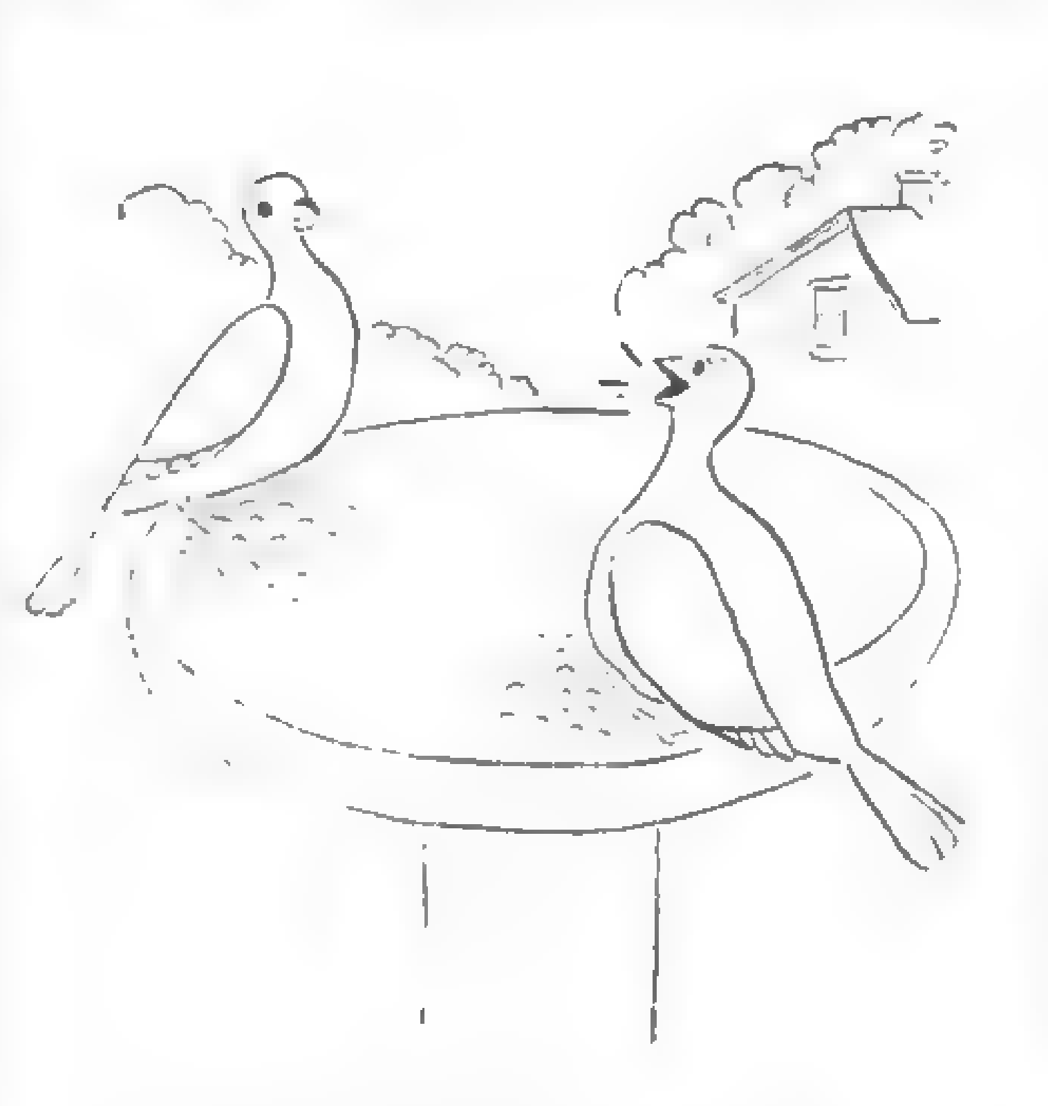
"Let me hear him say something," I suggested.

"Why didn't you speak sooner?" said the soldier. "Roscoe always goes to sleep after the second drink and he gets awful sore if I disturb him. But maybe I'll see you around some time when he's awake." He got up and left the tavern.

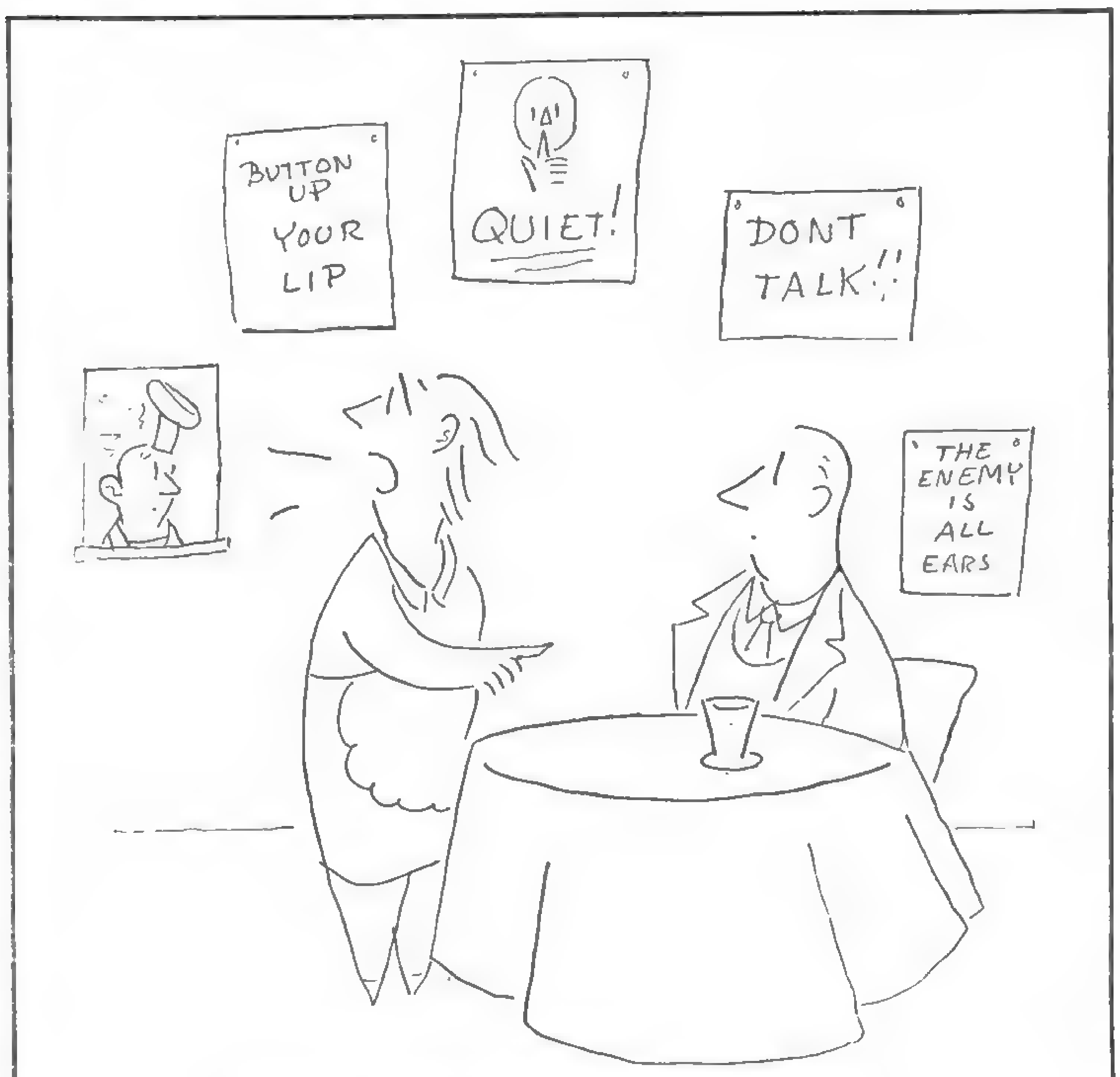
I hope I meet him again sometime. I sure would like to hear Roscoe say something.

We are waiting for the first report of a girl walking back from a buggy ride.

A whistling woman and a crowing hen will never come to a good end.



"I just concluded a very successful flight over Germany"


BUTTON UP YOUR LIP
QUIET!
DONT TALK!!
THE ENEMY IS ALL EARS

"Hey, Gus! He won't give his order!"

"Say, that woman you're flirting with is married."
"That's all right, so am I."

A cute little negro girl got up one morning recently and she was feeling real good. She felt so good that when she started to dress she started to sing. Her mother threw her hands in the air and said: "If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before night."

But a man who was passing by the window heard the little Negro girl's voice and knocked on the door: "Pardon me," he said, "but that is positively the finest voice I have heard this season. I am a producer for Big Productions; here is my card, I want to sign this girl to sing in my next big show . . . and here is a fifty dollar bill as earnest money. You come down to my office this afternoon and sign the contract for fifty weeks at a thousand a week."

So the girl and her mother went down to the Producer's that afternoon and signed the contract and as they were leaving the office the girl stubbed her toe and said: "Ouch" . . . "See," said the mother, "I told you—sing before breakfast and you'll cry before night."

It is legal to criticize politicians as long as they are not your superior officers.

For fifteen years Foreski has been eating his lunch at the Bon Ton Grill and for fifteen years he has sat at the same table, in the same chair, served by the same waitress, and eaten the same thing for lunch—vegetable soup, beef stew and coffee. For fifteen years he has arrived at the same moment, eaten the same food, left the same tip and departed—until yesterday.

Yesterday instead of vegetable soup—he ordered tomato juice.

The waitress was dumbfounded—she was almost speechless—and she rushed up to the cash register and told George. George immediately went over to the table where Mr. Foreski was seated and said: "Tell me Mr. Foreski, is there something wrong with the soup—a fly maybe?" "No," said Mr. Foreski, "nothing wrong with the soup, haven't you heard. variety is the spice of life?"

Our dog will have nothing whatever to do with mice . . he decided at first sniff that they were undesirable companions and has since refused to have anything to do with them, no matter how we urge him on . . . one time in the middle of the night my wife got up and discovered a mouse in the dining room; she grabbed a broom and I got a shoe and round and round the room we chased that damn mouse while our dog sat on the best chair in the house and watched with the air of one forced to live among barbarians; finally the mouse escaped and my wife and I put away our weapons and went to bed feeling a little foolish.

Dear Doctor Diddle: I am a Young Woman and I want the boys to like me but every time I take my scottie for a walk they admire her more than they do me . . . what shall I do? —Ugly.

Dear Ugly: Trade in your scottie for an English Bull—surely you are better looking than they.

Dear Doctor Diddle: I am a beautiful Brunet but I have a serious problem . . . every time I take a bath I blush. What shall I do? —Twenty.

Dear Twenty: Before you undress, put on a blindfold.

Dear Doctor: I am a Hill Billy and my Girl says she won't marry me if I don't wear shoes . . . Shall I give up the Girl or the Freedom of my feet? —Jasper.

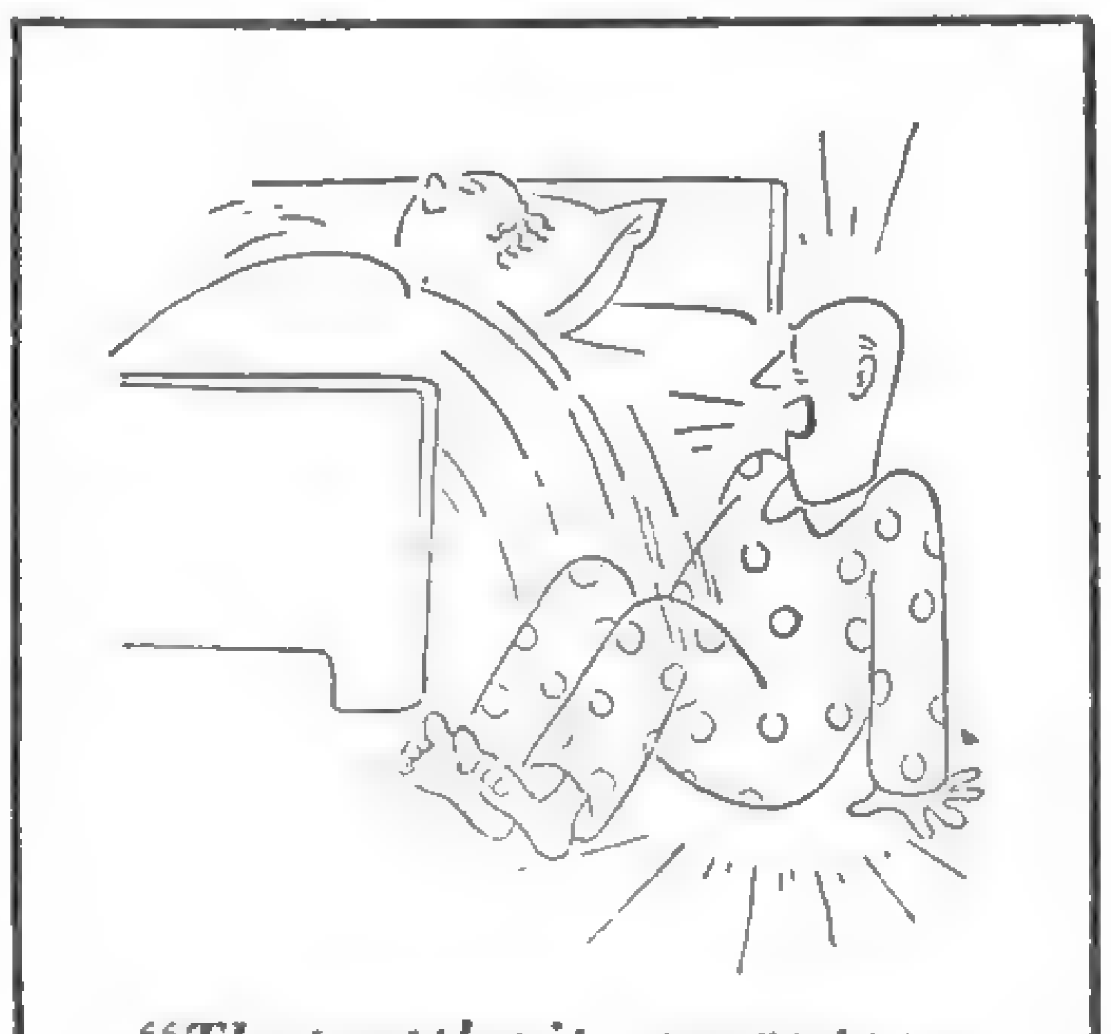
Dear Jasper: There are lots of Girls but you only have one pair of feet.

Dear Doctor: I am a lady forty years old. I have been married to eight different men in seven different countries. Please tell me what I have to look forward to —Anxious.

Dear Anxious: I'm not sure about what you have to look forward to but Lady you sure have a hell of a lot to look back on.

Dear Doctor: I am a Blonde twenty years old and I want to get married in the worst way. What do you suggest? —Blonde.

Dear Blonde: Get married in a kimona—we can think of nothing worse.



"That settles it—we go to no more movies with rhumba dances"

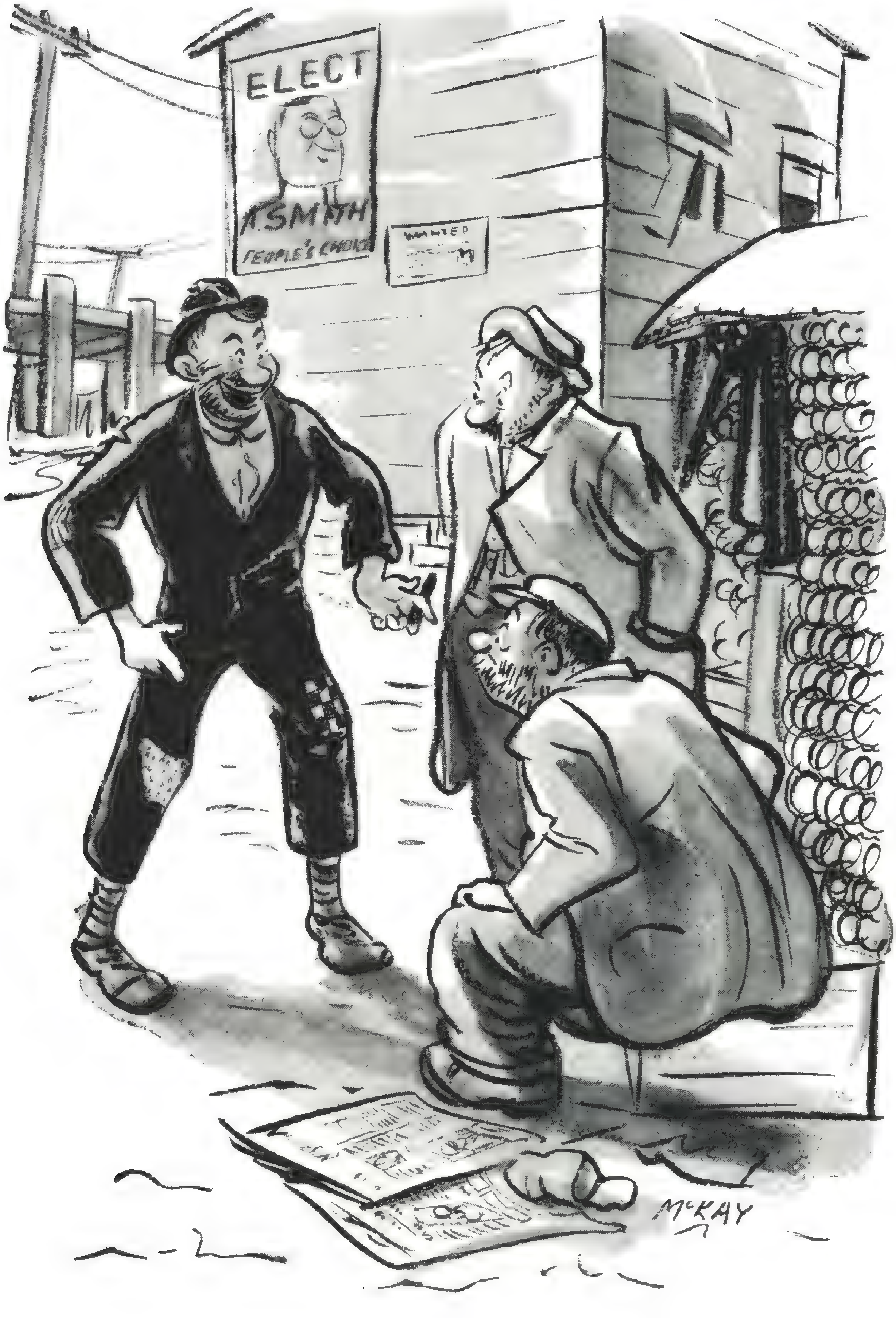
A radio writer named Jewel rushed into the office of Columbia Broadcasting the other day and demanded to see the head of the production department. In due time he was shown into the boss's office and he rushed up to him saying: "Have I got it, have I got it—a story I've got for a Soap Opera."

"Give me a brief outline of it."

"In this Soap Opera everybody cries—the mother cries—the father cries—the little children cry—the grandparents cry . . ."

"Yea," said the Bigshot, "but what's new—they all do that."

"True," said Jewel, "but now comes the denouement—now comes the payoff—this is what you've been waiting for—this is the only serial in which the announcer cries while he is giving the commercial." # —Beep


ELECT
A. SMITH
PEOPLE'S CHOICE
WANTED
McKAY

"Look! Victory suit!"

The Fine Art of Bucking

Selective service men usually learn that the shortest way to promotion is through following these grooming hints from vets

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

WEARABLES

As the United States Armed Forces constantly expand, millions of men are learning a new way of life—new manners and traditions. From the veterans of many years' service are culled ideas on easy ways of doing things that might never occur to the newly inducted.

For example, the right way to handle the Army cap may seem inconsequential, yet the veteran doesn't think so. He uses what is called by some, "the West Point grip." To put the cap on his head or remove it, he places the thumb firmly under the visor and extends the first finger to the eagle of the cap device. This firm hold keeps the cap from being pulled out of shape and does not fingerprint the leather top of the visor. Rookies who grab the front part of the crown, as they might a civilian felt hat, soon find that the cap stretches out of shape and becomes soiled quickly. Yard birds (raw recruits, to you) who simply take hold of the visor soon learn the hard way that they have to polish the leather more frequently.

Old soldiers always lay the cap down with the top side up. This seemingly perverse custom keeps the cap from being soiled as quickly as when it is placed top side down.

After an Army, Navy or Marine cap has been worn for quite a while, the visor may flatten out. To restore the proper curved shape, veterans simply fasten a rubber band or attach a tightly drawn cord to the two side buttons.

Most men in the service don't like to fuss with a tie to keep it in place. They therefore tie a special knot, called by them a lock knot, which keeps it from slipping. The accompanying diagram shows the different stages. The long end of the tie is drawn around the shorter end to form a single knot. It is looped around again and then the knot is finished in the usual manner.

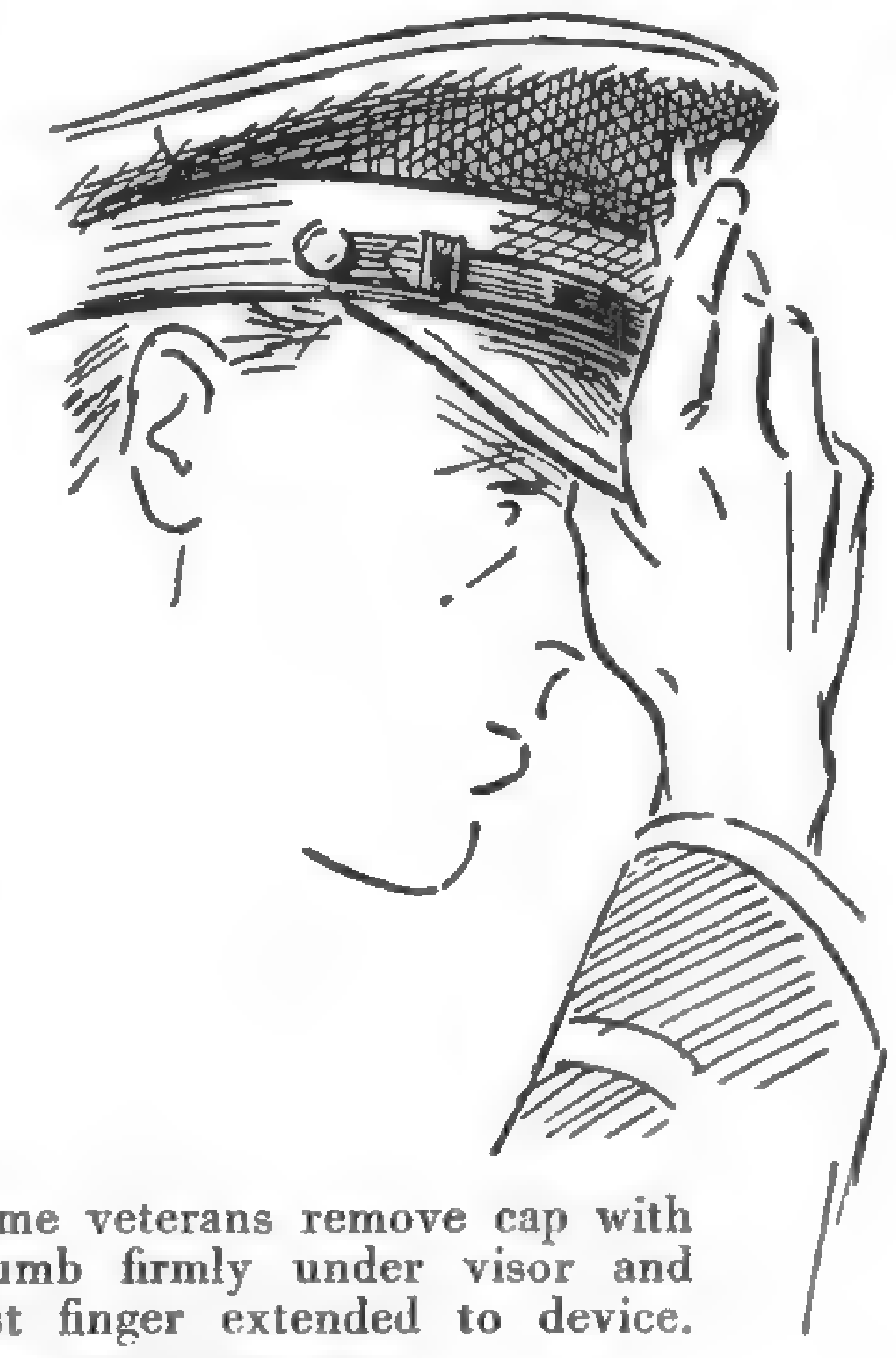
Many service men prefer to have woolen shirts dry-cleaned so that the shirt has a better chance of retaining its proper size. They also contend that a dry-cleaned shirt is more comfortable for the wearer and presents a better appearance.

Woolen socks are preferred for various reasons. The fibers possess absorptive qualities. Wool, having a certain springiness, serves as a cushion under the foot and makes walking great distances (whether it's a matter of maneuvers, or just hitch-hiking home) less tiring than other fibers. A few subtly dropped hints among girl friends who knit should assure you of a goodly supply of wool socks.

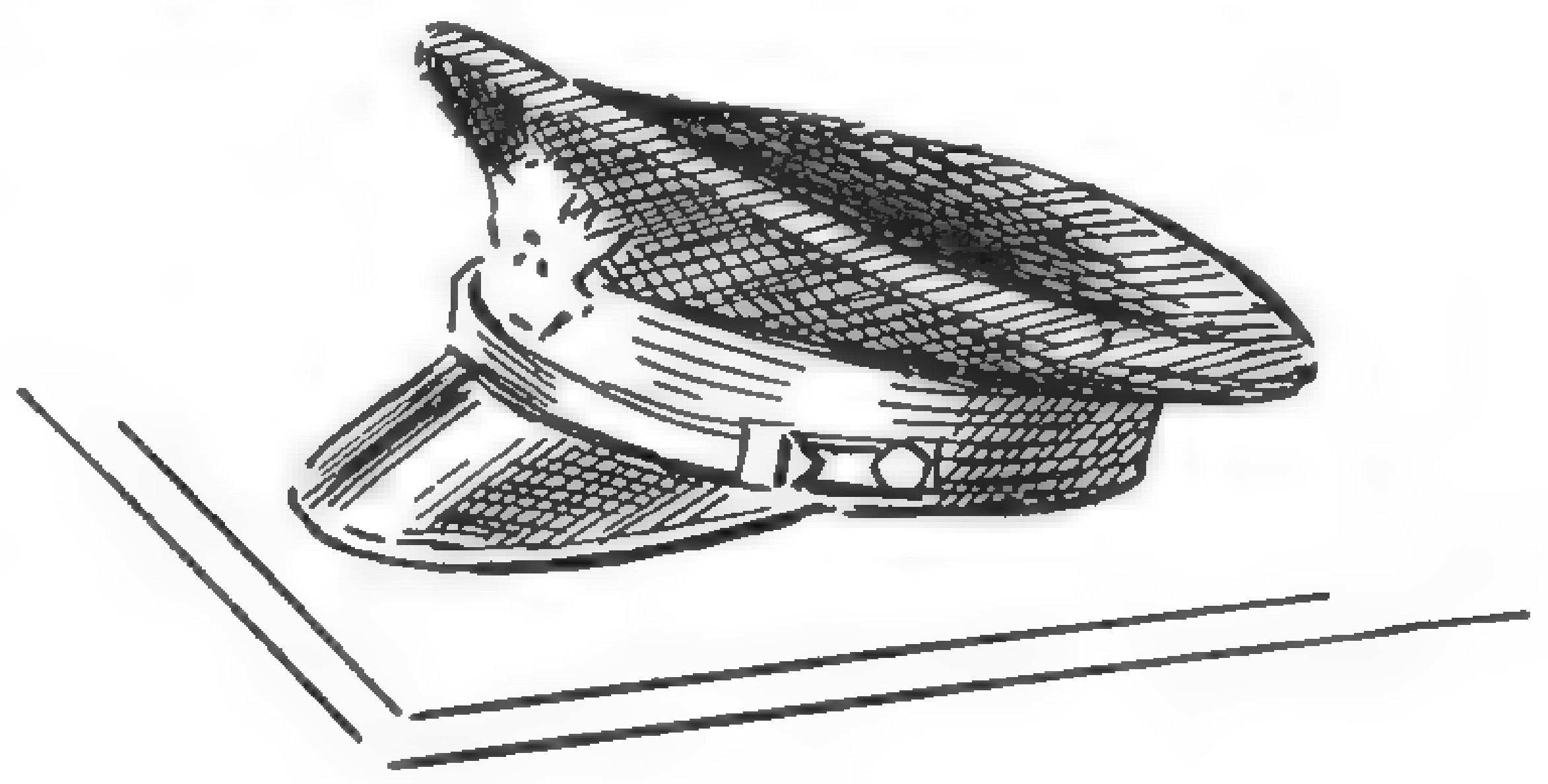
One of the most essential articles in the service man's kit is a can of foot powder. This is a material aid to comfort and endurance during hard footwork. Shoes, particularly if moist, slip on the foot without much trouble if some powder is lightly sprinkled inside.

Shoes are constantly "blitzed" by soldiers who know their sergeants. Neat's foot oil or a similar dressing may be applied to keep leather soft and waterproof. Regular use of a shoe-shine kit keeps the shoes polished and the soldier free from demerits. Shoestrings are tied in a special knot to prevent them from coming undone, a precaution that has saved many a soldier, gob, or leatherneck on dress parade. An extra turn in the loop will make it stay put 'till you-know-what freezes. See the diagram below for explicit directions.

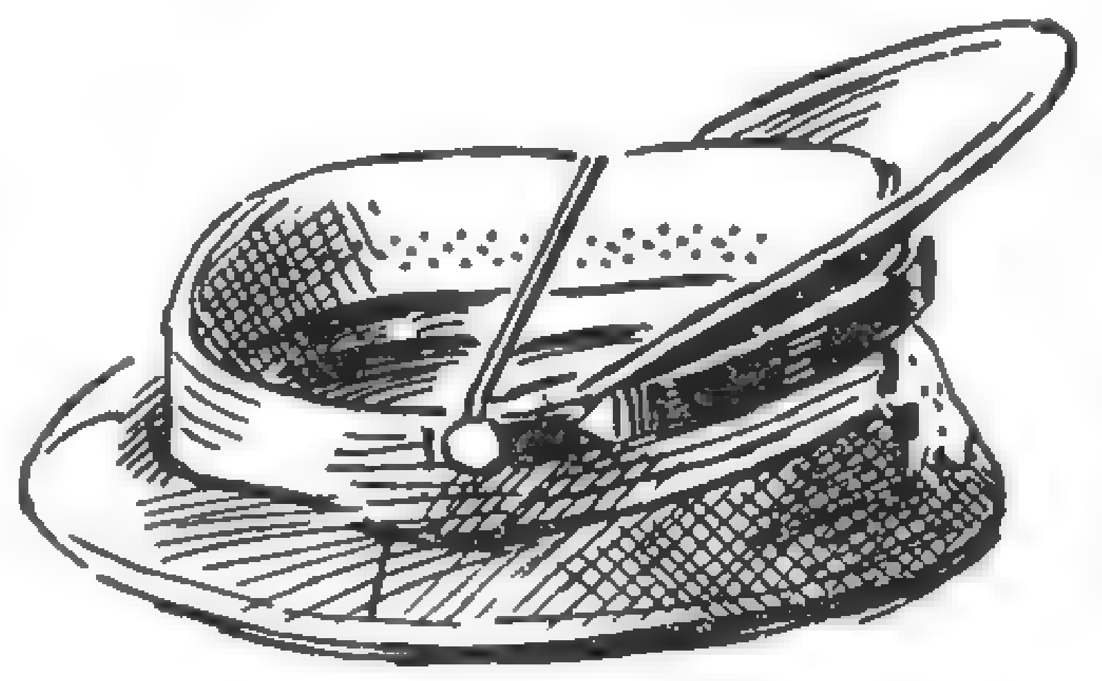
Our only purpose in reporting these grooming hints is to help smooth the way for rookies. But if your commanding officer should issue any counter orders concerning these grimly important matters, don't be a sap—and don't quote us. Remember that old military proverb: it's better to be a mitt flopper than a joker. And no matter how much you may grouse about your barracks, they're infinitely more luxurious than a Cross Bar Hotel. #



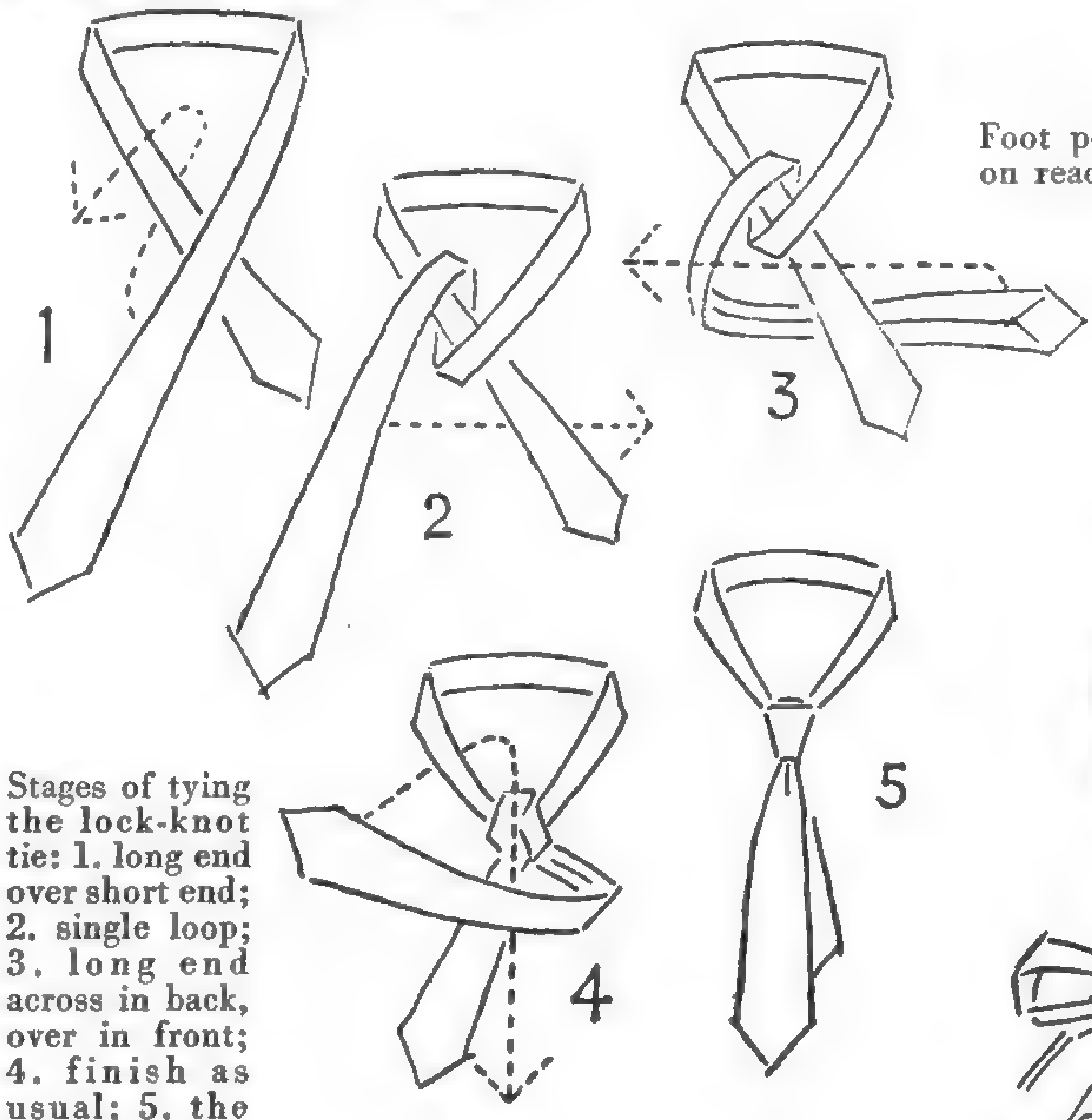
Some veterans remove cap with thumb firmly under visor and first finger extended to device.



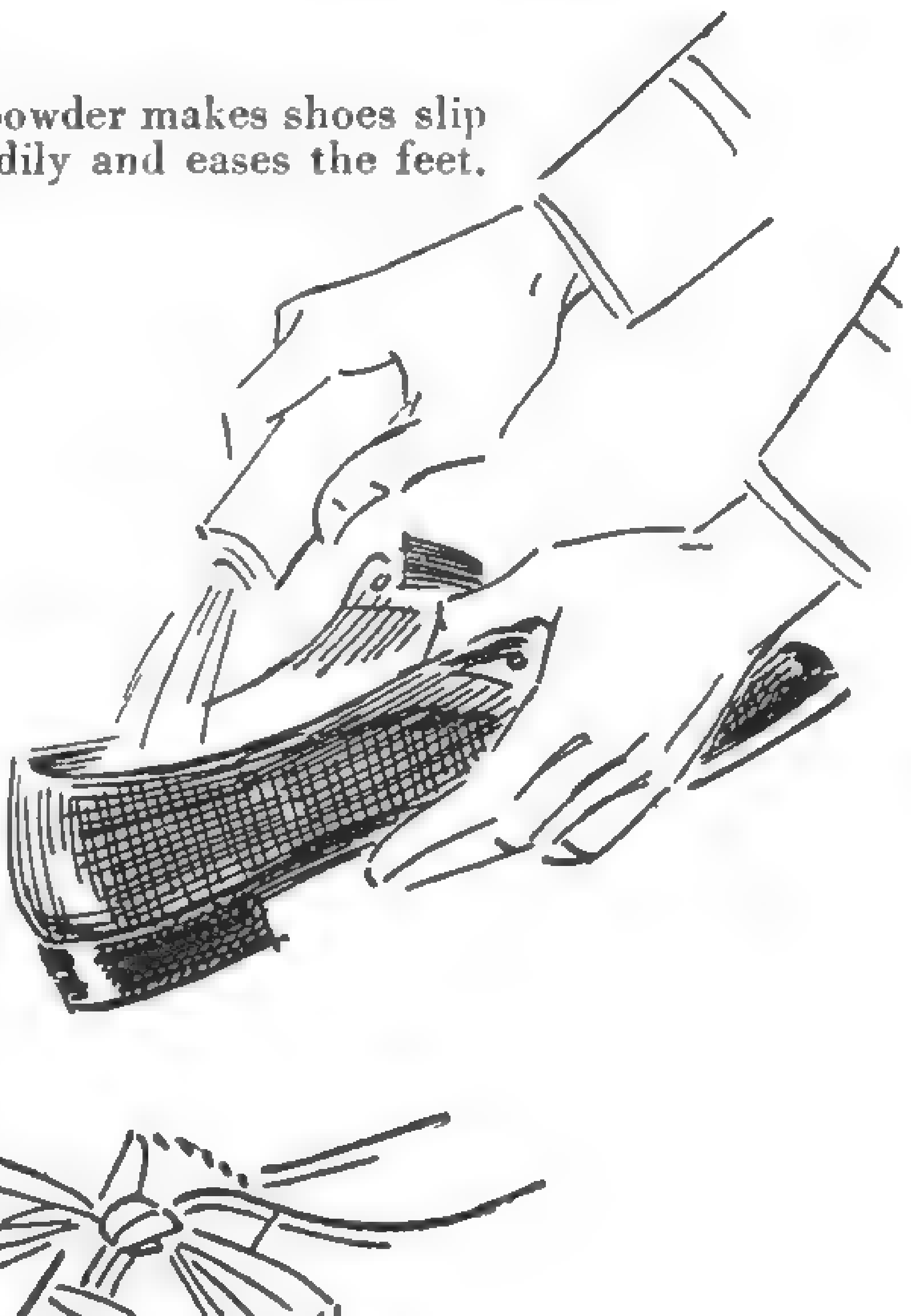
Cap soils less quickly if it is always placed top side up.



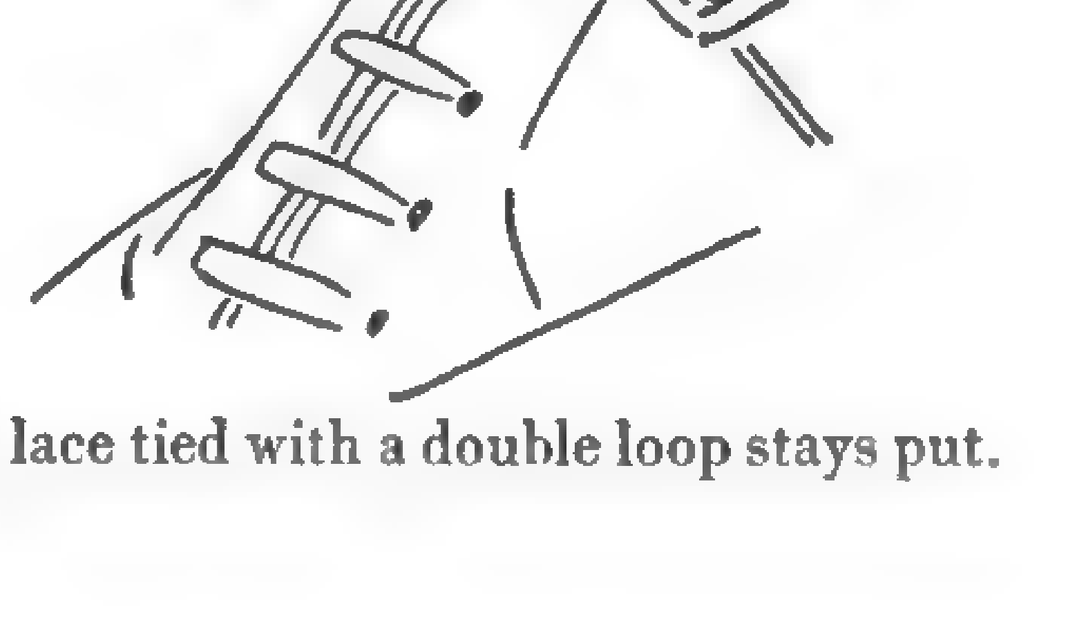
Flattened visor restored to proper curved shape by tension of a rubber band or cord attached to side buttons overnight.



Stages of tying the lock-knot tie: 1. long end over short end; 2. single loop; 3. long end across in back, over in front; 4. finish as usual; 5. the lock-knot tie.



Foot powder makes shoes slip on readily and eases the feet.



Shoe lace tied with a double loop stays put.

Burbles in Every Bundle

Continued from page 91

will do *their* part wholeheartedly as to quality and volume.

Jigger tossers who ball things up with sparkling water and ice (which old schoolers say numbs flavor's fullness) are wonderfully receptive to replenishments aimed at their whistle ideals. Liquor too good for them simply doesn't exist. If something above and beyond anything they had ever contacted should arrive by reindeer delivery, would they be abashed by its grandeur and sit there awe-stricken, unable to budge a lip? Not *these* guys. They'd simply reach up to this undreamed-of glory and climb over it, emerging with shouts of triumph. And that goes for ripe old New England Rum, reckless-bouqueted Jamaican, delicate-subtle Cuban and Porto Rican and clever torsoed Virgin Island; for liqueur Scotch of the liqueurest; for fine Brandy entitled to sniftered devotion (America is at last producing some in that category); and for American Whiskey that could say Papa to a Founding Father.

Which reminds me . . . Sorry to deprive them, but we'll need some of that liquor for our

EGGNOG

Reach under a hen (turtle, sturgeon, or dynosaur won't do; ostrich would be excessive) and extract 12 eggs. Segregate white of same, parking them aside for the moment.

Attack yolks with beater, slowly easing into them 9 tablespoonsful sugar and not letting up till well dissolved.

Pause only to insert 1½ pint Whiskey or Brandy.

At next halt, it's ½ pint plenty-flavored Rum.

These liquors do a light cooking job on the yolks, saving you fuel expense. Now you are ready for the onflow of the Great White Tidal Wave, consisting of 1 pint milk and ½ pint cream. (For extreme richness, the cream is whipped before adding; if you'd rather drink than spoon, don't ruffle it.) Stir these in.

Wash the beater free of yolk souvenirs and plunge into the idle whites, beating them stiff. Then fold them into what you digressed from. Sprinkle nutmeg profusely and stir it in.

Stow in airtight jars in refrigerator (where it would keep several days if it had the chance) till served in pre-chilled bowl.

Enough for 8 to 10 noggers, according to capacity. For more, simply multiply from the hen up. You can even add a cup of Peach Brandy at liquor insertion time if you feel the urge to.

Keener Yuletide tacticians incline to the Two Birds with One Stone nog system. For years now they haven't cracked an egg. Instead, they holly ribbon a set of ingredients and foist these as "the perfect gift" onto some eager stir-enthusiast, thereby scoring credit as donor and at the same time clinching preferred position at bowlside. The host, obligated to operate under the code of altruism, is apt to neglect his own glass in his diligent ladling to relentless applicants. Not so the grand giver. Relaxed except for a bent elbow, he just stands there basking in his prestige and collecting the refills that are pressed upon him. Or, if he chooses to sit, permits trays to be brought him.

Other types of beverage gifts aren't always so retrievable, unfortunately. Wines, for example. People upon whom you have bestowed a case of Claret, Burgundy, and Sauterne, or an assortment of reds and whites, actually have the nerve to knock off a bottle for their own selfish pleasure when you aren't on hand to collect. For the sake of a little praise, they may even allow some of your gift to find its way into the innards of guests who are total strangers to you. If *that* is gratitude, it's certainly leaky.

No less severe pangs of the gullet are in store as regards liqueurs. "What an attractive bottle!" exclaims your giftee as he fondles the shapely neck of Miss Green, Miss Apricot, Miss Blackberry or some other fruity beauty of mystery celebrity. But any hopes that have been built up will be worn down, for he is one of those cordial gazers who just gaze. If, after weeks and months, he finally persuades himself to pour, it's into glasses that would cramp a dewdrop. Quaffers would do better licking the cork. Meanwhile you who have had the treat of princelying his home with lush *objets d'art* surely wouldn't be guilty of coveting what you have conferred, nor any stray shots thereof.

Just in case, let me say that white jacketed Tony around the corner shakes up a recommendable Stinger—one-half White Crème de Menthe, one-half Brandy. A pair of these effectively brace our approach to buckets.

Pails if you will. Pine ones. Seems that apple-pious Mistress Prue of old New England, where metals were critical, needed containers for her baking and brewing supplies, and the backwoods cooperage industry drummed up sound answers with hoop-la handles and staunch lids you could repose your fanny on without a breakthrough. And lo hi-ho! exact similars (but stained, wax-finished, etc., with Currier & Ives poultices), culled from the same source, have come to limelight via a leading New York parcel shop as this year's Yuletidiest, or thereabouts. Carried on your arm, such a bucket, cargoed with well-chosen, will get you prompt service at any port of call. Amateur stevedores will rush to the winches and plunge down into the hold to grapple, grapple, till all hatches are going full tilt.

This noble vessel's subsequent career is warm or cool as you please, depending on whether firewood-holding or wine-chilling is the more urgent. With New Year's Eve bearing down upon us, demanding an answer to the query, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" I'll bet on the ice.

Actually, of course, the job of chilling a wine is most efficiently handled by that rank modernism, the refrigerator. Apéritifs (Dry Sherry, Dubonnet, Sweet and Dry Vermouth, etc.) and the white "Desserts" (Angelica, White Port) make it their regular residence. Delicate-bodied luncheon and dinner whites such as Chablis and the tall triplets, Hock, Riesling, and American Rhine, are transients there, and so are Sauterne, Moselle (slightly sweeter) and Haut (nectar-sweet) Sauterne.

Of late, some of the still reds have also barged in, to the consternation of room-temperature traditionalists. Since nobody has hired me as doorkeeper, I'm not interfering—but I'm not cheering, especially when it's a broad, deep Burgundy or a soft-spoken Claret of the Cabernet persuasion. If these blandishers whisper to you, "Chill me, Daddy, in a great big box," it's not the line they hand *me*.

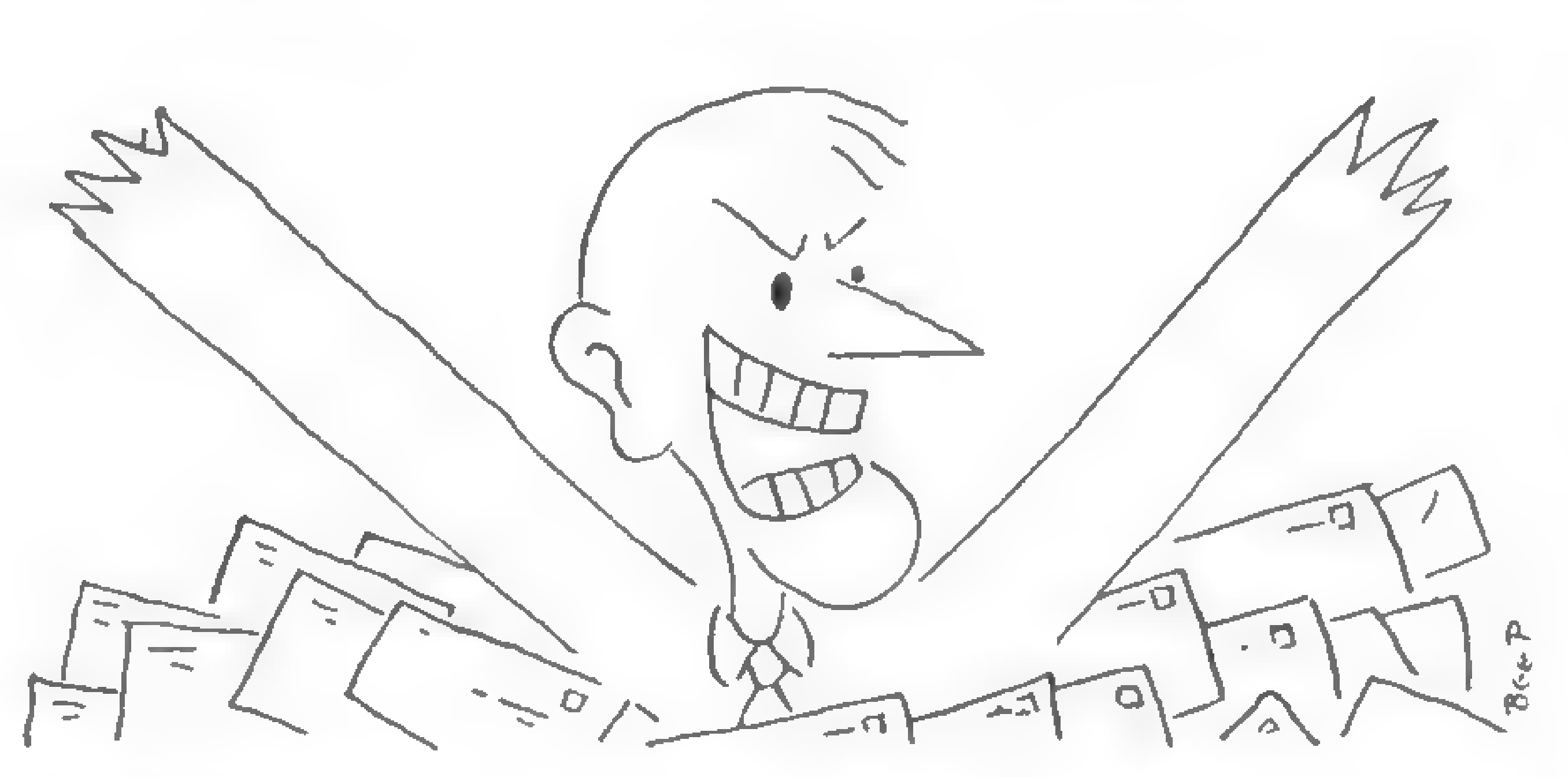
The bubble bearers, Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy, have been cool propositions all their lives. Indeed, they've seen times when warmth would have spelled peril to handlers. If, for example, a bottle in which the commotion of the second fermentation was taking place had been permitted a temperature of 100 degrees, the pressure would have amounted to 175 pounds. Hence the virtue of cellars deep underground or in some hillside.

Older American makers recall days when even in these dim, vast caverns progress was punctuated with bangs and crashes as unreliable glassware defaulted. And no wonder, for at that time the only bottles available were the empties salvaged from the import trade. The fact that America has learned to produce Champagne bottles, which are the most dependable ever known, is one explanation of why American Champagne vintners have gone forward so superbly.

So don't get nervous. The dark casing of that joy bomb you are holding in your hand was built to stand 400 pounds and, since filling, has undergone upwards of 100 manipulations—jugglings, twistings, upendings, and so on. Calmly therefore (except for natural enthusiasm of the occasion), you can stow it in Refriggy without risk to your nog eggs.

And where's that pail you were bragging about possessing? Now is its time to take over festively—and usefully, for it keeps the chilled bottle from becoming tepid. But after you have eased out (not popped) His Unruliness the Cork, remember that iced water is wet, calling for napkinly sleight-of-hand before the pouring; otherwise as a host you will be a drip.

With this wine Uncle Sam is daily sending new ships down the ways to the doom of the Axis. And that same purpose is resolutely fixed in our minds as we launch this New Year, 1943. So here's to Victory! ⧣



Christmas Cards We've Received

The ingenious card that arrived December 12th from the Higginses, unfolding into the front page of a newspaper with an enormous headline reading: HIGGINSES SEND GREETINGS . . . The Frazers' sprightly one that came on the 10th, looking like a subpoena (which threw a bad scare into us for a moment) and proclaiming: YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED TO ENJOY THE HOLIDAYS . . . The one from the Whites that came the same day, cleverly worked up as a quiz program and ending: WHAT DO THE WHITES WISH YOU A MERRY .... AND A HAPPY ....?

The amusing one from the Knoxes that got here on the 14th, and requested: DIAL STATION KNOX AND TUNE IN A MERRY CHRISTMAS... The smart number from the Fullers that arrived on the 12th, ingeniously worked out like an official communiqué, and concluding: HOLIDAY CHEER IS REPORTED PROGRESSING FAVORABLY ON ALL SECTORS . . . The droll number from the Carpenters on the 11th, an imitation almanac which said: FORECAST: HAPPINESS AND GLAD TIDINGS . . . The Walkers' sprightly card done up like a memorandum pad, and stating: MEMO: SEASON'S BEST FOR DEC. 25TH AND JAN 1ST. This arrived on the 15th—a little late, but we'll forgive that.

Innumerable others in the shape of proclamations, night club checks, ration cards, editorials, theatre tickets, bill posters, ultimatums, timetables, insurance policies, Congressional resolutions, handbills and whatnot, but none so far from the Smiths. Theirs, with nothing but a picture of a Christmas scene and "MERRY CHRISTMAS" on it, will come drifting in scandalously late, only four or five days before Christmas. You know the Smiths. They always have to be different.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

2 Revival of an ancient skill. Some get so proficient that they actually go hunting with bow and arrow. For others, archery is a garden sport.

3 Two unusual aids for hobbyists: A humidor for storing amateur movie film and, in the guise of a book, material to keep tomes of a library in shape.

BOURBON
GIN
SCOTCH

1 The makings of highballs or cocktails are grand gifts. So is the walnut tray with nests for glasses, relish trays and automatic cocktail shaker.

A COLLECTION OF CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY ESQUIRE

4 Briar of these pipes is two or four centuries old. Set includes straight model, curved pipe and meerschaum type. Saddle-stitched leather humidor.

5 The department that plans Esquire's wearables illustrations has selected these gifts: Ribbed lisle, Argyle plaid, diamond pattern wool socks. Broadcloth shirt, foulard tie, propeller clip. Silk, printed wool, crochet ties. Men's toilet water, novel propeller clock, and very luxurious pigskin wallet.

6 Gifts for outdoor girls: A coarse-yarn wool jacket with metal buttons for after-skiing and all-around activities. Pachyderm design silk scarf for elephant fans. Wide, military-looking pigskin belt. Alpine type cable-stitched knitted set of sturdy sleeveless sweater, hood and mitts.

7 Army type raincoats make swell gifts for civilians, soldiers and prospective draftees. The processed cotton sport jacket is cut out for action.

8 A good gift idea, a set of related accessories: Handbag, gloves, umbrella and belt are of genuine alligator. The bag is lined with snakeskin.

9 Even if Christmas is green, skiing weather will be here soon. A colorful ski sweater, silk scarf and a handy set of refreshing men's toiletries.

SHERRY
CORDIALS
BRANDY
RUM
CHAMPAGNE
Tom & Jerry

10 Give spirits for holiday cheer, or serve a Tom & Jerry . . . made of rum and brandy . . . in the traditional crockery set. Tray inlaid with tiles.

11 Silk-and-rayon robe, rayon pajamas and moccasin slippers. Incidentally, all these make good gifts for soldiers (for furlough use only, of course).

12 Musical horse that serves no particular purpose . . . but she'll love it. White elephant lamp. Scarf with an admonition. Ashtray guised as crib.

13 The boy in the frame has a gift problem, too. But the perfumes . . . Chessman, Sleeping, Laughter, Intoxication, New Horizons, Lanvin and personalized Gardenia . . . may be purchased by mail. Don't-sit-under-the-apple-tree compact, morocco leather bag, costume jewelry, lovely gems and chiffon scarfs.

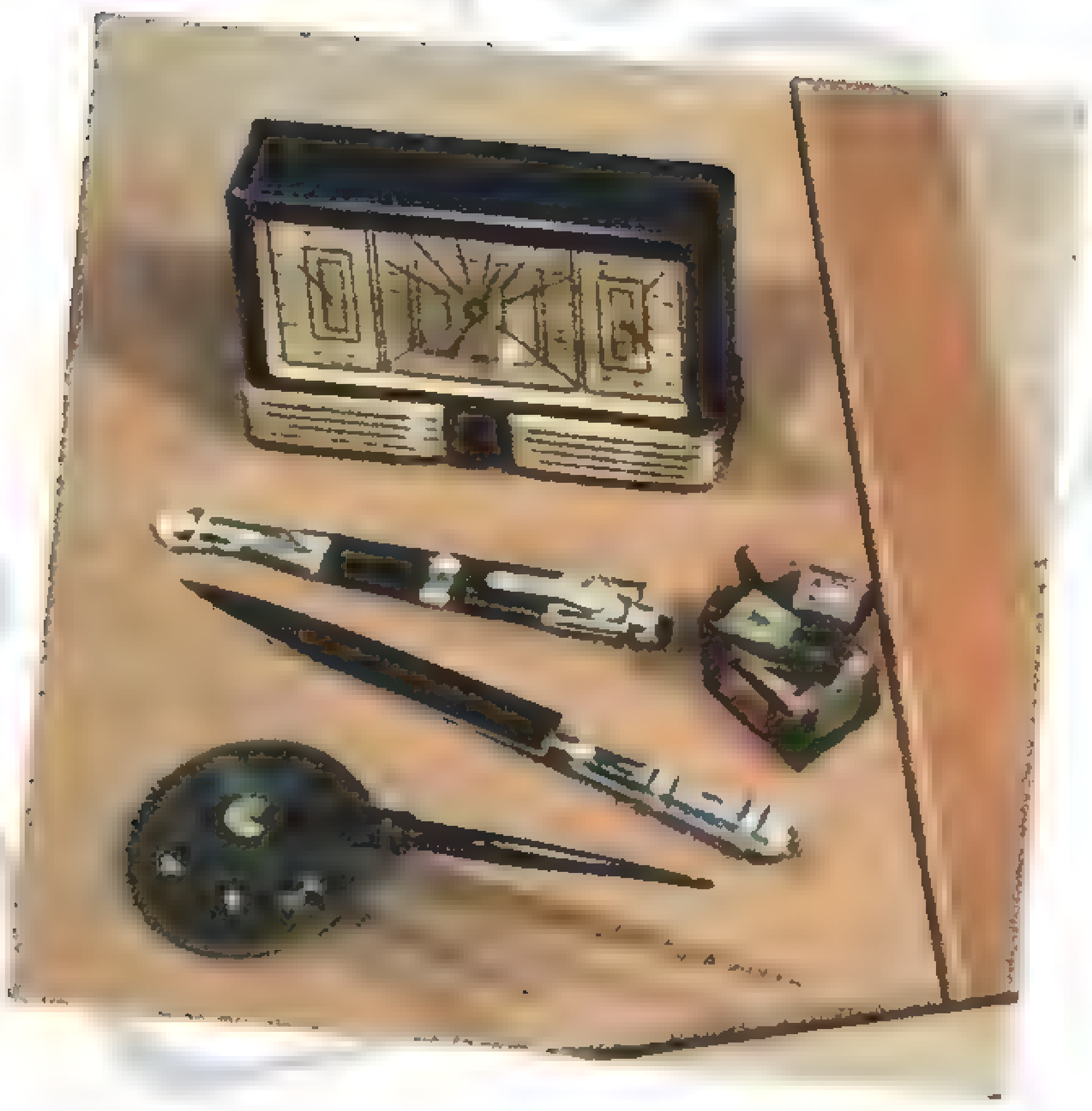
14 Christmas gifts for your hostess: A modern bleached wood salad set, carving knives marked Mr. and Mrs., salt and peppers, hand-blocked cloth.

15 Man-about-town's winter accessories. Large printed paisley muffler, hand-stitched capeskin gloves and he-man's size fine linen handkerchief.

16 Spring-buckle, Western and saddle-stitched belts. Crochet, mesh and synthetic braces. Mesh garters. Almost no rubber is used, yet do the job.

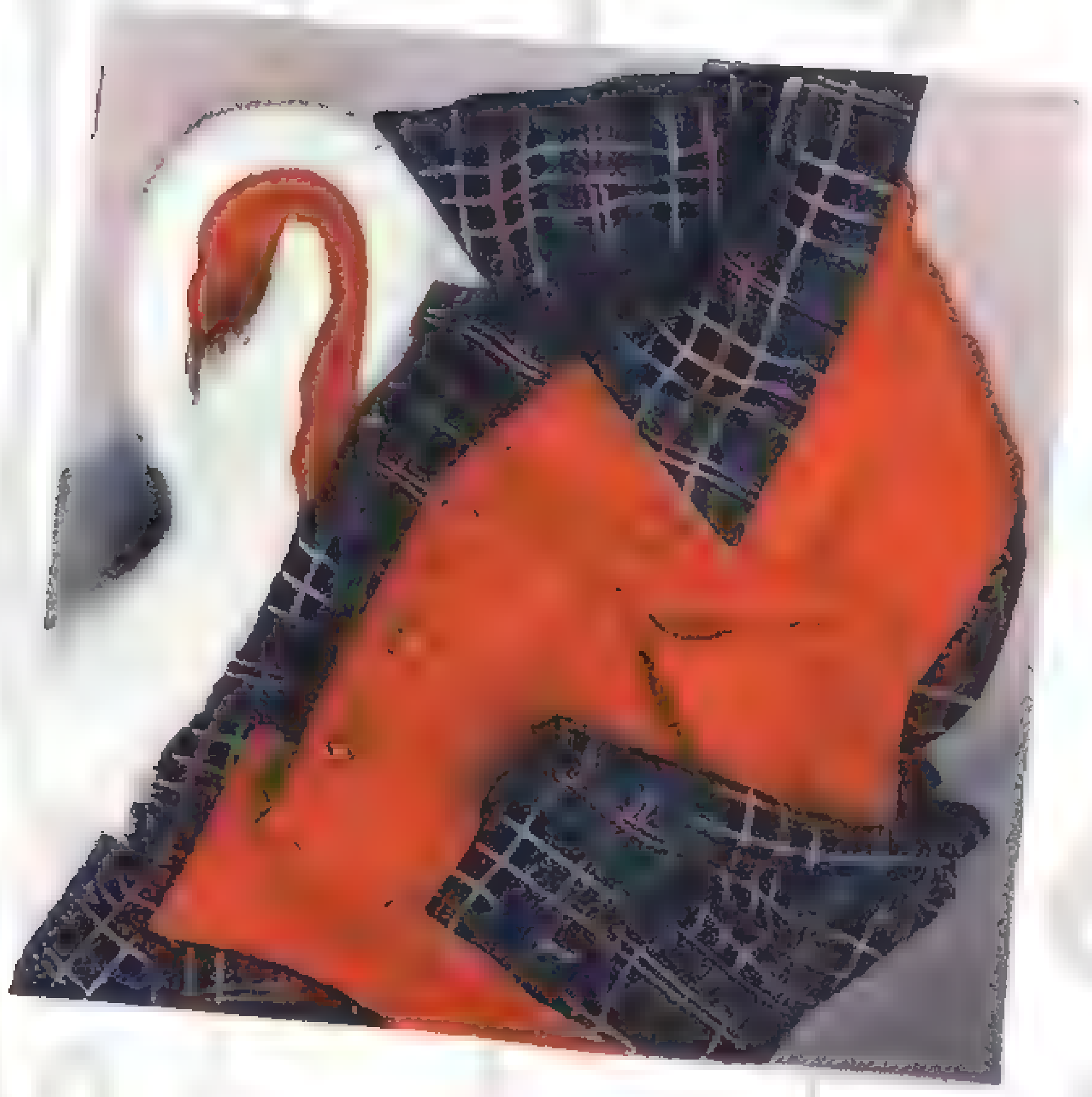
17 Intimate, feminine gifts: Luxurious bed jacket of fluffy pile fabric, lined with crepe silk. Plaited mules, and China dresser set with French mottoes.

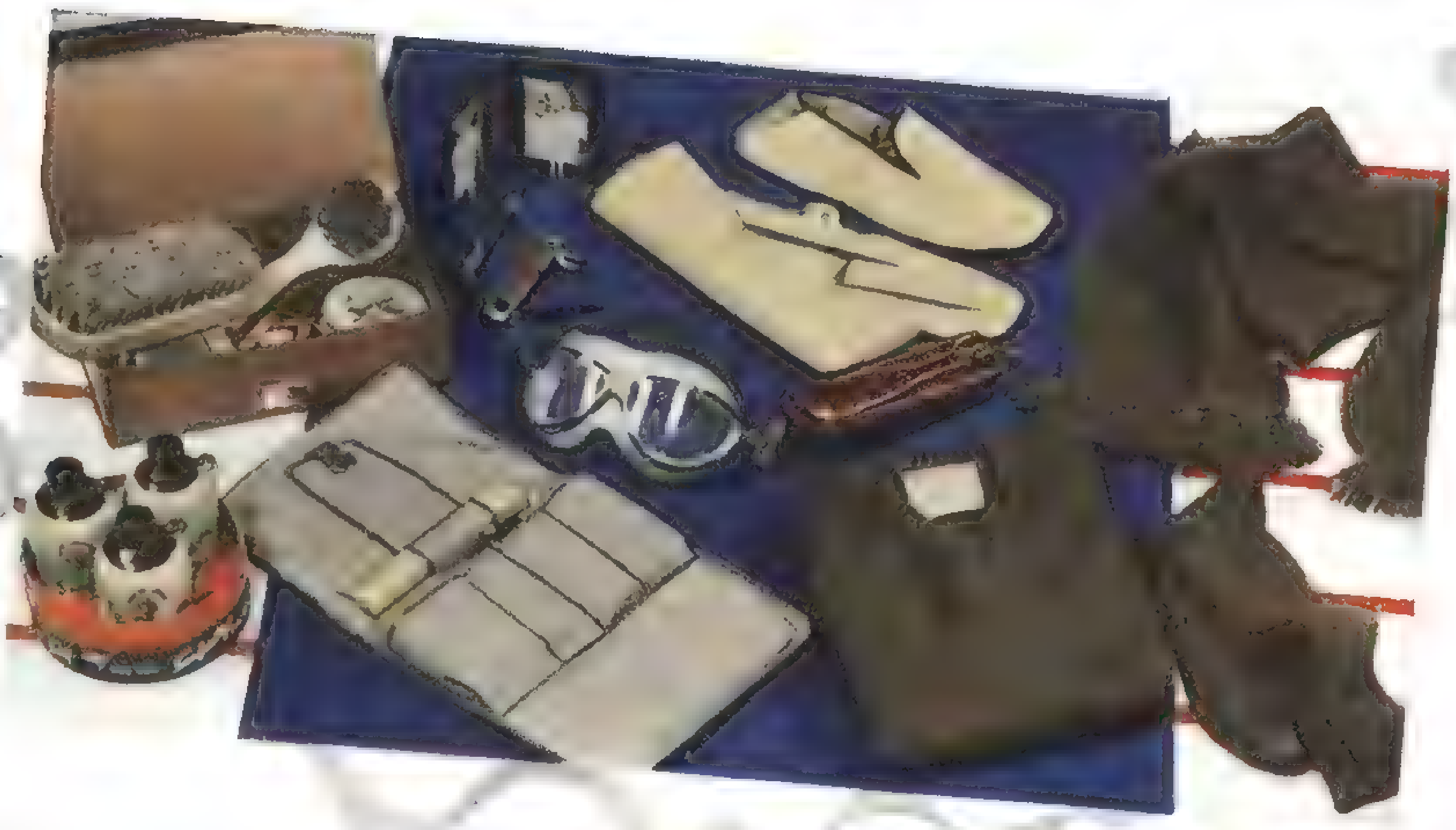
18 Smart sets for her complexion care and manicure. But beauty can be more than skin-deep, as witness the necklace and bracelet of turquoise and coins.



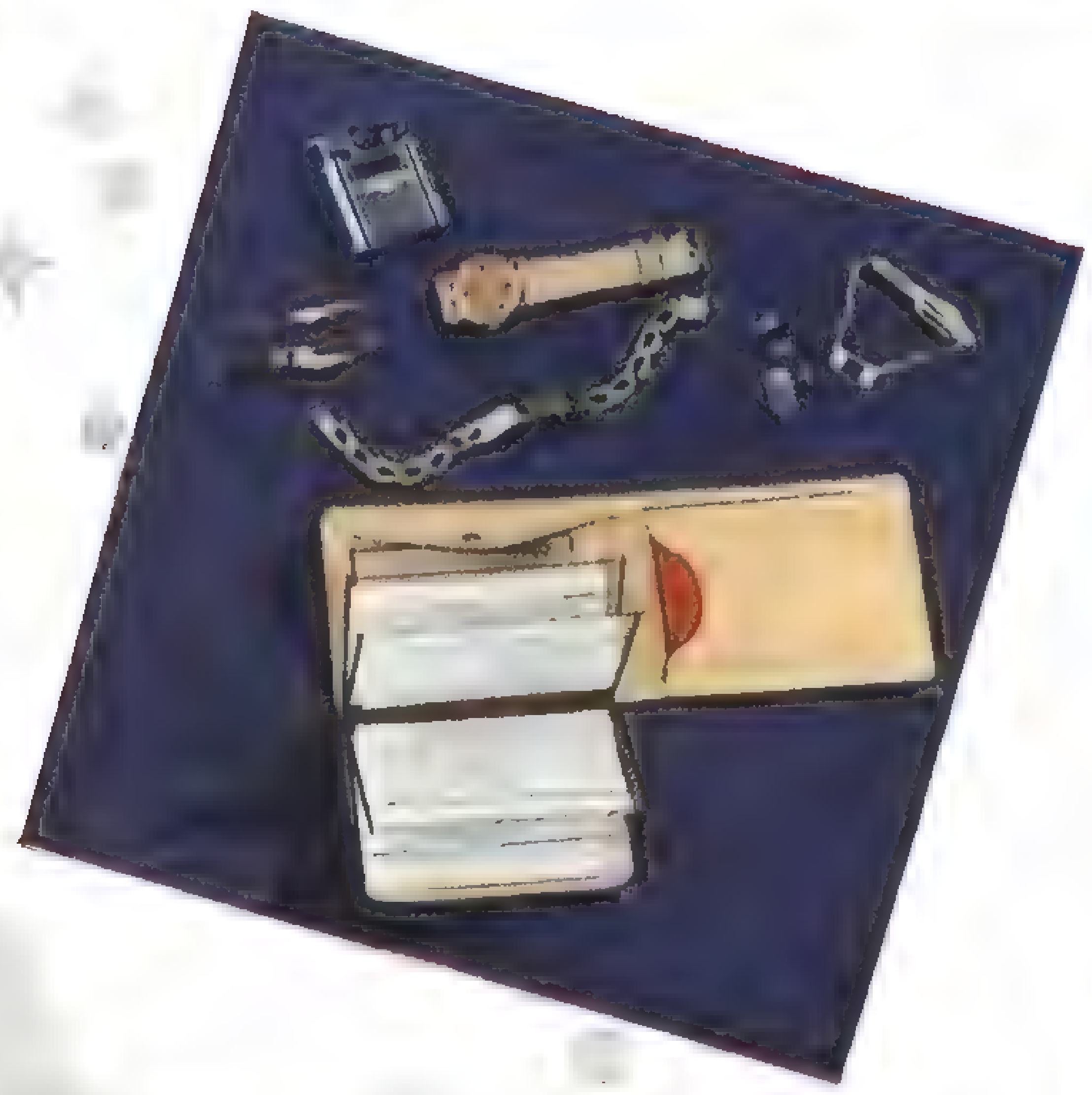
19 The desk instrument gives private weather reports. Letter-opener of South American silver. Desk pen in onyx stand. Stamp-decorated stamp box.

20 Girls love clothes that look like men's garments, such as the Tartan wool shirt and the flannel vest. White rabbit fur and red leather mitts.



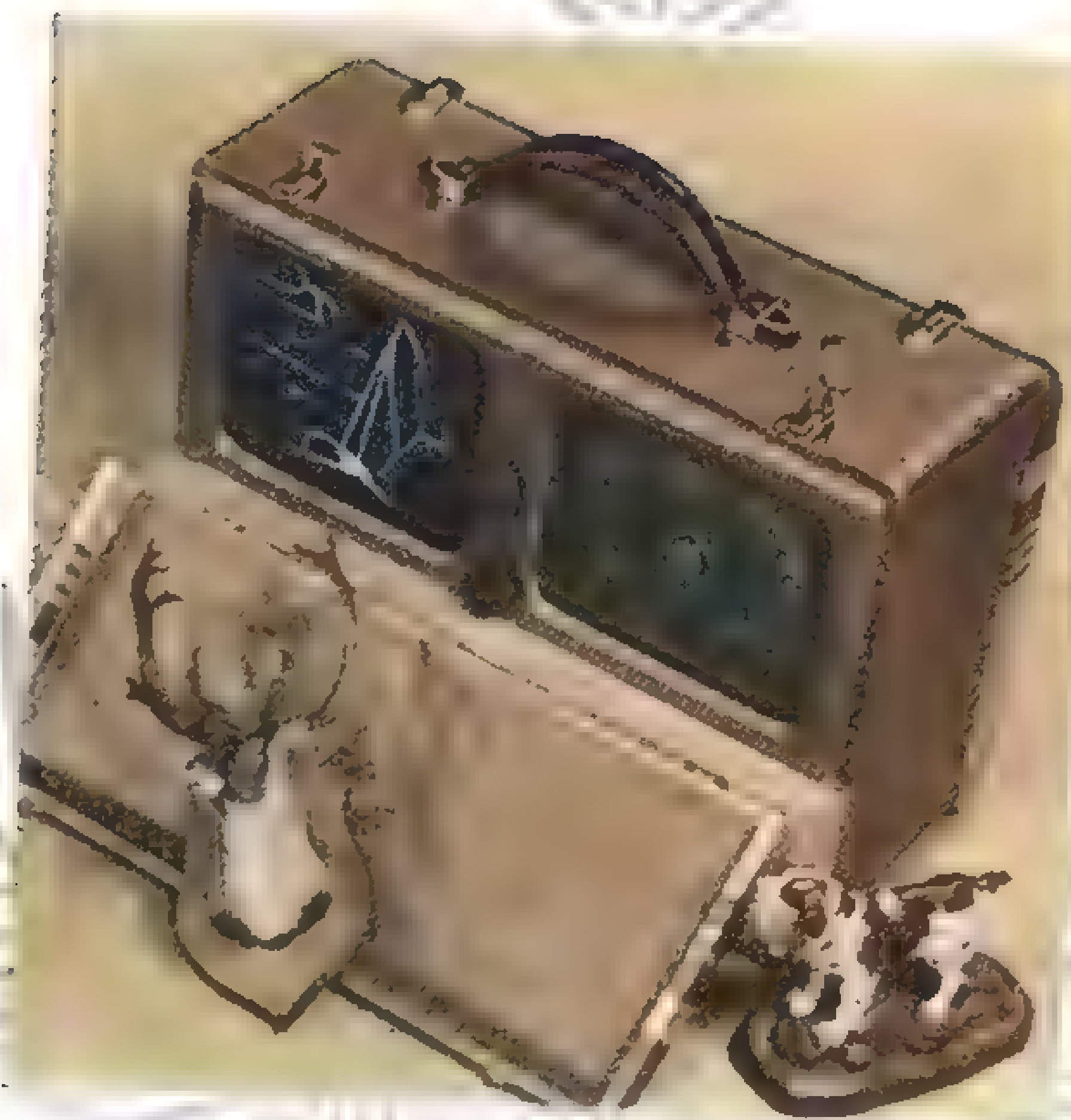


21 Often overlooked service gifts are a shoeshine kit, set of shaving aids, self-illuminating pencil, versatile jackknife, goggles and clothes brush with shoehorn. Standbys include a practical cloth toilet kit, pocket frame, handy slippers and knitted set.

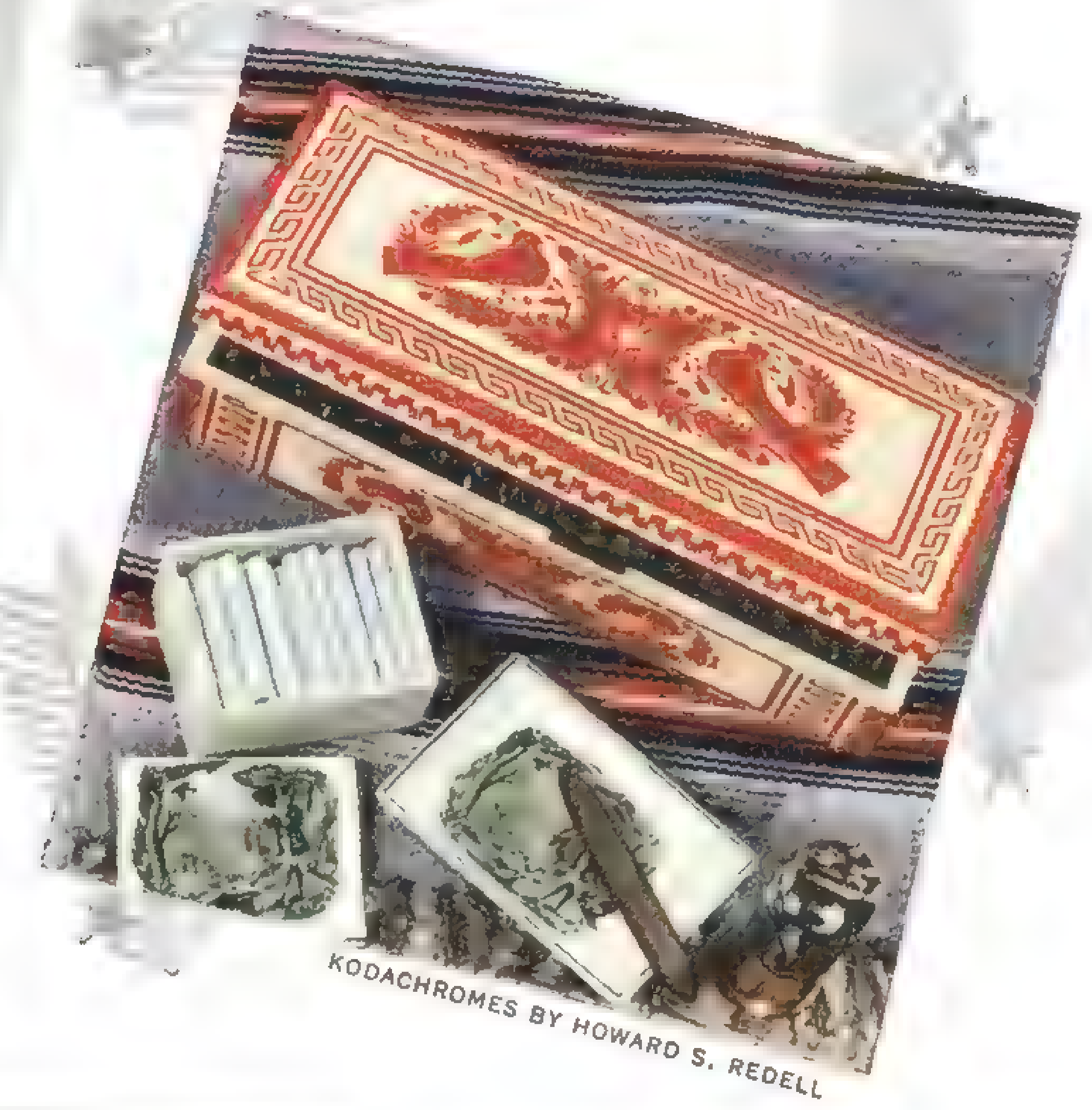


22 Lighter with initial shield, propeller clips, smart watch, gold identification bracelet, sterling links and tie chain, wallet with detachable pass case.

23 Radios . . . also soldiers' gift favorites . . . get scarcer but they are still available. A portable battery model and two tiny wild life sculptures.



24 Two gifts from our Allies: Mexican handicraft box, filled with cigars and an English cigarette set of painted china. Gamebird design lighter, and an Indian mat.



KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL

(For answers to gift queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.)

Esquire's Gift Selector

Write to "Ranger" in care of Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City, for complete and detailed guidance on all your gift queries. But the advertising pages in the display section of the Christmas Esquire are also rich in gift suggestions so, use this Esquire gift selector as your guide, and make up your complete gift list from the ideas between these two covers.

Merry Christmas and Good Hunting!

Select Your Gifts from these Lists . . .

apparel . . .

Men's shoes in various leathers for town or business wear . . . . see page 9

Several styles of men's raincoats in processed fabrics . . . . see page 19

Men's shoes in Scotch grain leathers for office or country wear . . . . . . see page 25

Miniature hat box with gift certificate exchangeable for hat of his choosing . . . . see page 27

Assortment of men's shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, and underwear, see page 143

Jeep-size hat box with gift certificate which he turns over for the hat he chooses . . . . see page 159

Men's knitted fabric shorts in varied leg lengths, also shirts to match, see page 169

Men's suits suitable for business or country wear . . . . see page 183

Men's topcoats and overcoats in town and country styles . . . . see page 186

Men's and women's sports jackets processed for water, wind, and spot resistance . . . . see page 188

Men's and women's ski boots and moccasins . . . . see page 194

Men's plain toe military oxfords in tan calf leather. Also suitable for business wear . . . . see page 196

Men's worsted yarn coat sweaters in assortment of colors . . . . see page 196

Assortment of men's socks including winter weight wools . . . . see page 197

Men's shoes for service or civvies in tan or black calf leathers . . . . . . see page 200

Men's leather jackets for outdoor winter wear . . . . see page 200

Men's hats for town or country wear . . . . see page 202

Men's pull-on style capeskin gloves . . . . see page 204

Men's leather jackets for sports or active civilian duties . . . . see page 205

Assortment of men's socks in winter weights . . . . see page 206

Men's shoes for wear with town or country clothes . . . . see page 207

Men's shoes in antique finished calf and mahogany cordovan . . . . see page 208

Assortment of men's hose in regular and ankle lengths . . . . see III Cover

jewelry and watches . . .

Assortment of men's jewelry including matched sets of tie and key chains, cuff links, etc . . . . see page 150

Official U. S. Naval Reserve Officer's signet ring . . . . see page 192

use this column as your Christmas Gift Guide

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Brother Bill

Uncle Silas

Ma

Grandpa

Esquire's Gift Selector

Girl Friend

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The Boss

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Steve the Marine

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perfumes and toiletries . . .

Women's perfume with a slightly spicy fragrance . . . . see page 21

Assortment of manicuring and nail polish kits for men and women . . . . see page 145

Selection of women's perfumes; several sizes and prices . . . . see page 146

Women's perfume in an octagonal shape bottle . . . . see page 157

Assortment of men's and women's toiletries in flower fragrances and spice scents . . . . see pages 162 & 163

Women's perfumes in personalized bottles with her three initials . . . . . . see page 171

Assortment of heather and fern fragrance toiletries for men . . . . see page 174

Deodorant for masculine use—several sizes . . . . see page 179

Body and foot perfume in a duffle bag package for service men . . . . see page 203

luggage and leather goods . . .

Assortment of men's wallets, belts and braces. Also combination matching sets . . . . see page 4

Women's suede or leather bags fitted with lipstick, compact and comb . . . see page 7

Men's belts with initialled buckles, men's garters and braces in matching sets . . . . see page 164

Several men's wallets; initialled, with pass and photo cases, with calendars . . . . see page 172

Wallets with key holders, card case, etc.; also service men's billfolds, see page 184

Assortment of men's leather belts that expand and contract as you breathe . . . . see page 185

Wallet with detachable card case, also key cases and wallet-key cases, see page 187

Assortment of military kits, wallets, dressing kits and key cases . . . . . . see page 201

Men's mosaic design tooled leather belts with several types of buckles, also men's tooled wallets . . . . see page 206

Assortment of men's and women's luggage; overnight cases, wardrobe cases, portable wardrobes . . . . see IV Cover

smoking accessories . . .

A tobacco mixture for pipe smokers . . . . see page 8

"Bulldog" shape men's briar pipes . . . . see page 13

Oval-shape cigarettes in gift cartons . . . . see page 17

A blend of pipe tobaccos . . . . see page 30

Cigarettes cartoned for Christmas giving . . . . see page 148

Oval-shape king size cigarettes in crush-proof boxes . . . . see page 152

Cigarettes with ivory, plain, or red tips . . . . see page 176

A blend of burley tobaccos for pipe smokers . . . . see page 190

Men's processed-broken-in pipes . . . . see page 208

wines, liquors and beverages . . .

A blend of straight whiskies 5 years or more old . . . . see page 11

Assortment of bottled-in-bond Kentucky Bourbons and straight Rye whiskies . . . . see pages 14 & 15

A peppermint flavor cordial, see page 22

Jamaica Rum imported from B.W.I. . . . . see page 22

Kentucky bottled-in-bond Bourbon whiskey . . . . see page 23

Cordials, gin, Virgin Island rum, straight Bourbon, and blended whiskies . . . . see pages 28 & 29

Imported Jamaica rum . . . . . see page 30

American Apple Jack Brandy, see page 30

A sparkling water mixer for highballs . . . . see page 31

An American blended whiskey . . . . see page 33

Imported London dry gin . . . . see page 34

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskey . . . . see page 35

Distilled London dry gin, made in America . . . . see page 38

Assortment of American wines for dinner or cocktails . . . . see page 144

Imported Scotch whisky, eight years old.....................see page 147

Assortment of ready mixed cocktails. Maker offers booklet of cocktail snack recipes..................see page 151

Imported Canadian Whisky, 6 years old; American blended whiskies, and gin... ....see pages 154 & 155

Imported Scotch whisky, eight years old.....................see page 158

American bottled-in-bond Bourbon whiskey.....................see page 165

A blended American whiskey, see page 167

An aperitif wine with several suggested drink recipes............see page 170

Seven year old Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskey............see page 173

Blended Scotch whisky, 8 and 12 years old.....................see page 175

Eight year old imported Scotch whisky. ....see page 177

A blended American whiskey, see page 178

6 year old Kentucky straight Bourbon.. ....see page 181

American cordial, originally imported, now made in America......see page 182

American apple brandy. Maker offers booklet with cocktail and food recipes... ....see page 185

Champagne produced in America...... ....see page 186

Cognac Brandy produced in France.... ....see page 187

A liqueur, formerly imported, now produced here.............see page 190

Several types of American cordials.... ....see page 192

A blended Scotch whisky, see page 194

Bottled-in-bond Kentucky Bourbon..... ....see page 199

A Milwaukee Pilsener beer in bottles.... ....see page 201

Imported Scotch whisky....see page 202

Several types of wines made in America. ....see page 205

Assortment of American grape wines.. ....see page 208

miscellaneous . . .

Non-fiction, manual of military skiing technique..............see page 180

Bedroom or dining room suites in several woods and finishes........see page 207

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of a change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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The Mrs.

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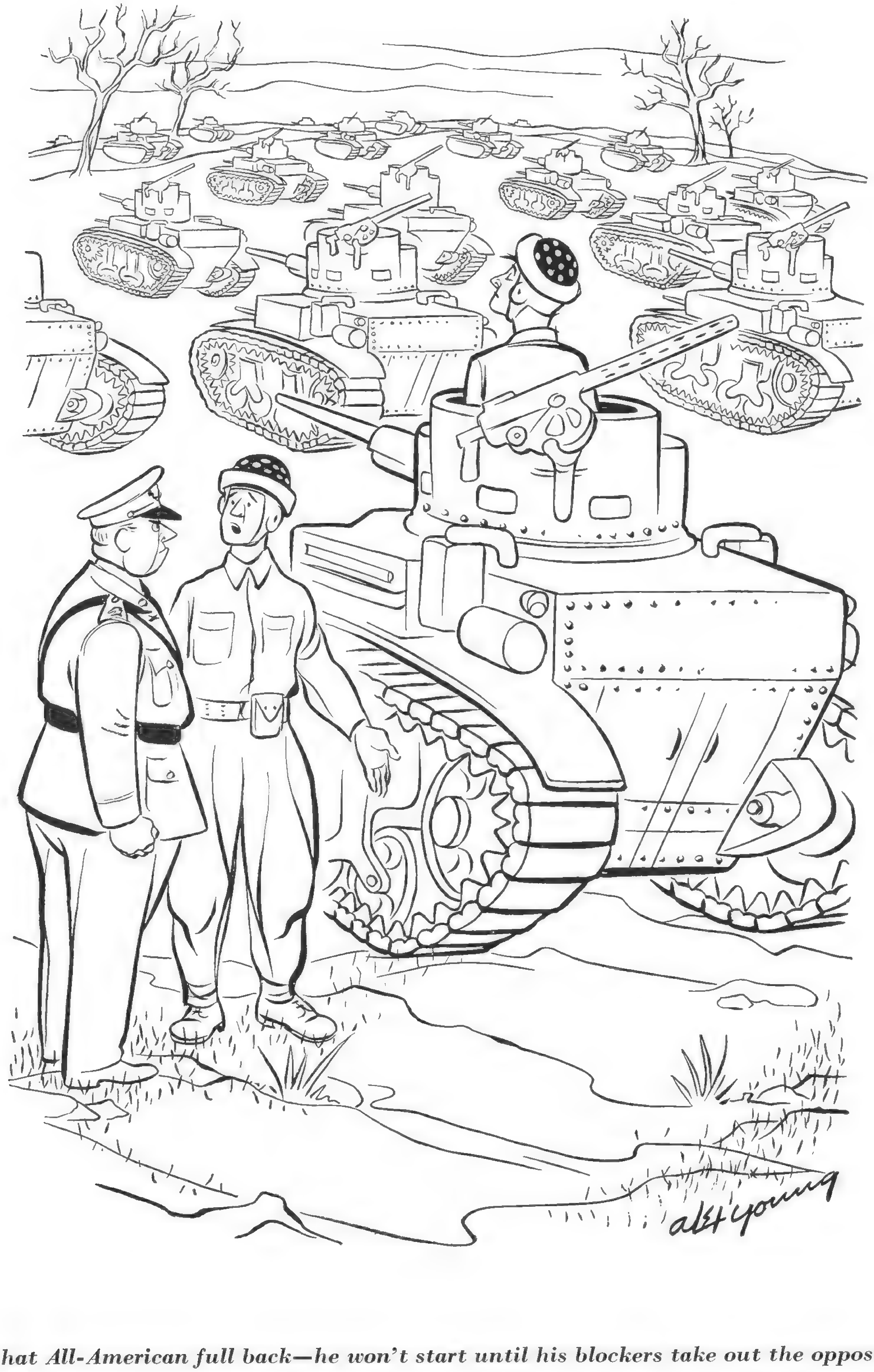
Bob the Gob

Office Boy

Buddie

The Steno



"It's that All-American full back—he won't start until his blockers take out the opposition!"

Rose Into Cauliflower

Continued from page 55

there I enjoyed rehearsals, thinking of Anna and my love for being a star dancer. Here I thought only of ten thousand dollars. Which, too, was nice to think of.

Even the day before the fight Pat made me work out. Then some newspaper reporters came to the gym to watch me box. They took my pictures, and how I was frightened when I saw Butch Volo's fighting face in the papers that evening. Anna might recognize me as a prize fighter and there would be ruination.

But Anna greeted me fondly when I called at her house so I figured she does not read the sporting pages. So we sat on the sofa, talking a little, sighing and looking into each other's eyes.

Then wickedness came into my life. Anna's brother Boris came into the parlor.

Boris is seventeen and getting 100 per cent American, chewing gum and not wearing a hat or garters. "Look," he says, and holds up two tickets. "For the Bazarkis-Volo fight tomorrow night. My boss gave them to me."

Over turns my stomach. I feel as though I am hit on the jaw. If I am not sitting I would fall. But Boris and Anna do not notice me. Anna especially looks at Boris and claps together her hands.

"Oh, I would love to go," she cries. "I have never seen a boxing match. Please take me, Boris. It should be interesting to see this American sport, so savage, so exciting and so, so American."

Quickly I speak up. "Too savage, Anna. Don't go. It is not for you, blood and punching. You are too sweet and tender for that."

"I am not too tender, Alex," she says. "You make of me a doll. I shall go."

By all the saints of Russia, why does that brat Boris have to have a boss who has tickets to my fight? I can say nothing to stop her going. Her mind is made up.

I went home and tried to figure something to do. Suddenly it came to me! I would not fight! Then Anna will not see me as a fighter. I went to sleep dreaming of fighting Boris with Bazarkis the referee.

In the morning I rush to Pat's house. He stands over his breakfast table where is no food but many newspapers. His face is red.

"Pat," I say, "I am sorry. I cannot fight. You see—"

He interrupts wildly. "You're telling me you can't fight. So that's where you were, you pansy. I get you your big chance and you run out on me. I'm the laughing stock of Broadway."

I do not understand him. I look at the papers on the table and nearly faint. I am ruined. Nothing is left for me. The reporters are too smart.

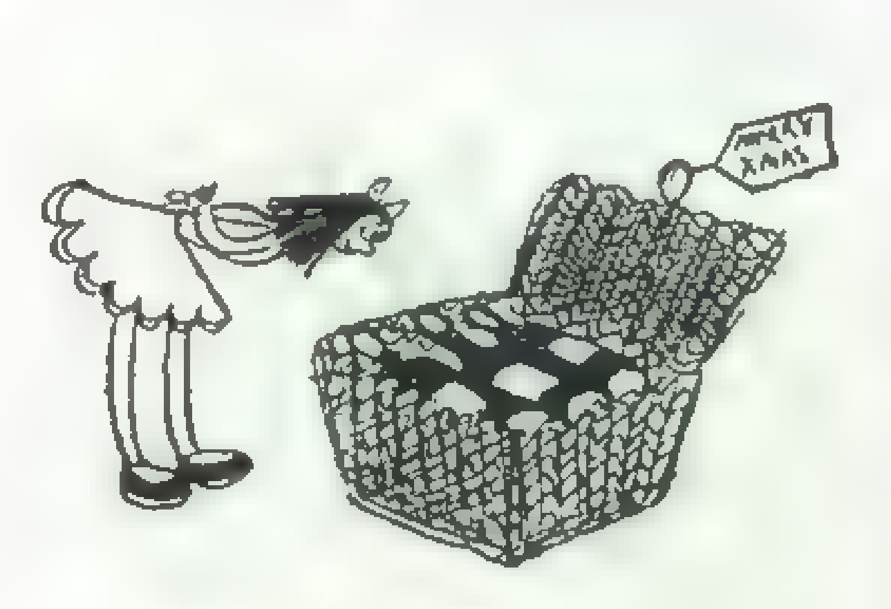
There on the front pages are pictures of me—Pupinoff's favorite picture of me as the Spirit of the Rose in my petals costume. Another picture is of me with my fighting face in fighting tights.

My eyes are bleary as I read the newspapers:

"Fighting Toe Dancer Scraps Tonight." "Fighting Rosebud Battles." "Fragrant Pug Fights." "Rose Turns Cauliflower."

"Butch Volo, contender for the middleweight boxing championship, who fights Charlie Bazarkis at the Garden tonight, was revealed today as a dancer with the Tomanoff Ballet Company."

I can read no more. Tears come from my eyes. Toppling went Anna, ballet, Tomanoff, Pupinoff.



Christmas Cheer:—Bottled stuff that comes wrapped around with ribbon and ends up with father wrapped around a lamp post.

"That's what I get for managing a mad Russian," says Pat. "Why didn't you tell me you were a toe dancer? Pat Farley, manager of a toe dancer. If it was the Big Apple but toe dancing—Gawd." He looked at me as if to kill.

Anger struck me. I might as well fight. "I shall knock Charlie Bazarkis all over the place and win ten thousand dollars," I said to Pat. "I shall take out on him my sorrow and yours."

Pat is not impressed by these remarks. "You better take a dive and save your face for the ballet," he says sour as kvas.

"Ballet?" I say. "They won't have me now. My Anna, everything is gone because of the fight. I'm going home to rest."

Pat waved me an unfriendly goodbye. I went home saying nothing to Mama who knew nothing of this mess as she does not read the American press.

At night I go to my dressing room at the Garden. Pat is there with his anger the same. All my life it has been so, misunderstood. Pat sits without a word. I undress. The warning bell sounds and we get up silently.

When I come to the ring Charlie is already in his corner.

"Where are the pink tights, Rosey?" shouts a fan.

"Got your dancing slippers, Dear?" calls another.

There were many boohs and laughs. Och, my great misery.

Meanwhile Charlie smirks in his corner. Now he stands up and bows low. "Welcome, Fairy Prince," he says. And then makes a nasty sound with his tongue.

The last straw is added. I am white with anger. I feel ugly, to kill Bazarkis with one punch.

The referee calls us out for final instructions. Charlie grins. Even the referee looks at me peculiar. And Charlie, big and tough, looks at me with laughing Greek eyes.

The bell. We shake mitts and Charlie again bows sweet and low. The fight is on as the crowd yells:

"Kiss him, Sweetheart". . . "Be careful of those dancing legs, Rosey." And other awful things.

Charlie right away shows no respect for me. Without feeling me out he sails in and—clomp!—biffs me on the jaw. I go down.

But I don't stay long on the floor. When I come up I am dizzy but still feel ugly. I don't know what I am doing. I feel I am back at dear Pupinoff's with Anna dancing the Spirit of the Rose. I shake my head to clear up for I am sure this is no ballet. Biff, clomp, down again I go.

This time I stay until nine. I get up, go down, the whole round is monotony and the crowd laughs and jeers.

As I drag back to my corner, Pat says nothing but he works on me. With all kinds of smells, rubs and drinks he brings me back to my senses. It hurts my nature to fight but it hurts more to get socked by Charlie's left hand.

Charlie hops out for the second round and I see in his eye the look to finish me. I cover up, clinch and hold. The crowd hollers and the referee breaks us.

My arms are like lead but my legs are holding me up. Thanks to dancing ballet they are strong.

So I dance.

The crowd roars. Charlie looks at me as if I am crazy. But still I dance. Not really, but lightly I trip around the ring dodging Charlie and whirling like a Pupinoff leg exercise. Since only my legs work I use them. Charlie chases. I hit him lightly, for to get back my strength I must do everything lightly, gracefully.

Soon the crowd and Charlie realize what I am doing. Every fighter dances in the ring. He is on his toes and hops around to worry the other feller. Footwork, we call it, or weaving.

So I weave, only more like the dancer I truly am. I use the entrechat which is a leap with feet changing positions. I stick in a few battements which is a difficult sliding around with the feet. First I am in back of Charlie, then in front of him for a second. As he reaches for me I whirl away again. I get faster, lighter.

Next I hit Charlie with a left jab and keep my arm straight out in a line, dancing in that direction. In ballet this is an arabesque. Charlie gets dizzy chasing me when the bell rings.

"A dancer even in the ring," Pat says. "I never knew it was in you. Keep it up," he tells me. "It's a good show and might hold you together a coupla rounds."

For the third round I keep dancing. Charlie is mad and trying to put me away. But in this way he leaves himself wide open and I put in a few good biffs.

For a second he worries me. He makes a pig push at me to stop my whirling around him and he pushes me to the ropes. Slam, he hits me right in the middle and I go "ummph." He slams me again, this time on the nose and my back goes to the ropes. But I bounce back and come to the center of the ring in a pas devourree, quick, tiny steps.

"Come on, you Russian," Charlie says. "Fight."

But I stay cool and dance. Slowly my strength comes back.

In the fourth and fifth rounds I keep dancing. My strength is back, the crowd likes it which makes me think to this day people love dancing more than fighting, and best of all Charlie gets dizzier and madder. But he can do nothing. What does he know of fighting a ballet dancer?

In the sixth round I see my chance. Charlie has tried everything, even pleading to the referee to stop me dancing which the referee does not do as it is a style and I really fight between the dancing.

Charlie is looking around for me, very mixed up. He finds me and tries to push me again. I see he is disgusted and unhappy. I feint a dance step and stop. Suddenly I let go a terrific whack to his face. His jaw takes up most of his face so my fist lands there. Charlie goes down, never to stand up again that night.

In the dressing room, Pat was so happy he jumped all over ripping things apart at great expense. He would stop jumping, look at me and scratch his head. "It's crazy," he said. "Goofy, but the greatest thing in the world."

I of course was not too glad. To knock out Charlie meant to me a finger snap. But my Anna, my ballet, gone forever.

Then an attendant came in and said a Miss Rakova to see me.

Why was I not spared this torture? How could I face her? Why did she have to come in person to scold me for my sins? But bravely I told the usher to show her in.

Anna comes in and her face is beaming. Her eyes are for me. What can this be—delirium? She rushes to my black eye. It hurts, but wonderfully when she kisses it.

"My Alex," she says. "I am so proud. This fighting is so masculine, so heroic. I am angry you did not tell me before you are an American pugilist."

I am dazzled.

Since that night it is two years. Anna and I have twins. My nose is two inches wider and I have a cauliflower ear. Anna helps Pat manage me and I hope soon to be champ. Anna even calls me Butch.

But my beloved ballet is dead. Anna calls it a sissy's game. When I am not training she takes me to baseball games.

But happiness comes when I sneak out of the house some evening and go to see the ballet. #

Basketball Scores for Business

Continued from page 67

salary for the position for which they are hired, work from eight until four the same as other employes and practice on their own time. Top-flight basket stars of the country scramble over each other to get to play under these conditions, knowing that the company is continually expanding and that those who attend to business have a chance to climb a long way up the old success ladder.

Hank Luisetti, prize basketball catch of post graduate ranks, made a study of personnel work at Stanford University, liked the oil business and landed a spot that just suited him in the employe relations department. James (Scat) McNatt, who was the fastest thing in A.A.U. basketball last season, studied chemical engineering at Oklahoma University and found his groove in the gasoline department.

All down the line on the 1942-43 squad you find the Phillips players happily fitting into the field they hope to make their life work. John Freiberger of Arkansas U. is in the engineering department, Paul Lindeman of Washington State in gasoline, Howard Engleman of Kansas U. in tax, Bill Martin of Oklahoma U. and Don Lockard of Arkansas in treasury, Don Shields of Temple and Grady Lewis of Southwestern State Teachers in economics, and Fred Pralle of Kansas in production.

Perhaps you wonder why some of the most famous "66" stars have ceased to play just when they seemed to be at their peak. Even though the boss, Boots Adams, wants to win, he says the players, when promoted, became too important in their jobs to be spared the time for trips.

In the land department in Oklahoma City until he was called to the colors early in September was Joe Fortenberry, the mighty all-time All-American center from West Texas Teachers College. Tom Pickell of Arkansas, often called the best defensive center in the history of the game, is one of the three chief blending chemists at the Kansas City refinery.

Ray Ebling, All-American from Kansas, is head of the Kansas City division of the tax, insurance and claims department. Jay Wallenstrom, another All-American, dropped out of competition to become assistant credit manager in Kansas City.

Jack Ragland, the Wichita University boy who played on the 1936 U. S. Olympic team with Fortenberry and who was All-American for two years, is now head of the tax and insurance department in St. Louis. Bud Browning, from Oklahoma U., gave up the game to become assistant credit manager of the Wichita division. Several others, including John Adams of Arkansas and Clarence Anderson of St. Mary's, expect to resume their jobs when they return from the service.

When Chuck Hyatt, who has been in the public relations department for the past five years, recently announced that he was going into the service, Phillips and basketball lost one of the cleverest and most colorful players the game has ever seen.

Chuck started out in the middle 1920's as an All-American prep on the national interscholastic championship team at Uniontown, Pennsylvania High School, was a three-year college All-American at Pittsburgh under Coach Doc Carlson on the squads of 1928, '29, '30, and in eight years of post graduate basketball he made the A.A.U. All-American six times. From 1939 until the season just starting, he coached the Phillips team.

On the night before Christmas many a Christmas tree is lit up—just like daddy.

Hyatt has always been a relaxed light-hearted guy, and his easy-going disposition has had quite an effect upon the game of basketball. It was Chuck who first disregarded the coach's orthodox instructions to take no wild shots but to wait till you could get set and then shoot with both hands from the chest.

At first he drew only laughs from the gallery and bawl-outs from his coaches for his carefree cut-and-slash type of play. But when his flippant flips at the bucket kept swishing for two points with amazing regularity, his coaches decided to let him free-wheel around the court his own way.

The speed with which he could cut loose with his one-handers made old-style guarding look silly, and eventually all coaches had to start thinking along new lines. Largely because of what Chuck started, the standard chest shot is disappearing from the speed-up game of today. It survives mainly for the use of guards in long distance howitzers over the heads of a zone defense.

Because Hank Luisetti has recently been the outstanding perfectionist in the art of getting off the one-hand push shot, some sports writers have given him the credit for originating it. Actually, Hyatt was flipping 'em this way at Uniontown High back in 1925.

Hyatt played forward on the Phillips teams of 1937 and '38 under Harold Schmidt, former Kansas U. great, and he was still an All-American at the ripe old age of twenty-nine when he took over as coach. Chuck's roommate on trips during his playing days was Bud Browning. Bud used to have trouble getting his roomie out of bed in the mornings, so one day he filled the tub with ice water, let Hyatt's other team mates quietly into the room, and all of them gave Chuck the old heave-ho into the drink.

Hyatt just waited. One night when Browning came back to the hotel a little after the curfew time set by Coach Schmidt, Chuck heard him knock on the door. Instead of letting Bud in, Hyatt quietly phoned to the house detective and reported that a drunk was trying to break into his room.

When the detective arrived on the scene, Browning was getting a little impatient with Hyatt and really beginning to pound on the door. Without a word, the muscular house dick grabbed Bud and started marching him off to the jug. But Browning broke loose, ran back to the room and pounded louder than ever for admittance.

Finally Chuck opened the door and the detective asked him if he knew the noisy guy outside.

"Mr. Cop," said Chuck, "I never saw the man before in all my life until this evening, when he started following me around."

This time the officer took a firmer grip on Bud's arm, but just as he again started off with him, Coach Schmidt and some of the team arrived in pajamas and started tugging at the other arm to save their man.

After Bud had been all but yanked apart, Hyatt, who had retired to the safety of his room, called to the detective through the transom and said in a soothing voice, "Mr. Cop, I think I recognize him now, just a little bit. He's my roommate."

The horseplay that the boys enjoy on their trips sometimes has a touch of ruggedness. One night Joe Fortenberry, the 220-pound six-foot eight-inch Texan, started out on a heavy date and couldn't find his hat. However, he found a smirk on the face of his roommate, Ray Stephenson, who was the peewee of the squad at only six feet. When Steve claimed innocence, Joe calmly opened the hotel window, removed the screen, and, grabbing Steve by the ankles, held him outside.

Ray Ebling dropped in about this time and thought it might add to Joe's gentle gesture to make a great show of tickling Fortenberry, who was known to be unable to hold on to anything when this happened. Steve could hardly tell Joe fast enough where to find his hat, and when he was hauled back into the room he lay helpless in the middle of the floor for a half-hour. The window, you see, was on the sixth floor and Steve was having visions of meeting the sidewalk face to face after a 100-foot dive.

Steve had the laugh on Joe a little later, though. Just before a game with Arkansas University at Fayetteville, the boys were bombarded with a fight talk by Coach Hyatt, who succeeded in impressing upon them the fact that to win, the Phillips would have to go out and rush the opponents off their feet. Captain Fortenberry was particularly stirred and led the squad out of a side door with a great show of determination. The rest of the squad managed to stop in time, but Captain Joe's large dogs wouldn't hold on the wet cement—and he skidded smack into the swimming pool.

The boys meet plenty of variety in styles of play during their spring trips. In a game in San Francisco, Fred Pralle, All-American guard from Kansas, was assigned to a forward who had an "offense" all his own. Before the game was five minutes old, the San Franciscan had scored three field goals and Fred was taken out and replaced by Fortenberry.

Joe couldn't stop the man either, and big Grady Lewis, another All-American, was stuck in for Joe. Grady wasn't any more successful than the others. Before the evening was over, almost every man on the "66" squad had been assigned to the sizzling forward.

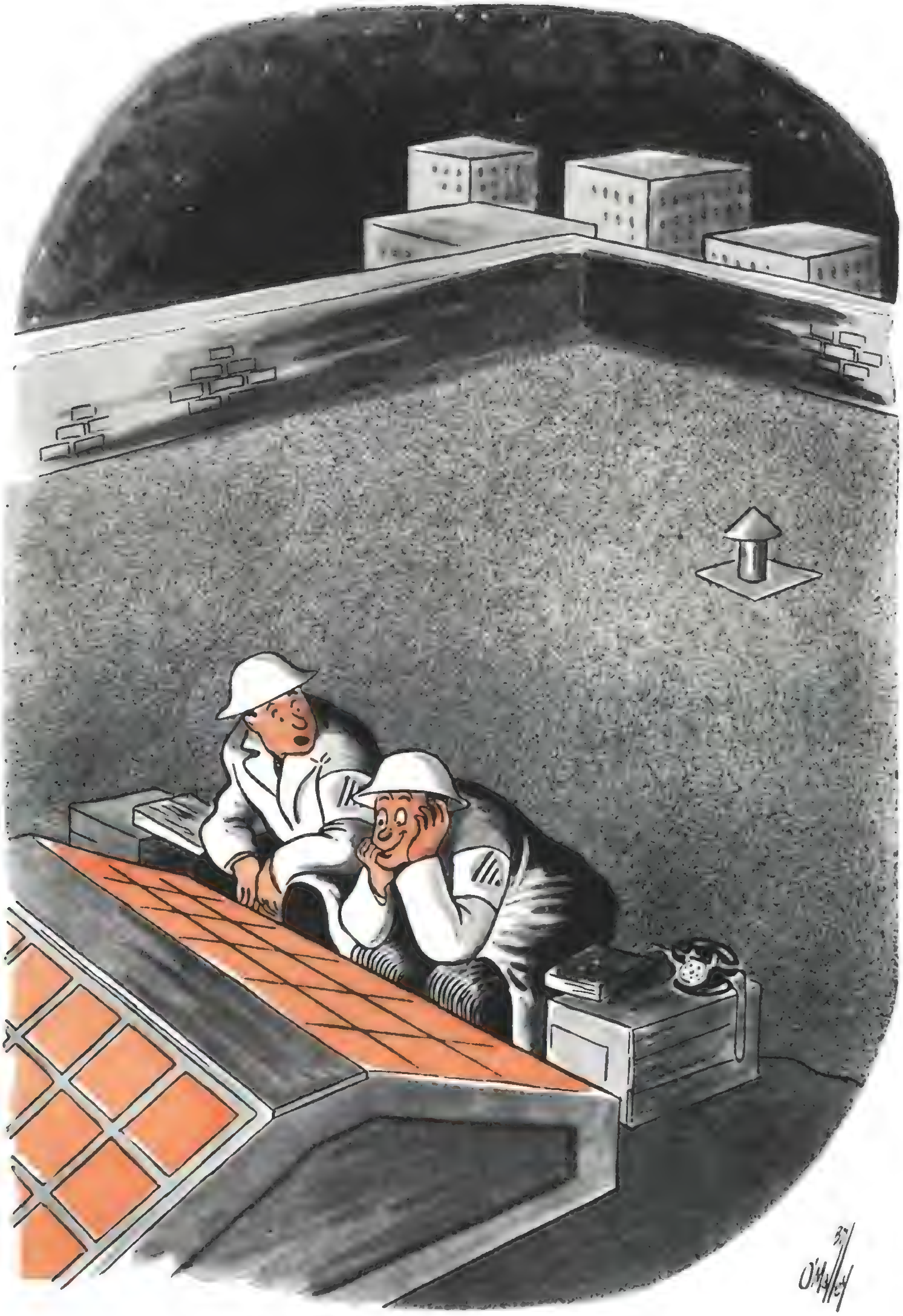
Hyatt jumped all over his charges when the game was over, demanding to know what the opponent had that they didn't have. The unanimous answer was "Plenty!" Then they laughingly explained that the hot shot had a theory that it was unlucky to have his suit cleaned during the season. His uniform had become so "high" that it was impossible for a self-respecting guard to stay close to him!

Part of the build-up of the Phillips team is the introduction of the boys and the enumeration of their various all-league and All-American honors before a game. Jay Wallenstrom, an All-American guard from Kansas City, likes to tell of a contest with Alva Teachers of Alva, Oklahoma, which the Phillips played just to give the rural folks an idea of their prowess.

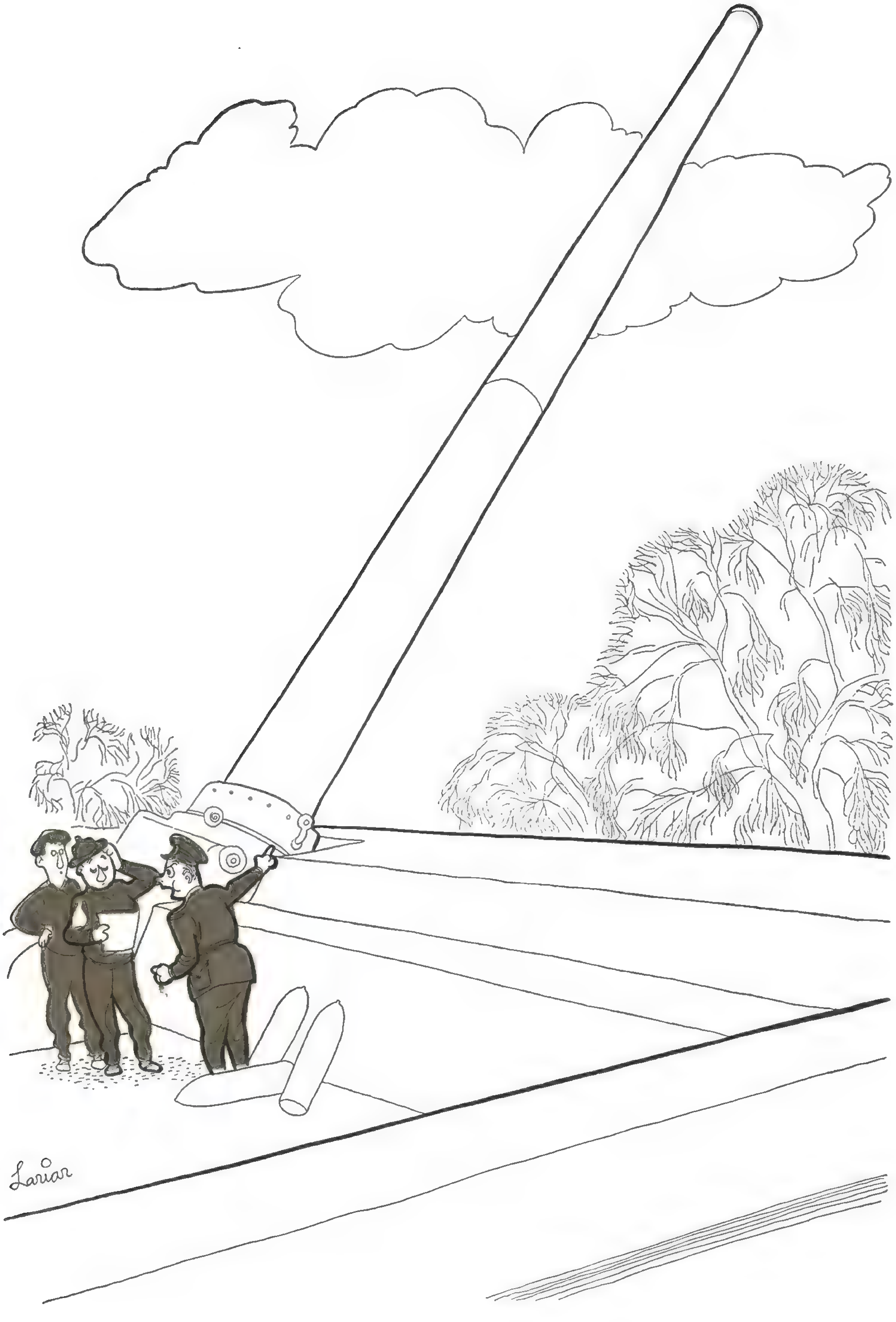
"During the warm-up before the game we gave a great display of fancy shooting and muscle bulging for the feminine contingent," says Jay. "Then a great hush fell as Coach Schmidt stepped forth and, bursting with pride, introduced us one by one as matchless All-Americans. Getting into the spirit of the occasion, we, of course, cavorted about like an elephant ballet. Coach Simmons of Alva said there was no use introducing his boys because he didn't have even one All-American.

"Well, you can guess what happened. They practically tore every page out of our scrap books and made us eat the clippings. From that time on, we never paid much attention to fancy introductions."

That's a tip-off on the healthy Phillips attitude toward basketball. ##



"And to think I gave up drawing"



"Stop worrying about how much money it's going to cost the taxpayer—fire that gun!"

61 Shopping Days til Love

Continued from page 71

direction, she found again the shining, longed-for envelope.

Dear Madim:
Are you well?
Yr. Respectful Acquaintance.

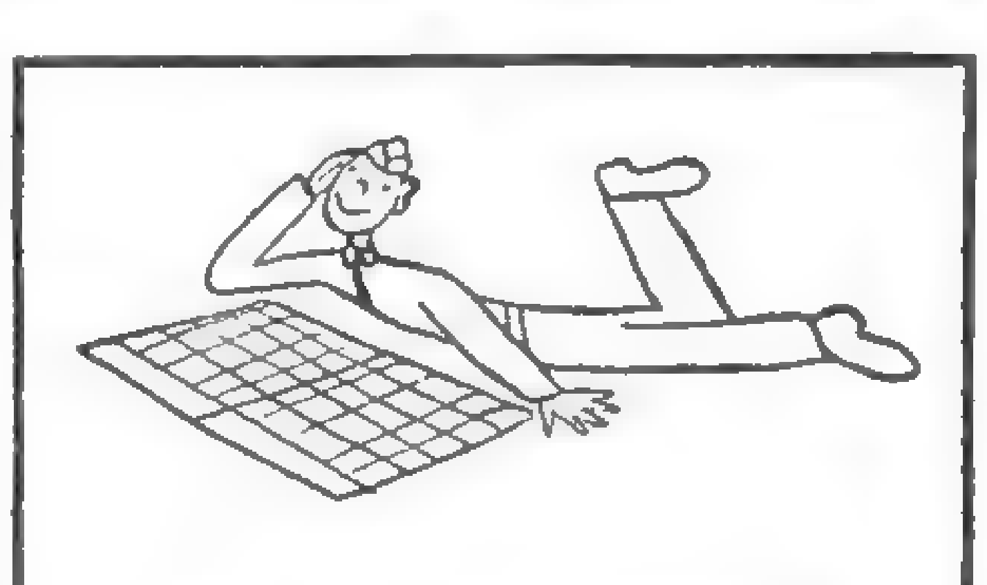
Mrs. Finn's pen flew; her feet, clad in her best shoes—which, somehow, resembled flower containers—scattered the snowflakes as she hurried to post her reply.

You soem nummer. Absolumey. Alls Kwite on th Westinn Fronk! Paec on Erth! Hallo Centril, give me Haevn!

Humming mixed fragments of Christmas carols, returning from distributing along Ruby Street the Christmas cards which she herself had designed and executed—dropping one even at the doorway of Mme. Pompom's Beaute Saloone, though to the greeting she had appended *Big Bagg Boens!*—Mrs. Finn came upon the familiar envelope slid under her door, and bearing the prompt response,

Dear Madim:
If so, will tisiv.
Yr. Respectful Acquaintance.

Her eyes swam. The Christmas decorations she had hung round her room loomed suddenly bright as those in department stores. She began to light the many colored candle-stubs stuck into the mouths of lamentably empty gin bottles placed about the shabby room. A large banner, garnered from a department store basement and bearing upon it the legend GIVE HIM FLANNELS FOR A WARM XMAS with the added penciled comment, *Soem Winter you bett!* hung like a canopy over her bed. And in one corner stood the tree. This, though mangy, brownish in color, and strikingly similar to one that had graced the entrance to the Beaute Saloone, was hung with tatters of ribbon, old corks, a garland of safety pins and several bits of paper labeled *Cannidi Caens.*



Don't start worrying about our losses till we lose our sense of humor.

A bursting sensation, mingled of giddy chastity and certain high hopes, bulged in Mrs. Finn while she waited. Like small, frenzied Christmas angels her eyes fluttered about the room to make sure all was in readiness, resting briefly on the new batch of mottoes she had hung on her walls—*I loev you Trilli:* a cajoling *O Promis Mi!:* and ROANGE BLOSSMERS *Ishkabobble!* Then—as it must to all, she reflected confusedly—a knock came on her door.

Angels indeed, dipping to the floor and carrying to her a piece of pasteboard, like an oversize calling card, that drifted down from over the transom! She read it hungrily, the letters printed on the card in breathtaking beauty.

YR. RESPECTFUL ACQUAINTANCE

Snow was blowing like little heartbeats against her windowpane. The candles whispered prayerfully through the room. Mrs. Finn, with choking heart, opened the door to the all-too familiar lurching footsteps from across the hall. #

Japan's Mein Kampf

Continued from page 56

death of the Emperor Meiji reached Europe and America, the majority of the newspapers failed to grasp the spirit in which the act was committed, the best they could do being to show a silent respect for the dead General. German newspapers, however, were of the opinion that General Nogi's action, being a manifestation of passionate love of country, was akin to the Prussian spirit. The two nations clearly seem to have something in common with each other . . .

". . . We thus see international diplomacy dividing itself into two definite camps, the one led by France to resist the menace of Germany, the other by Germany to resist the menace of Russia. So far as Japan is concerned, what matters is the menace of Russia, whose political activities in Persia, India and China merit our close attention . . .

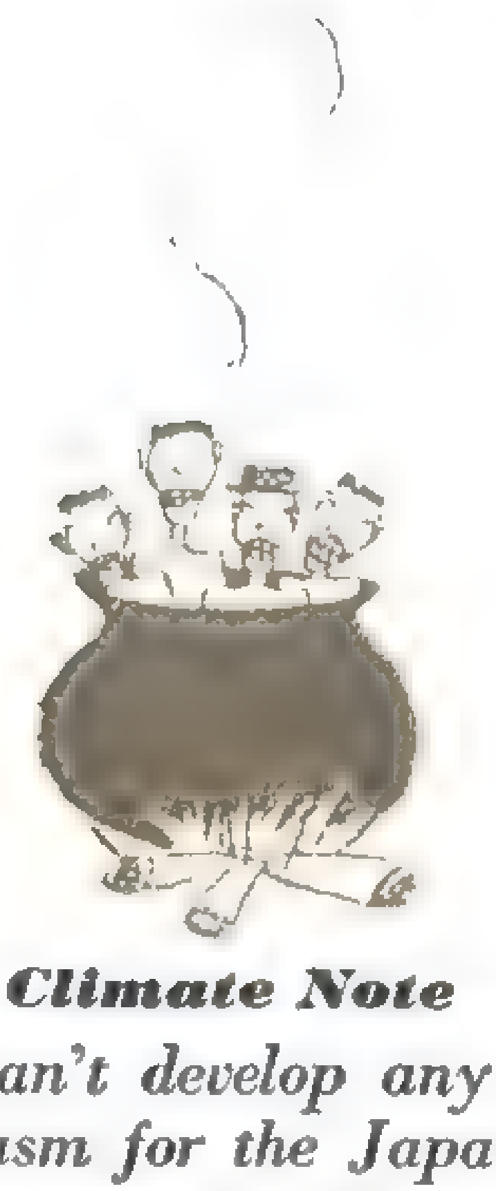
". . . Now if Japan takes any part whatever in this world alignment, there can surely be no doubt as to the side on which she will stand. When we realize that ours is a unique policy founded on a history of nearly 3,000 years and that we, as a nation, are responsible for peace in the Orient, we cannot possibly hesitate to choose between communism and nationalism . . .

". . . The geographical position of Germany and Japan will make it rather difficult for them to help each other when an emergency arises, but as long as Bolshevism threatens world peace, the two nations must naturally sympathize with each other, and it is quite possible that they will endeavor hand in hand to check this menace, not only for their own sakes, but also for that of humanity at large. In these days of complexity in international diplomacy nothing would be more hazardous than to attempt anything like a political forecast, but it can be safely asserted that Germany and Japan, similarly inspired with deep patriotic sentiment, and a full recognition of their respective situations, will find it easy to come to understanding and cooperation with each other, in spite of the possibilities of trade rivalry to which reference has been made."

As in Germany, liberals or men who advocated moderate policy never got very far. If they were too persistent they were murdered by a clique of young army officers as *e. g.* on February 26, 1936.

Read an article titled, *Japan's Constant Desire for Peace*, published in December, 1936 in an annual supplement to *The Asahi* (Osaka and Tokyo):

". . . At the time of this writing, April, 1936, Japan has just passed through the greatest political upheaval the nation ever experienced. It was started by the revolt of certain sections of the troops in Tokyo, who assassinated or wounded several of the highest government men, both civilian and military. Assuming responsibility for the incident, the Osaka Cabinet resigned.



Climate Note

We can't develop any enthusiasm for the Japanese occupation of the Aleutians. The Japs belong in a place where it is hotter. Very, very much *hotter.*

"H.I.M. the Emperor, acting upon the advice of Prince Kimmochi Saionji, the only surviving *Genro*, commanded Mr. Koki Hirota, Foreign Secretary of the Okada Cabinet, to form a new cabinet. Mr. Hirota responded to the Imperial command and proceeded to select the personnel for the new administration, but he met with unexpected obstacles in his apportionment of portfolios, for grave objection was raised by the Army Coterie to the appointment of some candidates whom they stigmatized as undesirable persons because they entertained liberal ideas and they refused to nominate a representative officer to take up the portfolio of War in the new cabinet. Minor changes were therefore effected in the selected personnel, and a national government was brought into being two weeks after the occurrence of the mutiny.

"Mr. Hirota has accomplished his first task, but still harder work awaits him. This is the compilation of budgets for the next few years—which it is believed will prove the most critical period for Japan, both internally and externally . . .

". . . Any future cabinet of liberal tendency would be exposed to a very awkward situation if it attempted to stave off the revolutionary tide in the nation at large, which will gradually assume concrete form. As a matter of fact the root of the trouble exists in the vital problem of providing for the increase of population, and naturally the key to the situation lies in the settlement of this problem . . .

". . . The Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars were purely defensive, as any world historian would be ready to prove. The worship of old Japan is only a consequence of the same feeling of nationalism found in Germany and Italy . . ."

The Nazis have their Germans abroad (the Austrians, the Sudeten Germans, etc.). The Nazis want a greater Germany. The Japanese, of course, a greater East Asia. Somehow Germans and Italians seem to be Pan-Asiates, to read the caption below a photograph in *The Pictorial Orient* (November, 1940, Tokyo).

"Pan-Asiatic Rally. To discuss the future prosperity of Greater East Asia, 2,000 delegates representing eleven nations took part in the Pan-Asiatic Welfare Congress held at Osaka, October, 16-20. At this rally Japanese, Manchukuo, Chinese and Mongolian delegates acted as host to the representatives of Thailand, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, India and Burma, while a number of German and Italian personages attended as special guests."

Like the poor peace-loving Nazis, the poor peace-loving Japanese were always misunderstood. Fortunately they had their Goebbels, too.

Read a few excerpts from *What Does Japan Want?* by Shingoro Takaishi, Editor-in-Chief and Director of *The Osaka Mainichi* and *The Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* (combined circulation 3.5 millions daily). This particular article was published in *Japan Today and Tomorrow* in the Fall of 1938.

". . . The Japanese people love peace. Their heartfelt desire is to pursue cultural attainments and thus contribute to the happiness of mankind.

"Of late, however, the world in general has been in a period of storm and stress and Japan now finds herself in the midst of the China Emergency.

"*Diverse views are prevalent in the world today in regard to the Sino-Japanese hostilities, but among those who regret the outbreak of the conflict there is none who does so more than the people of Japan . . .*

". . . Why is it then that Japan is now faced by the China Emer-

Continued on page 140

Japan's Mein Kampf

Continued from pages 56-139

gency in spite of the fact that the Japanese people, both high and low, love peace? This is essentially because China has misconstrued and distorted the intentions, the sincerity, and the ideals of the Japanese people. . .

"Upon the outbreak of the China Emergency, the various nations of the world raised their voices loudly, both to condemn and to slander Japan.

"Behind all this there was a lack of knowledge of China's past attitude and actions towards Japan, a lack of appreciation of Japan's sincerity, and a lack of comprehension of the events leading up to the Marco Polo Bridge incident. . .

"Soon after the outbreak of the China Emergency, I went to the United States as one of the people's envoys. There I endeavored to set forth the truth concerning the course of events centered about the China Emergency, as well as Japan's desires and ideals, to the people of a nation having a history of more than eighty years' traditional friendship with Japan.

"I believe that Japan's position came to be clearly understood by many of those who heard my frank explanations in that spirit of cheerfulness and open-mindedness that characterizes the American people.

"*Some even began to express sympathy for Japan's position. Others, who did not go so far as that, came to admit that the action taken by Japan was inevitable . . .*"

Indeed, Goebbels could learn a few things from the Japanese. In *Japan Today and Tomorrow* toward the end of 1939, there appeared an article which was not signed but it was probably a handout from the propaganda ministry or whoever does the job of the propaganda ministry. It was titled *Why Japan Bombed Schools*, and it contained, in question and answer form, an explanation of why Japan had to do things which according to civilized standards are termed barbarous. Undoubtedly by now similar question and answer plays are printed showing why the open city of Manila had to be bombed. . .

Q: Why is Japan bombing innocent civilians in unfortified Chinese cities?

A: Japan is not bombing innocent non-combatants. This has been made clear time and again . .

Q: Despite the repeated denials by the Japanese authorities, is it not a fact hundreds of women and children were killed in Japanese air attacks, especially in Canton?

A: Canton is not an unfortified city. The Japanese air force has every justification to bomb any point of military importance around Canton. As to hundreds of women and children being killed, such reports are exaggerated.

Q: How can Japan account for the destruction of school buildings?

A: When school buildings are actually used for military purposes, there should be no question about the right to bomb them.

Q: Why are some missionary schools bombed?

A: The indiscreet use of missionary schools and other foreign property by the Chinese force for obvious military purposes makes it necessary.

Q: Should not schools and colleges be saved as much as possible from the destruction of war since they are built and maintained for the purpose of education?

A: In wartime, schools and colleges with their large buildings and spacious campuses are often turned into scenes of military training. During the World War many American colleges were turned into training quarters for officers.

Q: Can Japan deny those stories of atrocity allegedly being committed by Japanese soldiers, and many pictures depicting them in foreign papers and newsreels?

A: Most of those stories and pictures are not worth even denying.

Q: Is not communistic danger in China greatly exaggerated?

A: Communism in China is more than a dangerous doctrine. In China communism has welded itself with China's chronic antiforeignism, and has become a dangerous practice seriously affecting the legitimate foreign rights and interests.

Q: Why is not Japan more conciliatory toward China?

A: Other powers can afford to be conciliatory toward China because they are so far away from her.

Q: Even if Japan has not declared war, has she not violated the spirit of the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact?

A: The Anti-War Pact does not preclude any nation from resorting to arms in self-defense.

Q: Does the right of self-defense permit any nation to invade another's territory?

A: In the first place, Japan, like other powers, had a right to station troops in China.

Q: How can Japan justify the prolonged war in the name of self-defense?

A: Geographically and economically, Japan's interests in China are of paramount importance to Japan's very existence. So long as China does not stop her campaign of hate against Japan, the latter is justified in prolonging the present armed expedition.

Q: By endangering the administrative and territorial integrity of China, is not Japan violating the Nine-Power Treaty?

A: The Nine-Power Treaty in no way prejudices any nation from exercising its right of self-defense on Chinese territory.

Q: Are foreign powers justified in their fear that Japan is trying to oust their interests from China?

A: China is too great a country to be monopolized by Japan.

Q: Is Japan seeking a puppet government in China?

A: A puppet or no puppet, Japan wants a regime in China which will collaborate economically with Japan . . .

It is exactly the same pattern. Like Germany, Japan must expand.

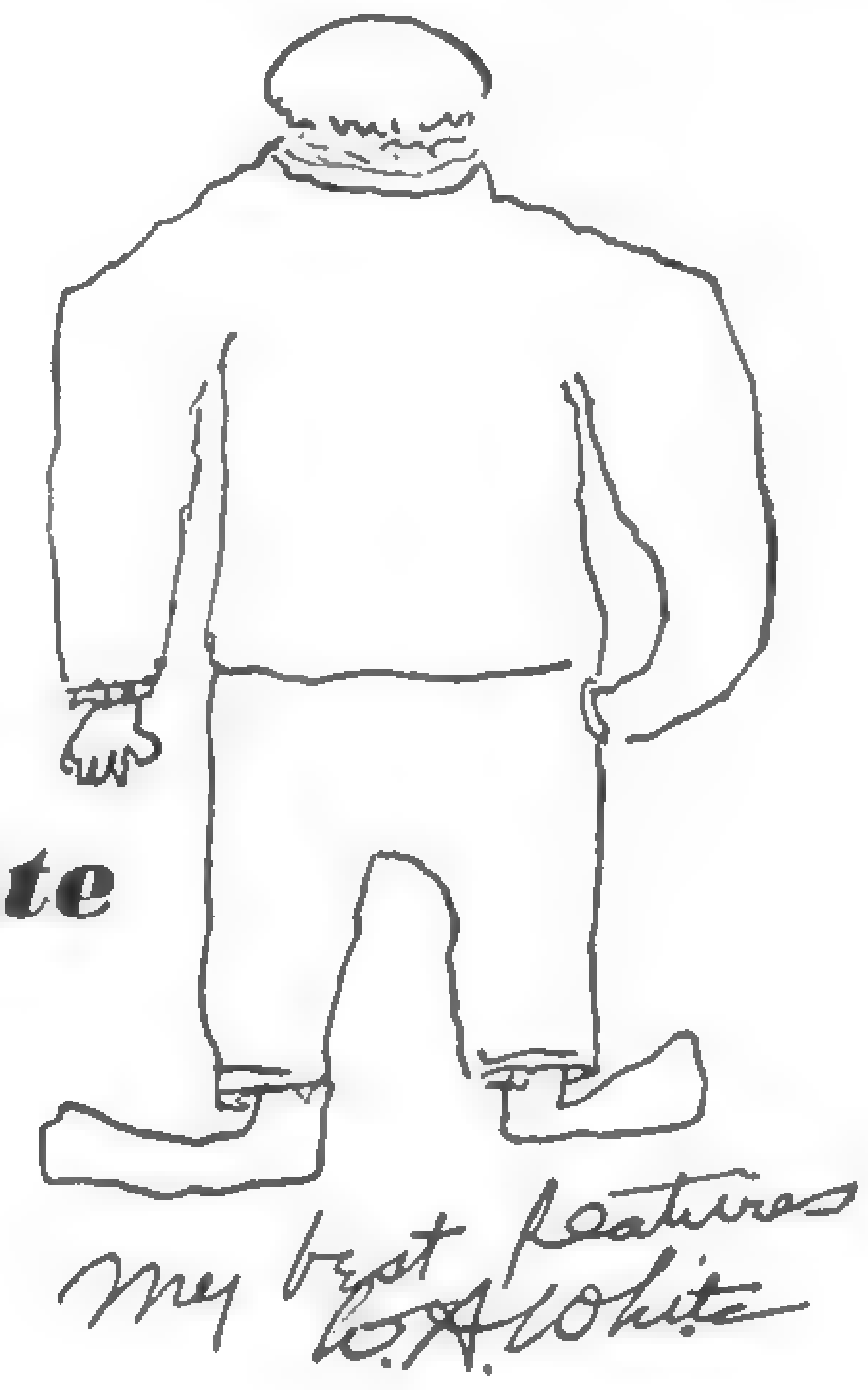
Read *Japan's Advance Southward: A Necessity*, by Tadao Yanaibara (in *Kaizo*, June, 1936).

". . . In view of the close geographic and historical relations between Japan and the South Sea Islands, it is but natural that this country should try to seek an outlet in the South Seas for her overflowing population and accumulating capital.

". . . Establishment of Manchukuo is a *fait accompli*, although formal recognition is denied by other Powers. Her hand already on the plough, Japan has only to proceed with the task of development as best she may. Of course, there is a limit to the natural resources of Manchuria, and Japan's investments there would be governed accordingly, the capacity of Manchuria to consume Japanese manufactures being naturally dependent on her capacity to produce. Manchuria's capacity to absorb immigrants from Japan is likewise restricted by physical and social circumstances. Despite talk of a Japan-Manchukuo bloc, this country cannot afford to rely solely upon the new Empire in matters of trade and industrial development and of emigration, nor can we expect to obtain from Manchuria an adequate supply of the materials required for defense purposes . . .

". . . The navy is intent on strengthening the line of defense extending from the Kuriles in the north to Taiwan and the South Sea Islands, and in facilitating advance overseas. The naval authorities are consequently anxious to align other Government Departments in an endeavor to cultivate friendly relations with countries of the Pacific and to bring about with their cooperation a readjustment of conflicting commercial interests on the principle of 'Live and let live. . .'

". . . Although difficult to give exact figures relative to Japanese capital investments in the South Sea Islands, it may roughly be stated that, of agricultural enterprises, there were, in January, 1934, some 70 companies operating their own plantations at an investment of some 13 million yen. Besides, there were about 246 plantations run by individu-



William Allen White, as Sketched by Himself

A Portrait of William Allen White

by William Allen White

Worst Enemy (Domestic): The editor of the *Emporia Gazette* when he gets excited.

Most Diverting Diversion: Eating with good talkers or talking with good eaters.

Pet Fret: The way birthdays tend to accelerate after 70.

Our National Malady: Too many citizens vote without thinking and a lot of others think without voting.

My Best Parlor Trick: Turning the other cheek just before landing with my Joe Louis punch.

Advice to Young Men: Get over youth as soon as possible on the outside and keep it as long as possible on the inside.

Favorite Vice: Butting in where angels fear to tread and offering them a road map.

Recommended Reading: My own books (Advt.—*vide* the Macmillan Co.).

Favorite President: Wendell Willkie in his first term. He won't be so good in his second term—too sure of himself.

als. Their combined leased acreage is 508,560 acres, of which 210,222 acres are productive land. The Japanese population in the South Sea Islands increased from 8,780 in 1904 to 35,634 in November, 1932. Of this, again, 20,316 were in the Philippines and Guam, 6,874 in the Dutch East Indies and 6,446 in the Malay peninsula and Borneo. It should be noted that this development has been achieved in the characteristic manner of our advance southward, not by warlike means, but by peaceful economic adventure, though, of course, at all times under the protection of the navy. If our naval authorities are now stressing the importance of our expansion in the South Seas, it is, be it said once and for all, that they are by no means intent on the exercise of armed force. The navy is only anxious, and well it may be, to afford protection to the economic development of the nation in this direction, for thus alone can international peace and the welfare of the nation be secured. . ."

Japan must expand because there are so many Japanese. But what does this over-populated little country do? It tells its people to produce more people. It is in Japan exactly as in Germany or Italy. Read the caption of a picture showing a family at dinner, published in *The Pictorial Orient* (November, 1940, Tokyo):

"Father, mother and—believe it or not—children. The proud parents are Mr. and Mrs. Hanjiro Shirado, of Nagasaki Prefecture, who boast a family of seventeen sons and daughters. About 10,300 large Japanese families such as this one will receive letters of commendation from the Government lauding them for their contribution to the State."

It is always countries preparing war that want the birth rate to rise and who do everything in their power to promote it. It is always a country preparing war that goes in for extensive censuses. Japan has conducted five censuses in the last twenty years.

Nobody who read the April, 1941, number of *The Pictorial Orient* (Tokyo) could have doubted that Japan was preparing for war. The article, *Can U. S. Bombs Touch Tokyo?* was indeed a perfect giveaway. Would a peaceful nation have worried about the possibility that U. S. bombs—of all bombs—were going to harm its country? But the Japanese did some worrying and they knew why.

". . . Will bombs crash down upon Tokyo when—and if—war explodes in the Pacific?

"The majority of Japanese aviation men admit the possibility. But they do not think the menace would be at all great; they do not dream that it would amount to anything even remotely approximating the ordeal of bombing the British Isles have been undergoing in the current phase of the European hostilities.

"Greatest guarantee of this belief, as well as that of the contention that an open conflict is never likely to break out in the Pacific, is the factor of distance.

"The Pacific Ocean in itself is the largest insulator of war known to the world: incontestably vast in juxtaposition to the twenty-mile strip of water that separates the British Isles from the European continent. And even in the latter case it will be remembered that the German air arm hesitated to air-raid cities in England until it had consolidated itself firmly in airfields on the channel coast.

"The 'channel' thrown in between America and the Japanese Islands is approximately 4,800 miles wide between San Francisco Bay and Tokyo Bay, a distance that no known aircraft could fly across and then recross in a homebound flight.

"There are in the Pacific a number of American island possessions and therefore U. S. advance posts which theoretically could serve as bases for bombing operations against the Japanese Isles. Foremost among these are Hawaii, Midway, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines and the Aleutians. But the distance from any of them to central Japan is not small. Between Hawaii and the Tokyo area lie 3,445 miles of ocean, between Midway and Tokyo 2,245 miles, from Guam (the nearest point) 1,342 miles, from the Philippines 1,800 miles and from Dutch Harbor at the Alaskan end of the Aleutians about 2,551 miles. In the event of war, the islands of Midway, Samoa and Guam would be extremely vulnerable to the Japanese navy and therefore could not be counted upon as any permanent base of operations. Depending on the development of hostilities, the Philippines, too, would be attacked and most probably would be eliminated as a source of danger. . .

". . . Hawaii would be too distant as a base for the B-19. Midway, Guam or the Philippines would be near enough, but it is doubtful whether these islands could survive for any length of time to serve as bases. . ."

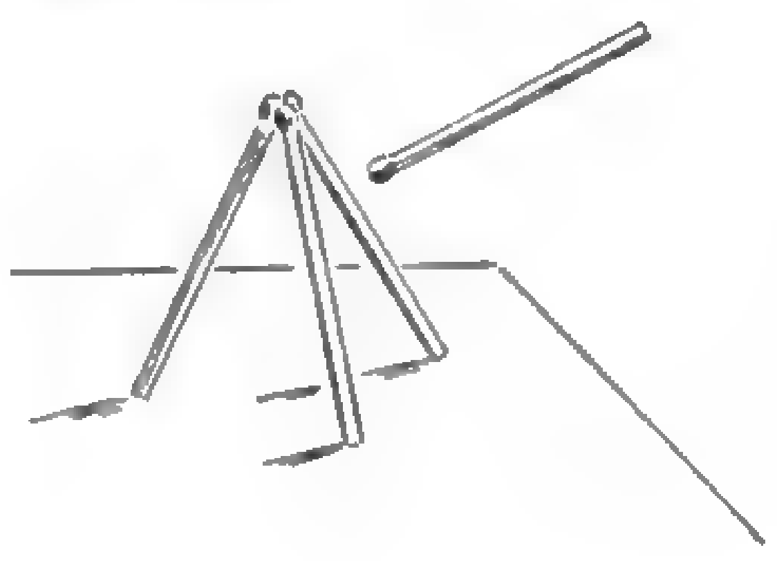
The Japanese were quite optimistic as to what might possibly happen to them. I wonder whether they are still so optimistic. . .

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can lift three matches with a fourth one.

the payoff: Arrange the three matches in a tripod, set off the heads by applying flame and extinguish by blowing. They will then be fused together in such a way that you can easily lift them with the fourth match.

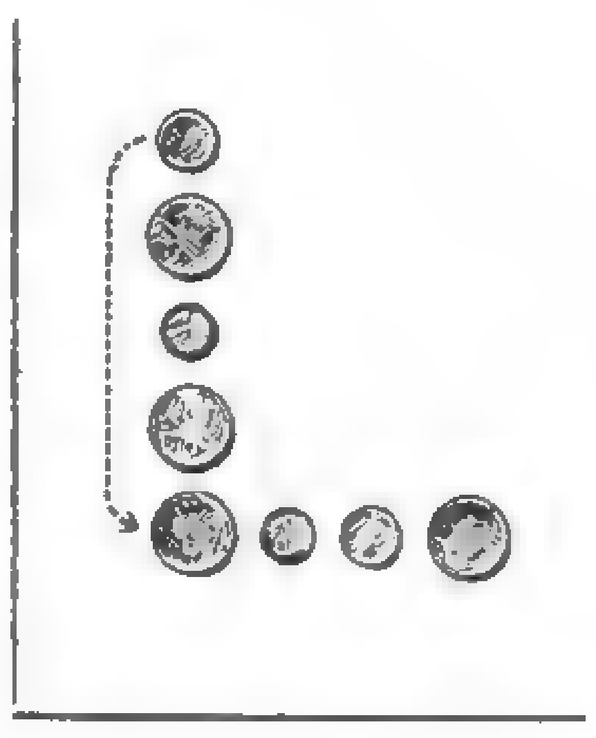


Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: Eight coins are placed in the form of a right angle with five coins making one leg of the angle and four the other; you offer to put five coins in each leg by moving only one coin.

the payoff: Pick up the last coin in the leg that has five coins and place it on top of the coin at the juncture of the two legs.

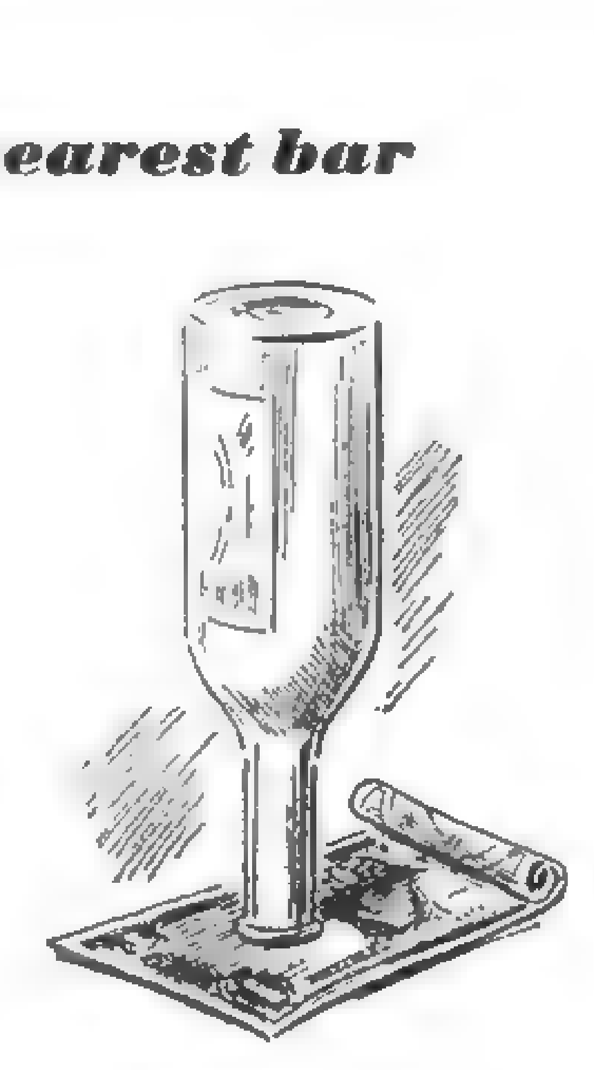


Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can remove a dollar bill from under an inverted bottle without touching or upsetting the bottle.

the payoff: Being careful not to touch the bottle with your hands, roll up the bill in such a way that the rolled portion gradually shoves the bottle off the bill and onto the table.



They probably are. For nothing can happen to them since they are—like the Nazis—the chosen people.

For reference, read Professor Kiyoshi Hiraizumi's leading article in *Japan Today and Tomorrow*, published early in 1935 and entitled *Wherein Lies Japan's Strength?*

". . . The Japanese Empire is the only country in the world today which has a national history of 2,595 years. Though it may have a national background extending to still earlier times, no country's year of national foundation is as ancient as that of Japan. . .

". . . The fact that the history of Japan dates back to the very creation of the universe demonstrates that the state is not only ancient but that the national structure began with the origin of things. . .

". . . The *Manyoshu*, an ancient collection of poems, has the following:

"*Umi yukaba mizuku kabane,*
Yama yukaba Kuza musu kabane
Ogimi no heni kozo shiname,
Kaerimi wa seji."

The poet, who is unknown, sings: "*When we go to the sea to fight, we shall bury ourselves in a watery grave. When we battle over the hills, our corpses will lie in bushes. To fight and die for the Emperor is our real aim. We are always ready to die. Why hesitate before danger? We advance and never fall back.*"

"Not that the Japanese excel in the use of brute force. They are strong because of the courage surging up from their keen loyalty to the Emperor.

". . . The most striking example is that of the 'Three Human Bombs' in the Shanghai incident. To assure success in blasting the way through the barbed wire entanglements, the three soldiers stayed with their bomb. The world was amazed. When a Japanese soldier dies in a battle, it is usual for him to shout:

"'Tenno Heika Banzai'. This distinctly shows that it is only for the Emperor that the soldiers fight and die. . ."

It all sounds a bit mad to us poor and feeble democrats who only read about these things or see them at the movies—the poorer ones. Or can there be moments when the Japanese themselves feel that there is something very funny and at the same time overwhelmingly horrible in this drive of hers to take over the world? Only time or a Japanese can tell us.

A few years ago a cartoon was published showing a Japanese lady in a store looking at maps and globes. She examined with outspoken disgust the large areas of the United States, of the Soviet Union, of China. Finally she turned to the clerk. "I want a globe with only Japan on it," she remarked haughtily.

Strangely enough, this cartoon was published in a Tokyo newspaper. ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 84

half seasons, out of a total of thirty-five plays that fell precisely or broadly into the mystery catalogue, twenty-nine were failures, only four were box-office successes and two others got by, after fair runs, mainly on the score of sales to the film companies.

True to form, the boys this season again are laying their money on these one to six shots and are duly hollering when they go lame at the quarter. And one to six, the statistics of the stage indicate, are overgenerous odds. Of all the plays in our more modern theatre which have achieved Broadway runs of five hundred or more performances, only one out of fifty-three, *The Bat*, has been a mystery play.

There are, generally speaking, two kinds of these Whodunits: the Udidits and the Ididits. In the former, several persons are suspected and directly accused of the crime, with all of them denying their part in it. In the latter, several persons openly confess to the crime, with all of them regarded skeptically by the representative of the law. *I Killed The Count* was a sample of the Ididit school, and a bad one. Its badness was further heightened by the frequent employment of flashbacks, which usually help to spell a loss at the box office; by a rubber-stamp set of characters that included the distraught Scotland Yard inspector and his dumb assistant, the evil, brunet, titled foreigner in the inevitable fancy silk lounge-jacket, the jittery housemaid, the vengeful lover, etc.; and by the kind of playwriting that, when the situation became exaggeratedly complex, permitted a character to exclaim, "This is getting to be ridiculous!" thus supplying its own criticism.

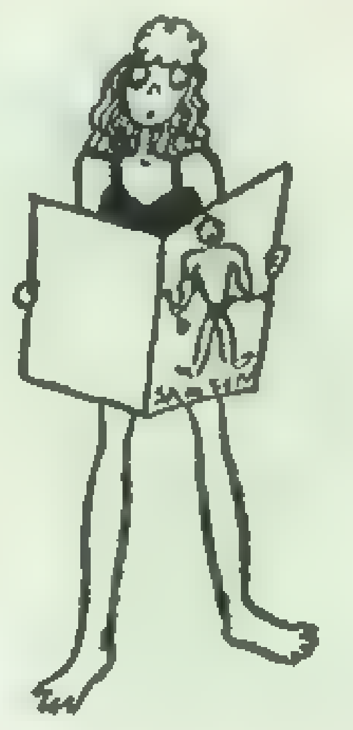
* * *

When something called *Janie* opened, under another management, at his theatre, Gilbert Miller, one of whose chief assets is a genial candor, observed to me, "As the war goes on, only three kinds of plays will probably be feasible: those with Negro casts, those with children casts, and those with all-women casts. I'll settle, so far as my personal and private tastes go, for the women, but I've had enough of the Negroes and kids." I string along with him to a large degree. Since *Janie* is another of the children plays in the long line of *Junior Miss, All In Favor, The Happy Days*, etc., you can have it from me, and unquestionably also from Mr. Miller, in exchange for a photograph of Fanny Ward.

Not that there haven't been some very good plays about children and acted by children. There have been, but they have been written by the Karl Schönherrs, Frank Wedekinds and Booth Tarkingtons, not by the Josephine Benthams and Herschel Williamses. Most of the species by the latter company are simply theatrical entertainment in its second childhood and, as such, artistically on a par with the Henry Aldrich radio shows and the Hollywood movies of Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, Paul Muni, and other adolescents.

In the presence of these spectacles, my wandering mind for some time now has toyed with the idea of a paraphrase of Goethe's *Faust*. Contemplating the stages horribly full of theoretically lovable and charming youth, I have been bemused by the notion of a Faust who, having bargained away his soul to the devil in return for such hypothetically precious youth and having had a taste of its irritations, troubles and general agonizing nuisances, including the Marguerites, is only too glad to bargain it right back again for peaceful, reposeful, contentful and happy age.

Santa Claus Slips Up And Gives—
F. D. R. a book on public speaking.
Joe Louis a free course of boxing lessons.
Eddie Cantor another daughter.
Lana Turner a set of body-building exercises.
Fred Allen another pair of adenoids.
Jimmy Doolittle a book on flying for beginners.



Emlyn Williams' *The Morning Star* is thematically and essentially *The Wookey* in a somewhat smarter setting. I prefer *The Wookey*. It was pretty bad, the good Lord knows, but it wasn't nearly so bad as *The Morning Star*, which is twice as full of the greasepaint hooey seemingly indigenous to most of these plays of British fortitude and soul-finding under the Luftwaffe. That Mr. Williams, who is an actor, writes like an actor (yes, I know there have been exceptions), no one familiar with much of his antecedent work need be reassured. His characters are mainly out of a makeup box; his dialogue is largely sugar-cured; and the majority of his situations have hitherto enjoyed service in other plays. As I have said several times in the past, I think we have now had enough of the bomb in Gilead drama and more than enough of English characters who need loud Metro-Goldwyn sound effects to redeem their innate nobility. When Mr. Williams adds to these the old triangle of husband, wife and miscellaneous blonde, we may be forgiven for crying quits.

By way of footnote, I also wish to ask if anyone has ever encountered a household containing one of the low-comedy housekeepers, maids or cooks regularly found in these stage exhibits?

* * *

Two further attempts to bring vaudeville back from the grave bore the titles, *New Priorities of 1943* and *Show Time*. The former was obviously a typographical error. In view of its acts, songs and jokes, they doubtless meant 1913. Except for a single act involving Bert Wheeler and a stooge named Ladd, which enjoyed some comic meat, and the excellent but all too familiar dog number known as *The Bricklayers*, the bill was a compendium of vaudeville obits, including everything from Harry Richman with his hat over one eye vibrating his torso in stale sentimental ballads to the joke about the seasick soldier on deck who, in reply to a query as to whether the captain has come up yet, says he has if he swallowed him. If you need a further idea, there were also the travestied classical dance, the shimmy shaker, the acrobats, the blues singer in the split skirt, and the ditty facetiously arguing that a man's biological reaction to an agitating wench is purely a mental matter.

Show Time, on the other hand is here and there right out of the champagne bottle, largely due to the efforts of George Jessel. If there is a more jocose fellow on the two-a-day stage, I don't know of him. The monologue in which he figures as a Czechoslovakian refugee lecturer and the famous one in which he engages in a telephone conversation with his mama who confuses Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with Mr. Lowenstein next door, along with his master of ceremonies banter, are, as we say at the Academy, hot stuff. Added attractions are Jack Haley, the De Marcos, Ella Logan and the colored hoofers, the three Berry brothers. But as for the wire walker, the inevitable dog act, the contortionists, and the joke about the mother of the female contortionist having evidently been scared in childbirth by a pretzel. . .!

* * *

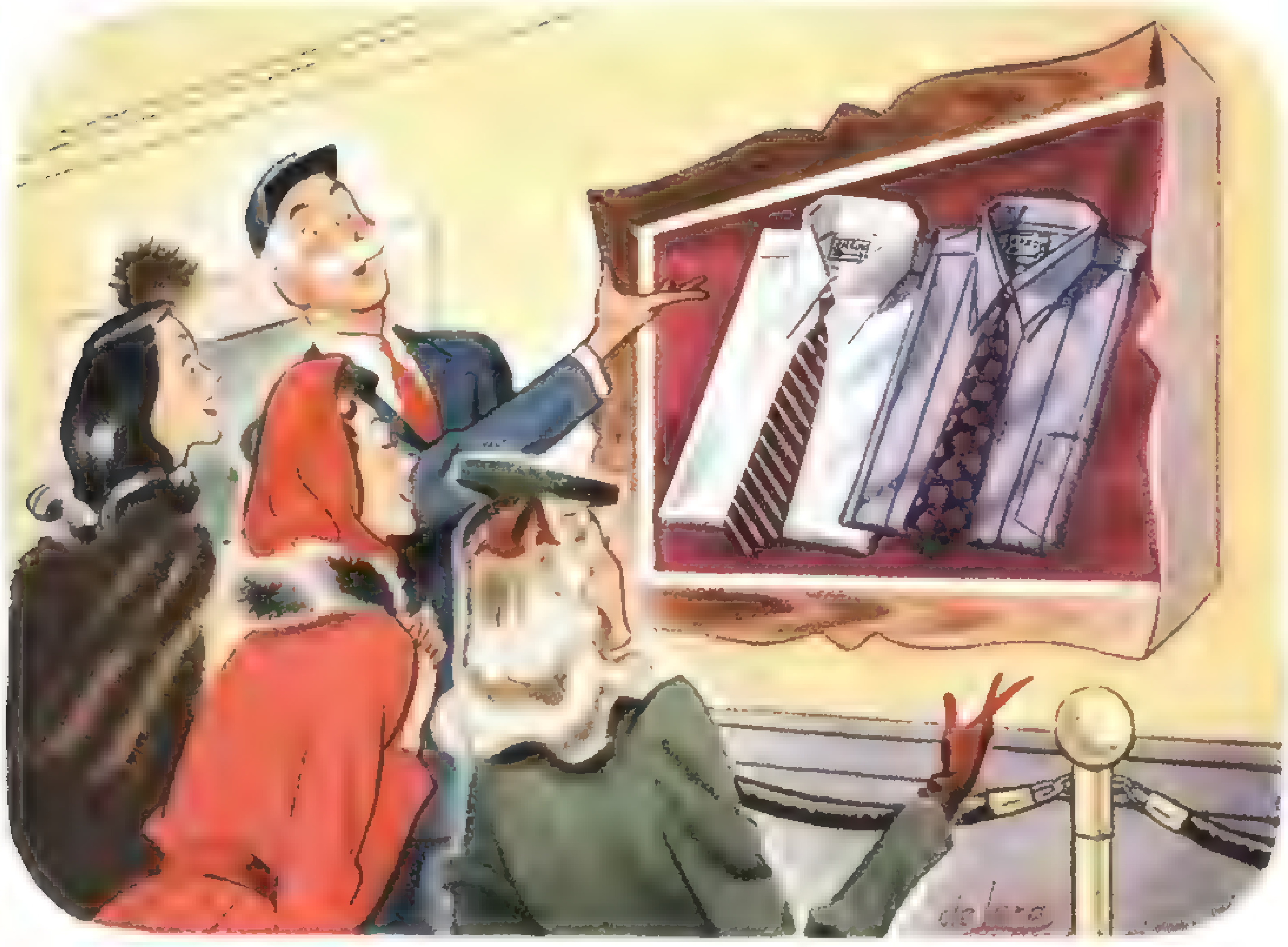
The revived producer interest in vaudeville has been accompanied by a revived interest in burlesque. But it is a pity that those who would revive the latter interest seem to retain no consciousness of the old low art form except as regards its strip-teasers. The strip-tease was a relatively recent development, unknown in the heyday of burlesque, which flourished at least fifty years without it, made its reputation without it, and was in almost every respect the better without it.

What made burlesque was not women divesting themselves of their clothes, but first-rate low comedians of the stripe of Weber, Fields, Dave Warfield, George Bickel and the like, most of whom graduated in time to the Broadway stage and inspirited it with their humors. Even today such rare old shows as *On the Yukon* and *Me, Him and I* are remembered by men who forget such recent strippers as Ann Corio after the first drink and Margie Hart after the second, or maybe third. As a student of burlesque and its devotees since the days of the Spanish-American War, the only women I remember as having made any impression at all on me or the other customers were the 200-pounders in Billy Watson's famous *Beef Trust*, and they were pretty sufficiently clothed in elaborately spangled tights and were one and all as aphrodisiacal as so many tons of ice.

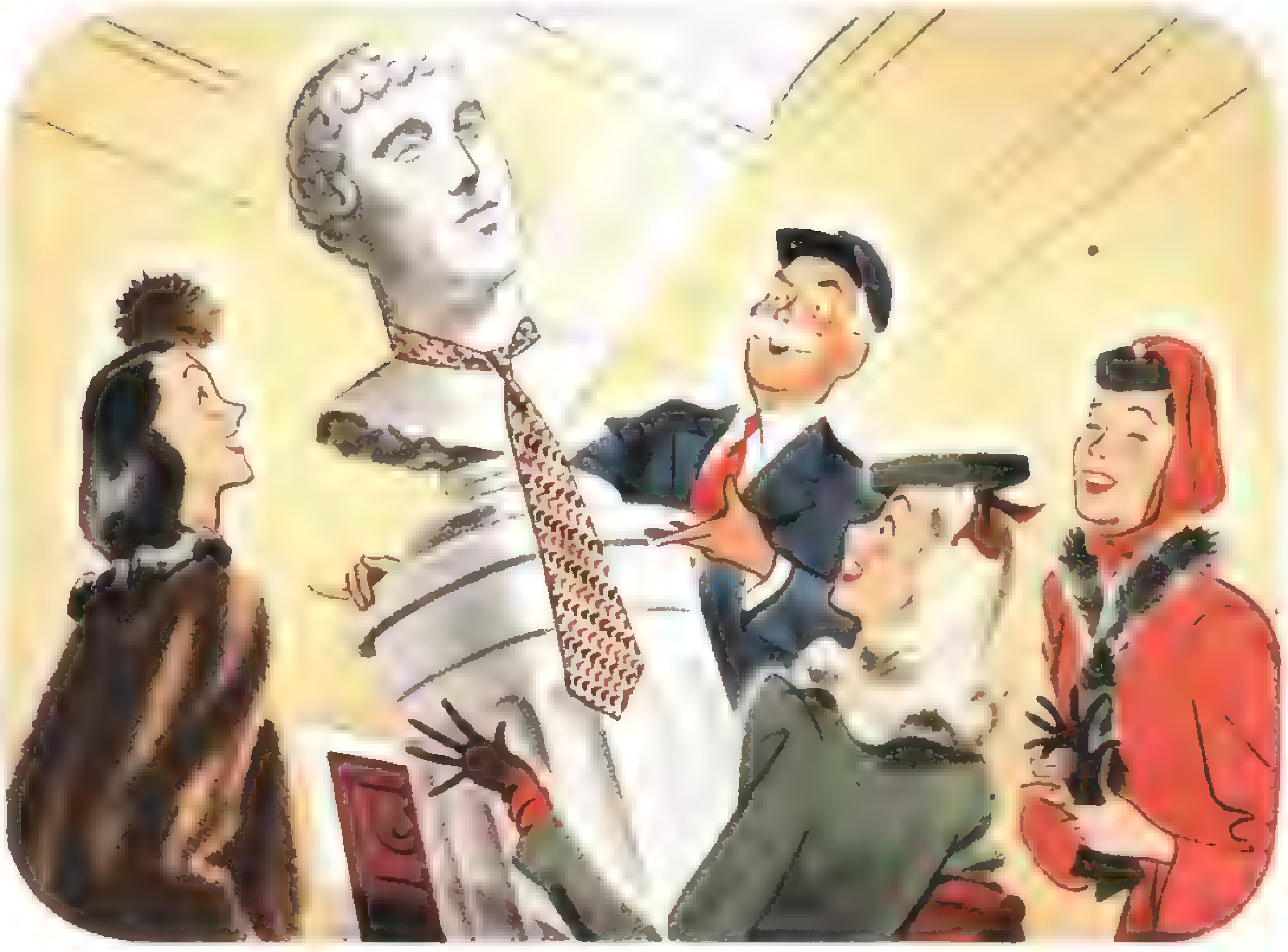
No, it wasn't the girls, dressed or undressed, who made burlesque the popular entertainment it was; it was the funny men. It was the floppy pants and red undershirt boys like Bozo Snyder who crowded 'em in, and the Dutch comedians like the wonderful Bickel aforesaid, and bediamonded Al Reeves with his mock-serious addresses to the customers, and Sliding Billy Watson (there were three of the Watsons cavorting at one time or another on the Wheel), and all that glorious crew. Infrequently a Salome dancer would show up with her seven veils, the removal of the last one of which would still disclose her with enough tights on to spare the blushes of the clergy in attendance, but, aside from a few college boys in the house who had had a couple of beers, she didn't create much of a stir. Nor did most of the girls who later came out on the runway and sang flirtatious ditties. What got the trade were the comiques.

The present emphasis on strip-teasers in the burlesque revivals will not lead to prosperity in the long run. If, like Michael Todd in his show, *Star and Garter*, the impresarios safeguard the all-important low comedy element with such gala old burlesque clowns as Bobby Clark and such gay zanies as Professor Lamberti, the big money will no doubt continue to roll in. But if, as in *Wine, Women and Song*, the emphasis is on women who take their duds off, with weak regard to the comedy, burlesque is ultimately doomed to go the way of all flesh. Mark Twain may have been right when he remarked that he would rather look at Lillian Russell stark naked than at General Grant in his full uniform. But I doubt that even Mark would have rather looked at Lillian in that state than at, say, the before mentioned Mons. Clark in his misfit suit, with his cigar butt awriggle in his mouth, and with his cane bouncing up periodically and slamming him grandly on the nose.

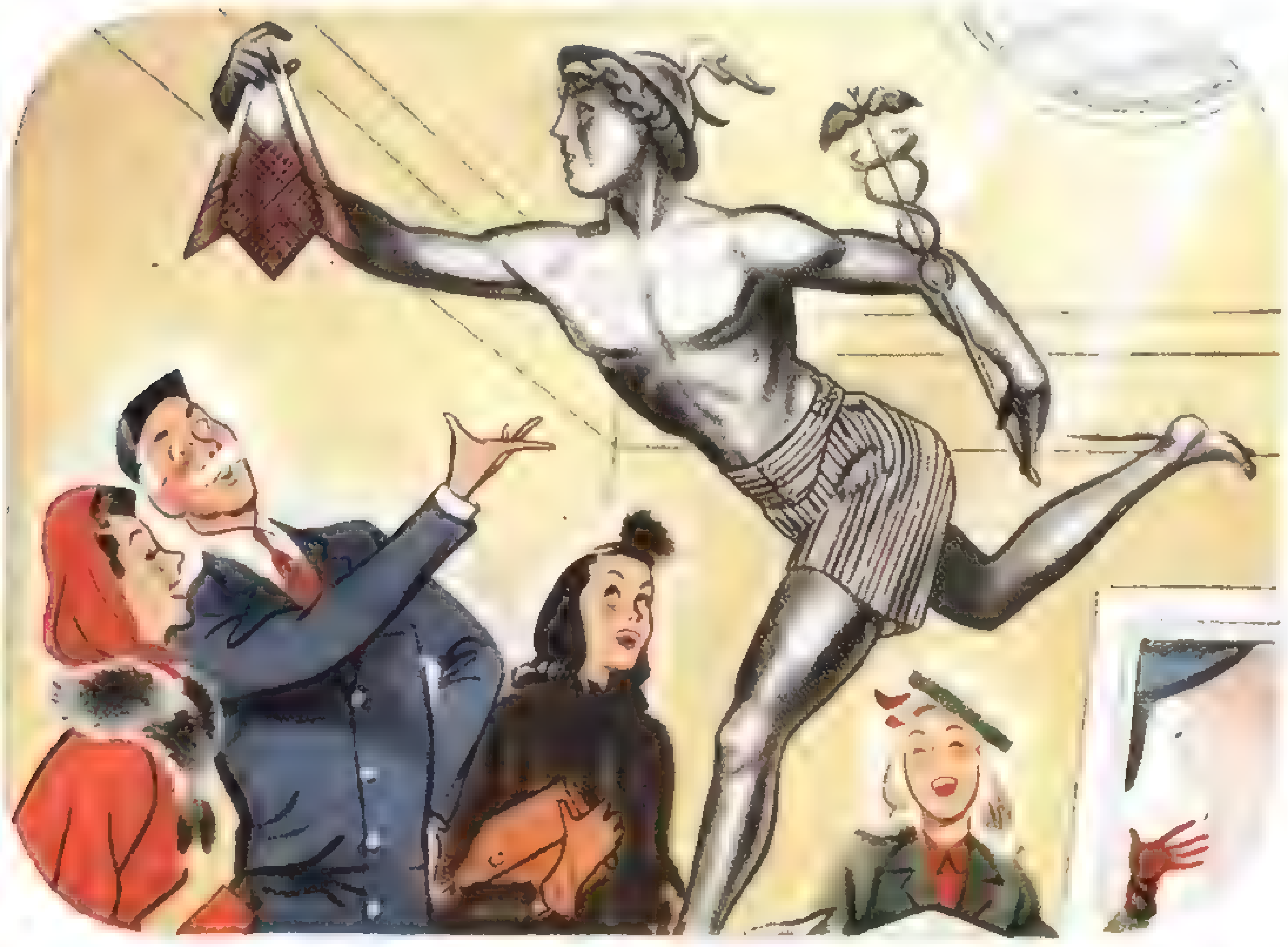
"Ladies, come on this Christmas Gift Tour..."



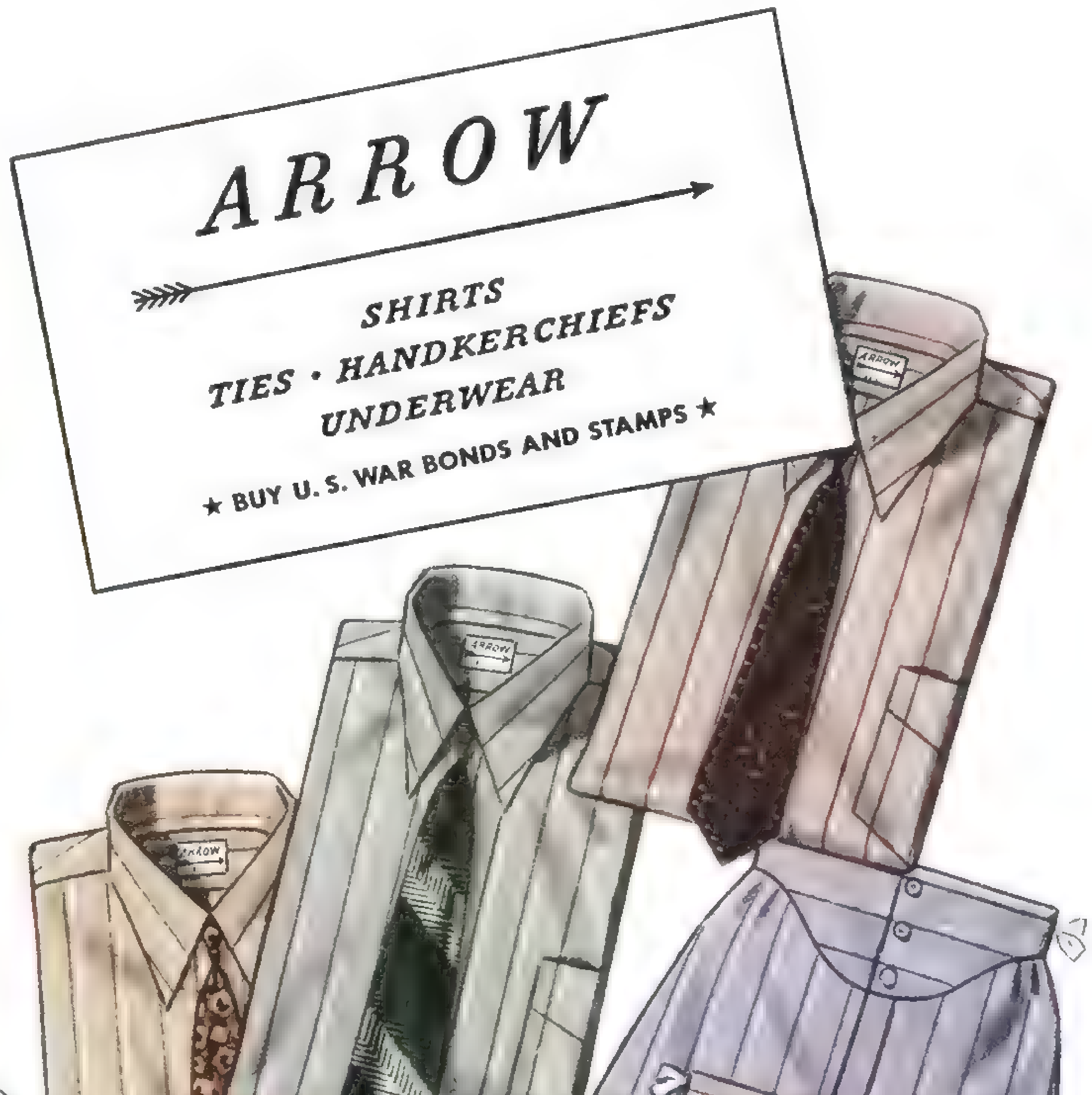
1. "Over here we see some excellent examples of Arrow Shirts, known the world over for their incomparable collars. Notice the fine tailoring... Up under the collar is the Sanforized label which means the fabric of the shirt won't shrink even 1%!... You may obtain replicas for your husband at your Arrow dealer's for $2.25 and up.

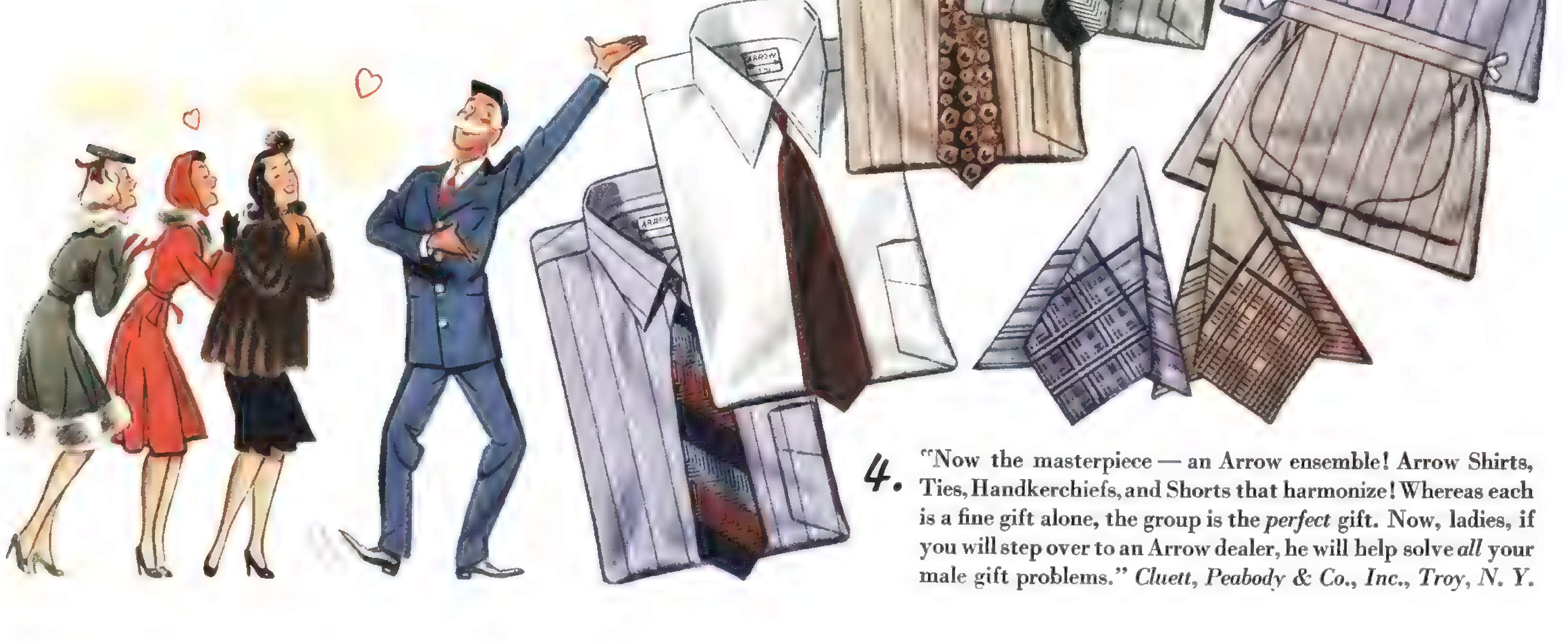


2. "Now we move on to the Arrow Tie. There are very many interesting Arrow Ties — each with its own distinctive pattern, the kind of patterns men like. They're made by the people who make Arrow Shirts. Points of interest about them: they have a lining that thwarts wrinkles and they tie into perfect knots. $1 and up.



3. "Here we have the most comfortable underwear known: Arrow Shorts. They have a *seamless* crotch — nothing to bind or chafe. They're roomier and guaranteed never to shrink out of fit. 75¢ and up... Ah, yes, the Arrow Handkerchief, big and beautiful. There are specimens in white, colors, and patterns. Many varieties are initialed. 35¢, up.





4. "Now the masterpiece — an Arrow ensemble! Arrow Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, and Shorts that harmonize! Whereas each is a fine gift alone, the group is the *perfect* gift. Now, ladies, if you will step over to an Arrow dealer, he will help solve *all* your male gift problems." *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*

Burgundy or Golden Sauterne with the Christmas turkey

If you haven't tried well-roasted tender turkey in company with California's red Burgundy or golden Sauterne, you've a treat in store. If you choose a white table wine like Sauterne serve it well chilled. The red table wines are best when served at cool room temperature

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Wine—*for friendliness this Christmas time*

• THIS YEAR try the old warm-hearted custom of serving wine with your Christmas turkey. You'll find, when you do, that there's much in what famous cooks say—*that food is actually better when served with wine.*

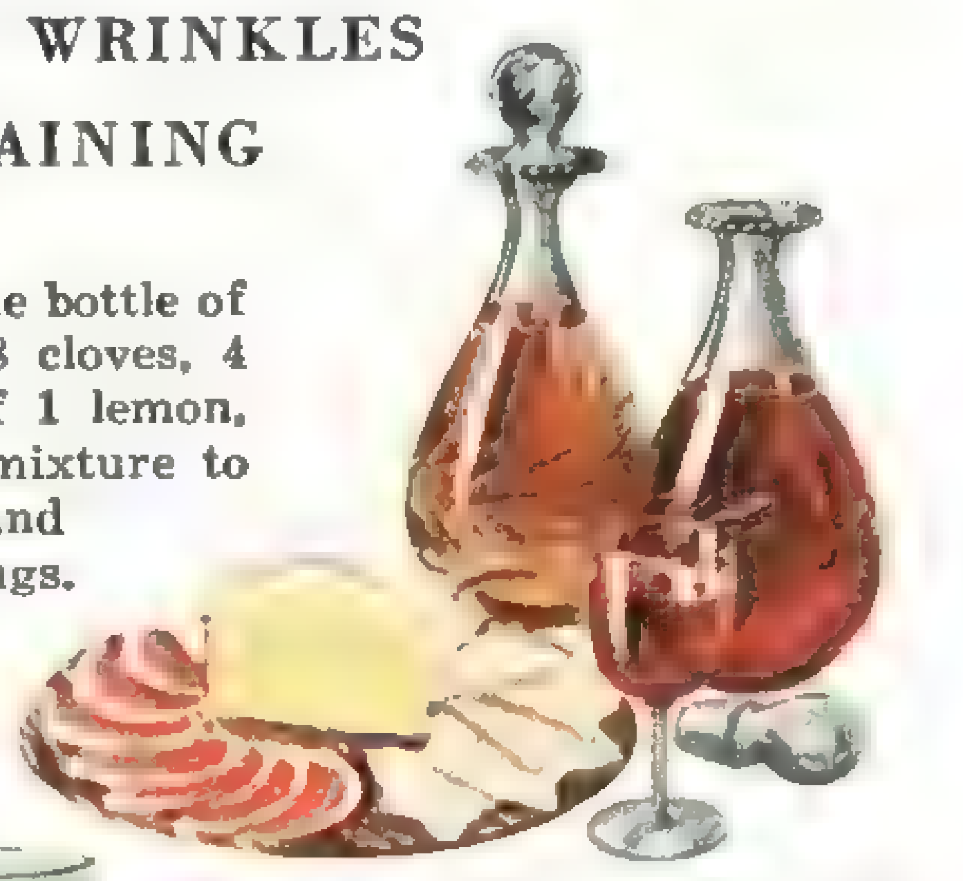
More important, you'll discover that over good food and wine people draw closer together—find it easier to be good companions.

When wine becomes part of dinner, folks have an opportunity to ease up a moderate way. In fact that is what wine is made for—to help us all toward quiet friendliness, and group enjoyment of days like Christmas.

Excellent wines are now grown in our own land, and many of these await you this season at your wine merchant's. Sound wines. Surprisingly low in cost. Ask your dealer to help you select among them. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

HERE ARE THREE SMART WRINKLES IN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

1. Hot spiced Wine: To one bottle of Burgundy or Claret add 8 cloves, 4 tablespoons sugar, rind of 1 lemon, dash of cinnamon. Heat mixture to near boil, strain at once and serve in thick glasses or mugs. This serves 6 to 8 people



2. Champagne: For memorable occasions—either at dinner or in the evening. Bring Champagne to your table well chilled. A bottle of California Champagne costs surprisingly little and contains 6 to 8 servings

3. Port and Sherry with Buffet Suppers: Just set out on the buffet table a tray of small glasses and a bottle or decanter each of California Sherry and Port. Then let your guests serve themselves

Strictly Legitimate Deals

Continued from page 43

I see farther, I smell better, and I'm more attractive to women. Since I feel so well, I don't need it any longer. I'm going to give the Electric Doctor to you, Corp. A gift, with no strings attached."

"I guess I had you all wrong, MacClusky."

"Don't mention it, Corp. Of course you'll want to reimburse me for the batteries, which come extra."

"Oh sure," said Corky.

"These two batteries are charged with therapeutic electricity, you understand, and cost three bucks apiece wholesale. If you'll let me have this purely nominal charge in cash to cover my outlay, the Electric Doctor is yours."

"That makes six bucks. It sounds reasonable enough."

"Reasonable is an understatement," said MacClusky, briskly rubbing his hands together.

"When do you put it on?"

"Any time. Any time at all, Corp. You can even wear it to bed and charge up your brains while you're sleeping."

"Well, here's your six bucks."

"Thanks, Corp. And any time you want to buy something or bet on anything, I'm your man."

"I'll remember that," said Corky Smith appreciatively.

Later Smoot and Ortwingle and Corporal Harrison Hyler noticed a strange apparition in Smith's cadre room.

"Since when are they beginnin' to induct men from Mars into the U. S. Army?" inquired Ortwingle, staring at the figure sitting on Corky Smith's bunk.

"Well, what's so funny?" demanded Corky.

"What's that you got on your head?" asked Smoot.

"That's my Electric Doctor."

"It's his Electric Doctor," said Ortwingle.

"That's right," said Corky Smith. "I'm chargin' my brains."

"Look, boys," said Sergeant Smoot. "I'll stay here and stand guard over him, while Ortwingle and Hyler goes and telephones for a ambulance and some attendants from the psychopathic ward. The poor guy has went crazy."

"This is a fine thing," said Corky Smith. "It cures headaches and chilblains or whatever's the matter with you."

"Where'd you git that thing?" demanded Smoot.

"I bought it from Private MacClusky."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Smoot. "Go ahead out and phone for that ambulance, men." #

The Future of Air Power

Continued from page 77

moon. Monsieur Verne's rocket defied gravity. It defied convention. It defied everything, as a matter of fact, except common sense . . . which seems always to be the enemy of convention.

Well, the rocket plane has already been successfully demonstrated, if Italian news reports can be accredited. Built around a combustion chamber instead of a propeller, this ship zooms through the air on a hot, zissing jet.

It is scarcely probable that any sane aviator will hitch his wagon to a jet at this stage of the game. But it is more than likely that war planes of the near future will carry rocket chambers as a means of getting auxiliary acceleration.

Look at it this way: A flying fortress has gone two thousand miles on a bombing mission. Its work done, and half way back on its homeward leg, it is suddenly attacked by an overwhelming number of Focke-Wulf 190s. The problem is to get an extra burst of speed to overcome the extra fifty or more miles an hour a modern fighter has as an edge over a bomber. Under present conditions this speed can only be had in a power dive—which doesn't often accomplish much more than inviting the fighter planes to take a plunge *en rapport*. But . . . if a rocket chamber could be tapped at this precise moment, the bomber could zoom away as gracefully, as swiftly, and as safely as one of the fabulous rickshaws of the incredible Buck Rogers.

Further, when a plane is heavily loaded, the rapid acceleration which could be had from an auxiliary rocket would cut down the take-off run almost to the vanishing point. All you do is taxi to a suitable jumping spot, set off the rocket, then—wham! Similarly, heavy bombers and other ships could be shot from the decks of warships, reducing the present catapults to the relative standing of the ballistas designed by the Florentine da Vinci.

Another future possibility is the *Flying Wing*—a plane which, like a good fricassee, is all wing and no tail. Bill Stout, the far-seeing and ubiquitous Detroit inventor, envisaged such a scheme many years ago, but compromised, for the nonce, with a thick-winged plane—a plane whose wing supports and other structures were internal, hence having no drag. This scheme, first incorporated in Stout's early ships, including the Tri-motor Ford, is now as much in general use as propellers.

The latest embodiment of the wing idea is the Northrup *Flying Wing*—a ship which has no fuselage whatever. It looks and flies like a giant bat. The point is, of course, to eliminate unnecessary drag. Drag may be a very good thing in business, or in Washington—but in the Air Forces drag often means the difference between success and death. A few extra square feet of wind resistance may do as much damage in modern air combat as the nail-that-lost-the-shoe-that-lost-the-horse-that-lost-the-general-who-

Continued on page 146

EMBLEM $1.00
YOUNG AMERICA $3.50
AIR MINDED $5.00

Something Special... for Someone Special!

• There's something special about Christmas 1942 . . . a new simplicity, a new emphasis on quality—a desire for the practical as well as the beautiful.

That's why women at home will welcome one of these smartly styled La Cross gifts of enduring usefulness. Men, too, in or out of the armed forces, will salute La Cross Implement Kits as a handy gift destined for distinguished daily service. Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, New Jersey. Established 1903.

La Cross
AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Other sets from $1.00 to $15.00 at leading department, drug and leather goods stores.

laughter

The perfume for her lighter moods

1 oz.... 17.50 · 2½ oz.... 37.50 · 4 oz.... 55.00

BOUQUET	LAUGHTER
Eau de Cologne	Eau de Toilette
that she likes and he remembers (and sometimes borrows!)	that makes her feel gay and glib (and sometimes wicked)
2 oz.... 1.75	2 oz.... 2.50
4 oz.... 3.00	4 oz.... 4.50
8 oz.... 6.00	8 oz.... 8.00

Germaine Monteil

The Future of Air Power

Continued from pages 77-145

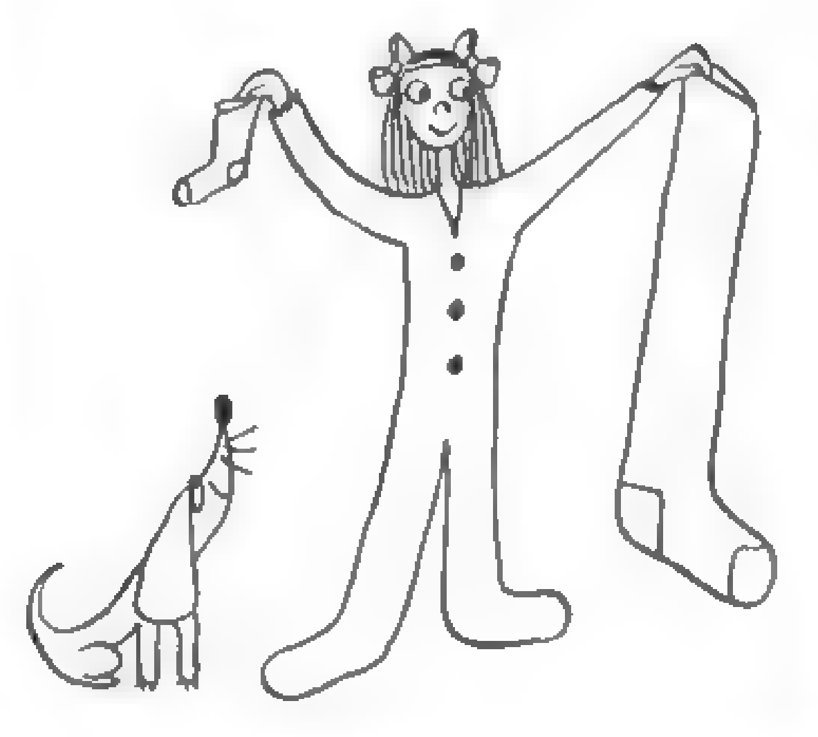
lost-the-battle of epic fame.

The *Flying Wing* is said to show considerable improvement in general speed and performance over ships carrying booms and tails; and it is quite possible that big ship evolution may turn inward in good, aerodynamic, introvert form. The innards of the ship may grow larger and larger, as the wings grow thicker and thicker . . . so that in time stairways or even elevators may be required to ascend from C deck from the bottom of the wing, to A deck, up by the promenade part of the wing. Clippers of the future might even carry signs such as this: "Shuffleboard may be played on the leading edge of the wing; quoit players confine themselves to the aileron."

* * *

New materials suggest new phases of aerodynamic development; and many a Nostradamus of our time has said, "One new development in metallurgy could win the war—almost by itself." New alloys of aluminum, particularly one with beryllium, are in the offing. An alloy of this type, in commercial quantities, would make possible cylinders of double present strength at virtually half its weight. This kind of metallurgical improvement, combined with new trends in design, threatens to multiply the horsepower in power plants, and divide the dead weight which must be carried.

Now let's tackle the power factor: Power is to be translated, horse by horse, into range, load, and speed. Dead weight, available energy in fuel, and the wind resistance of the ship itself are the Schopenhauers of the picture. Well, cleaner design is cutting down the "built-in head winds." The new metallurgy is giving us less dead weight; also cylinders which can withstand higher compressive or explosive forces.



We trust that all American youngsters will hang stockings by the mantelpiece for Santa to fill. Heed our admonition, youngsters, and "Keep 'Em Hanging."

But the crowning touch to the optimistic sequence is fuel: every month now the power factor of aviation gas is being stepped up. Polymerization, or the stringing together of giant chains of molecules, is creating super fuels in the laboratories of the organic chemist. These fuels will generate more power in the engines now available; but looking ahead, in the high-compression, beryllite engines of the future, the horsepower yield will be multiplied like rabbits in a cabbage patch.

There is also our old friend, plastic plywood—the subject of much discussion in earlier Esquire articles. Plastic plywood, as has been pointed out, bears the same relation to ordinary plywood as reinforced concrete does to a few thin, steel rods. It has approximately the structural strength of steel, greater rigidity per unit of weight, and half the weight of aluminum per unit of strength. Fire-resistant, corrosion-proof, and weather-proof . . . and having the incomparable advantage of lending itself to mass-production molding . . . it gives every indication of being the standard wing and fuselage material of the future. It is significant to observe that Henry J. Kaiser is building his projected giant cargo craft with one type of this product.

* * *

As far as the immediate military horizon is concerned, exceptional programs for speed, size, and range are imminent. We can expect pursuit planes, as Major de Seversky has been predicting, with speeds in excess of 450 miles an hour, ceilings above 40,000 feet, and sufficient range to fly unaided from Wichita to Shangri La.

Bombers will inevitably grow larger and more formidable—since safety and efficiency in offensive operations have been found to increase in direct proportion to the size and power of the planes.

The war, which has proved so destructive to a Maginot-minded civilization, has concentrated its evolutionary energy on the air. *Fait accompli*, that great arbiter of all theoretical discussions, has decided the issues on which General Mitchell was in tune, and for a lack of an understanding of which France so tragically fell.

Fait accompli keeps a hard school. But its lessons are valid and lasting. Every war has introduced and proved new materials, new techniques, and new theories. The peace which followed has always been the gainer, as if nature, having boned up on Mr. Emerson's Law of Compensation, was anxious to make amends.

This war will usher in the age of flying, just as the last war brought with it the low-priced automobile . . . and the civilization which, for better or worse, we built around it, including tourist camps, hot dog stands, and traffic cops.

Whether or not we shall all take wing, after the forthcoming Treaty of Washington, is something even a Republican presidential candidate could not predict. Yet it seems reasonable that this air war will alter our notions of distance; and that in the years to come, we will shuttle between Vallidosta and Vladivostock as we now shuffle back and forth between town and country. ⧺

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
LEITH SCOTLAND
The preferred Scotch both for Holiday Giving and Hospitality —because in age and taste VAT 69 is Scotch Whisky at its Best
"Quality Tells"
VAT 69
8 Years Old

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 93

B. Ward, *Youngstown Vindicator,* "but God forbid that any one take the present National Boxing Association seriously. They are not guardians of a serious trust—they are tin-plated super-enthusiasts with no sense of direction, and lacking in vision." **Bill Woodside,** Paris, Texas, *News,* added: "A strong national organization would be the biggest boom for boxing. This organization would release the grip of many promoters and certify champions. Jack Dempsey, who is admired by all sports fans, is the man to head such a board."

QUESTION VI

Would you favor government regulation of boxing?

The public	**No 71.62%**
Sportscasters	**No 76.78%**
Sports editors	**No 77.63%**
Businessmen	**No 82.35%**

Well, the government is controlling everything else but for the most part the attitude of voters was "why bother about boxing?"

"I would favor government control of boxing only if a man of Jim Farley's ability could be induced to handle the sport with a free rein," wrote **Gene Sullivan,** St. Joseph, Missouri, *News Press.* **Ray Michael,** WMAL, Washington, D.C., said: "Boxing could be one of our top national sports if regulated by a government representative. This regulation would do away with shady promotions and 'fixes.'"

Paul B. Zimmerman, *Los Angeles Times,* wrote:

> There is too much of the connivance between many managers and promoters. For example, many managers "cut back" a share of the purse to get bouts. Not a few promoters own a "piece" or all of certain fighters' contracts and exclude logical title contenders whose managers will not cut in. This makes for poor matches with title holders meeting men they are almost certain to whip, and good fighters who can beat them go into the ring "over the weight." "Over the weight" fights in recent years have made a farce of championships with boxers in many divisions holding titles when it is obvious to any fight fan that there are boxers in that division who can whip the champ.
>
> Nationwide control, through a governmental agency, would eliminate such fraud and force fighters, managers and promoters alike to take the title into the ring against capable opponents; otherwise be suspended and lose the crown. Suspensions now mean nothing. A fighter suspended in California may fight in New York, or vice versa. A fighter recognized in one state often is not a champion in another. Classic example is the bantamweight division. Manuel Ortiz outboxed Lou Salica for 10 of 12 rounds in Hollywood. Salica and his manager signed a contract calling for "defense" of his title. But New York's commission declined to recognize Ortiz as the champion because the bout did not go 15 rounds as required in that state. Yet, had the fight gone 15 rounds, Salica probably would have been knocked out, and certainly could not have won the fight. Universal rules would have avoided this situation and the fact that California now recognizes Ortiz, and New York recognizes Salica.

QUESTION VII

Do you believe that exploitation of amateurs is beneficial or detrimental to the sport's welfare?

The public	**Beneficial 68.05%**
Sportscasters	**Beneficial 63.16%**
Sports editors	**Detrimental 50.34%**
Businessmen	**Beneficial 52.38%**

Here the sports editors differ from the consensus of the other groups. And it must be admitted that the sports editors are better qualified to vote with definite knowledge than any other class of Esquire's Sports Poll voters. The sports radio men who rarely broadcast amateur fights except those promoted by newspapers don't often get behind the scenes in amateur boxing.

However, the margin by which the sports editors consider exploitation of amateur boxers detrimental is only a shade, so they lose the decision to those who believe the boys are helped by the exploitation received as amateurs.

A proper distinction between types of amateur boxing events was made by **Raymond J. Baird,** River Falls, Wisconsin, *Sentinel,* who wrote:

> Amateur boxing is a fine thing, but unfortunately there are too many who make a racket of the amateur fight; that is, there are many who make a living by engaging in so-called amateur tournaments, which are nothing but money-making rackets for the sponsor. On the other hand, every high school in the country should make boxing a major sport. Unfortunately the money angle is considered first when the promotion of boxing is discussed, which kills the sport before it can get started. Boxing, properly conducted, will make money in any city, regardless of size. All the promoter needs to do is spend the first and second year developing local talent; then he has something to offer the fans. The trouble is that the promoters try to make money without offering anything, a situation that must be changed if we are to see any more Million Dollar Gates.

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that the bare-knuckle fights of the old days were more punishing to a boxer than the present-day bouts with gloves?

The public	**Yes 85.13%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 91.07%**
Sports editors	**Yes 80.82%**
Businessmen	**Yes 80.03%**

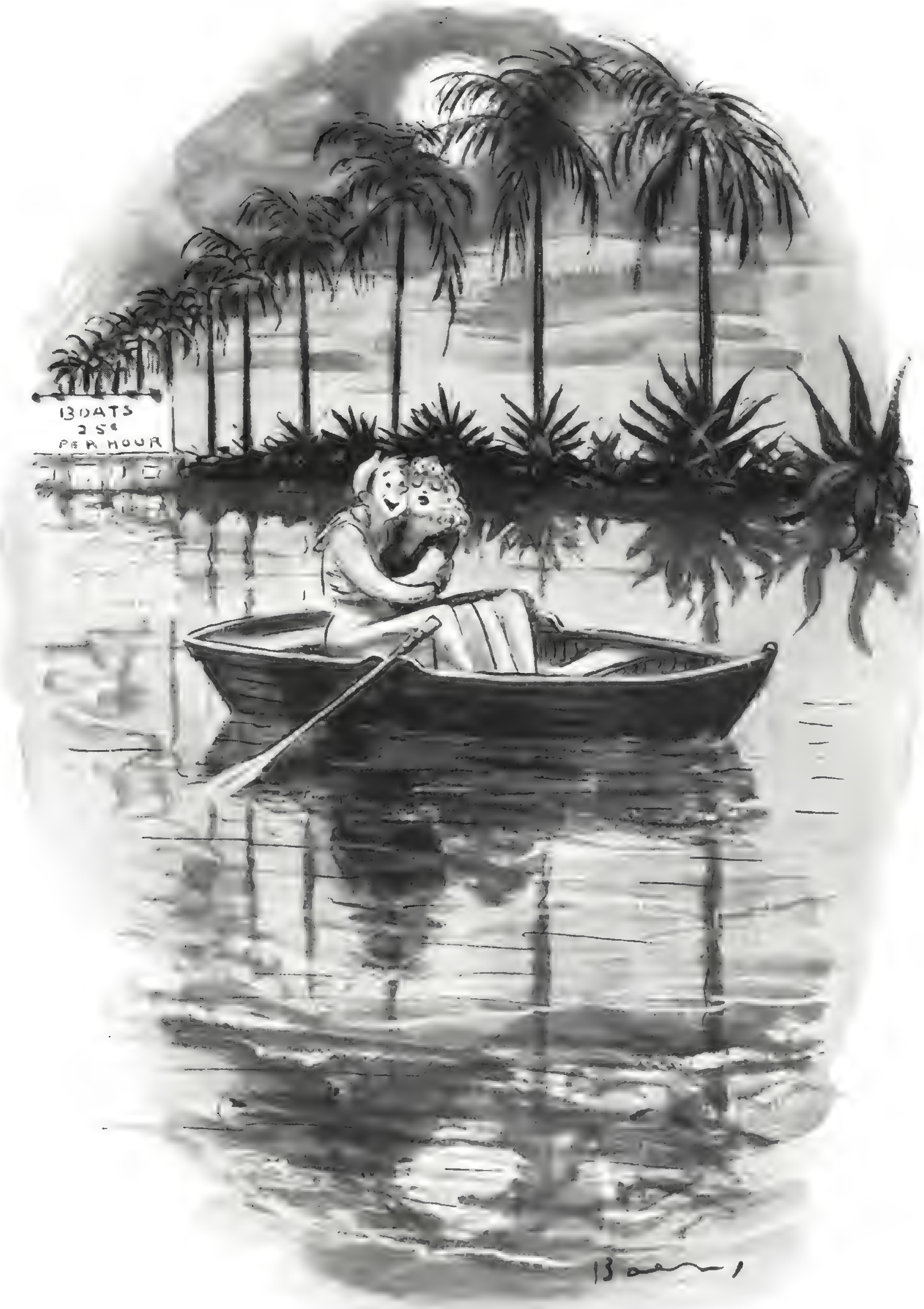
Argue this one out with Pop and Grandpop, show them the above vote and they'll continue arguing that in the old days, just as the vote indicates, a man had to be a very durable specimen to engage in the sport of fisticuffing.

But the younger generation—those mere tots born after July 8, 1889 when John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain in the last bare knuckle championship fight in

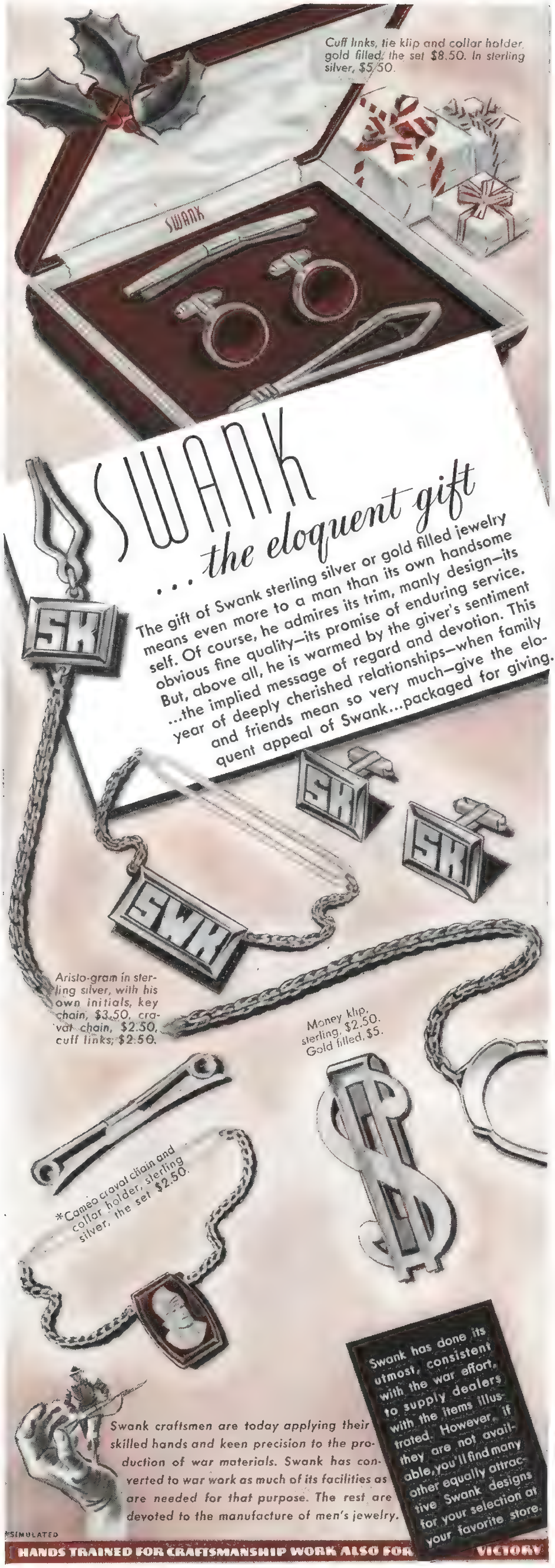
Continued on page 150

Holiday Greetings
FROM
PHILIP
MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. INC.
ESTABLISHED — OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS
MADE IN U.S.A.
20

And along with best wishes . . . a Christmas suggestion: *on your gift list, put lots of* PHILIP MORRIS *Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages . . .* fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!


BOATS
25¢
PER HOUR

"Gee, honey, you make me wanna rent the boat for another hour"



Cuff links, tie klip and collar holder, gold filled, the set $8.50. In sterling silver, $5.50.

SWANK . . . the eloquent gift

The gift of Swank sterling silver or gold filled jewelry means even more to a man than its own handsome self. Of course, he admires its trim, manly design—its obvious fine quality—its promise of enduring service. But, above all, he is warmed by the giver's sentiment ...the implied message of regard and devotion. This year of deeply cherished relationships—when family and friends mean so very much—give the eloquent appeal of Swank...packaged for giving.

Aristo-gram in sterling silver, with his own initials, key chain, $3.50, cravat chain, $2.50, cuff links, $2.50.

Money klip, sterling, $2.50. Gold filled, $5.

*Cameo cravat chain and collar holder, sterling silver, the set $2.50.

Swank craftsmen are today applying their skilled hands and keen precision to the production of war materials. Swank has converted to war work as much of its facilities as are needed for that purpose. The rest are devoted to the manufacture of men's jewelry.

Swank has done its utmost, consistent with the war effort, to supply dealers with the items illustrated. However, if they are not available, you'll find many other equally attractive Swank designs for your selection at your favorite store.

*SIMULATED

HANDS TRAINED FOR CRAFTSMANSHIP WORK ALSO FOR VICTORY

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 93-148

America—can submit evidence that the gloved fights are tougher.

"It would seem that fist-fighting would be much more harmful than glove fighting," wrote **Burke Gillespie,** Council Bluffs *Nonpareil,* "but when one realizes just how tough those warriors were, when one recalls how Dempsey hardened his fists in brine, and the tales of Sullivan, Corbett and the others before, I can't believe that bare knuckle battling was more dangerous or destructive to the physical man than the glove tussling." **Robert R. Johnson,** Beatrice, Nebraska, *Sun,* figured: "A knockdown automatically ended the round in the old bare-knuckle fight days, giving opportunity for a rest. Smart fighters often flopped needlessly to gain a breathing spell when hard pressed. Today's three minute rounds are probably more punishing. A set of gloves over hands encased in yards of bandage and tape is a pretty lethal weapon." **Dick Freeman,** *Houston Chronicle,* observed: "In comparing the brutal (?) bare-knuckle fights with the present fights, the average observer loses sight of the fact that the most severe injury to a fighter is a concussion, and you get more of a jolt from a gloved fist than a bare one." **David A. Delong,** Allentown *Evening Chronicle,* continued: "Don't forget that in the bare-knuckle days, a round lasted only until one man dropped. Thus a fight could go 50 rounds and last no longer than a 20-round affair nowadays, since many boxers simply went down on one knee when tired or hurt. Nowadays, with wrappings and the stretching of gloves over the knuckles, damage is more severe in 3-minute rounds."

I RESOLVE TO BUY WAR BONDS

It will take courage, determination and sacrifice to win this war. In the process we may even develop a race capable of keeping its New Year's resolutions.

QUESTION IX

Do you feel that the possibility of harm to non-professionals, such as the boys in the service, from engaging in boxing outweighs other values such participation might offer them?

The public	**No 79.73%**
Sportscasters	**No 85.96%**
Sports editors	**No 85.23%**
Businessmen	**No 95.92%**

Obviously from this vote the general regard for boxing as a fighting conditioner for young men is high. The boys themselves have been heedless of danger in their sports. Boxing missed its big chance to do a mighty job for American youth when it was made a racket rather than a sport.

"I know of no other sport that teaches a man self-defense in greater reality than boxing," commented **Eddie Lyon,** KTUL, Tulsa. "The work Jack Dempsey is now performing for the Coast Guard rates adoption by all branches of the service."

Howard Midford, Manchester, Connecticut, wrote:

> I've participated in football and in boxing. I could play football well. Boxing didn't appeal to me because the other fellow was hurt and I was hurt with nothing accomplished. A solid punch to the head of my opponent never gave me the thrill of a long run weaving through a broken field. A well-run-off play on the gridiron is more of a thrill to be a part of, than watching a good man beat a man fading away in the ring. I may be a quick, hard hitter, but I'd rather be where I have more of a variety of things to think about while they are happening.
>
> Boxing—slugging, feinting, clinching, jabbing, dancing this way and that, skinning your opponent with the strings of your gloves, and keeping both your eyes on both his eyes and both his gloves at the same time—gets monotonous to me and ceases to become an enjoyable sport until from ten minutes to an hour after I've won. American boys can take it, but they like to be able to give it out in a more brainy fashion. I think this war will be won by smart plays en masse, not by an exchange of jabs and punches.

QUESTION X

Would you rather see a boxing match than a slugging bout?

The public	**Yes 94.49%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 87.51%**
Sports editors	**Yes 68.96%**
Businessmen	**Yes 80.39%**

Perhaps the promoters have guessed the public wrong in matchmaking to glorify mayhem. But in support of the promoters it has to be said that the whirlwind performers and the gladiators with slaughter-house punches do draw.

Jim Van Heel, Mason City, Iowa, *Globe-Gazette,* said: "Fight fans don't care a whole lot about seeing 126-145 pounders do their dance act in the ring. Many think that light fighters can't hit hard enough to hurt. They want to see heavyweights perform. That's the trouble with fighting in smaller cities—no heavyweights to pack the house."

Al Jennings, WTMC, Ocala, Florida, said: "If boxing would return to the science of old instead of the modern brawls, I believe it would draw much better." **Roy Joe Bowman,** KGFF, Shawnee, Oklahoma, agreed: "I think the present decline in interest in boxing is the result of emphasis on 'slugging' matches instead of boxing. Fans are too interested in seeing a man win by a knock-out. Skill has always been applauded in America more than brute strength. A great deal of the strength in football is the culmination of skill, which wins the admiration of the crowd. This skill isn't easily discernible in the modern semi-knock-down—drag-out fights. There should be more emphasis on boxing, not butchery."#

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Let's drink a toast to the widening host—
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To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
Who are saving our civilization.

To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills
And the cities and mountains and plains—

To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
And crews on the ships and the trains.

Wherever they are—be it near, be it far,
On the land, in the air, on the sea—

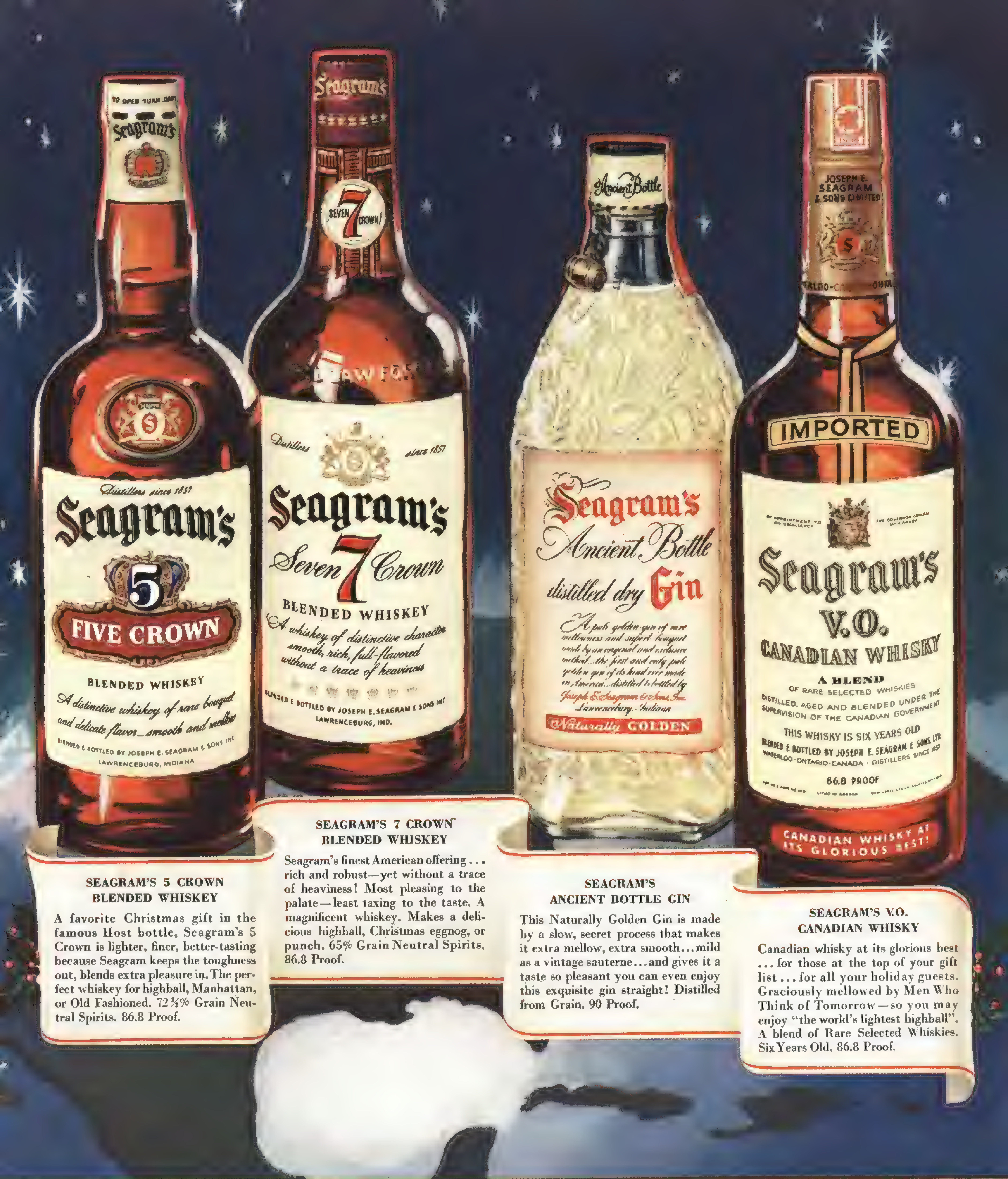
With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
To keep this—"the land of the free."

So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them
Nor make them delay nor digress—

May Christmastime find them with power behind them
To roll up a final success.

Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York

Only the Finest is Fine Enough
For Christmas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SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

Canadian whisky at its glorious best ... for those at the top of your gift list ... for all your holiday guests. Graciously mellowed by Men Who Think of Tomorrow—so you may enjoy "the world's lightest highball". A blend of Rare Selected Whiskies. Six Years Old. 86.8 Proof.

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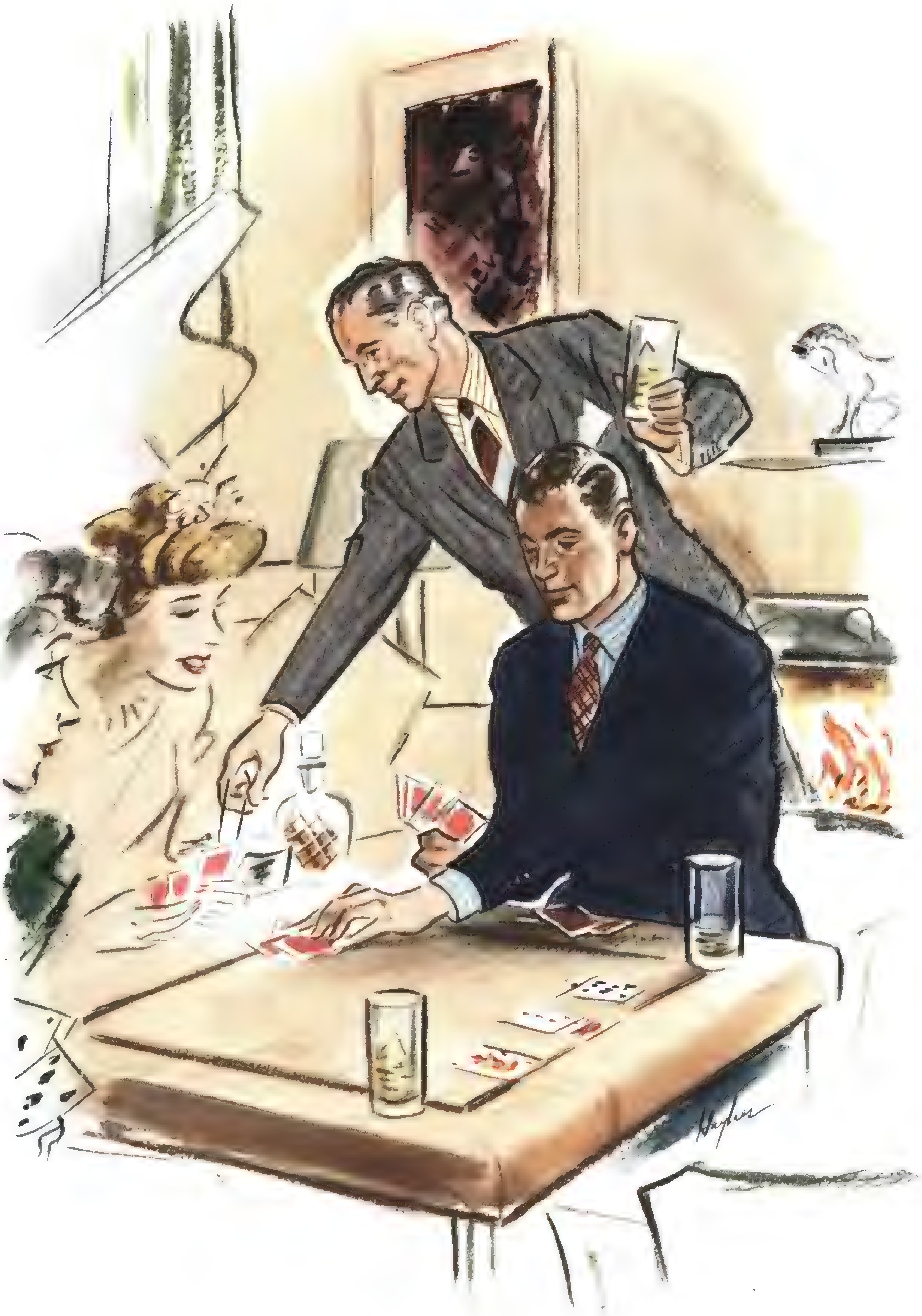

cheviot hits the deck

In case you've forgotten since Gin Rummy crashed the Brown Derby and turned the tables on Culbertson, this game is Bridge. It's a card game derived from Whist in which the dummy kibitzes, changes phonograph records, and mixes the grog. In this case, he wears a grey cheviot suit with blue and grey stripings, which calls for that striped silk and rayon repp tie. The guy who lays low and rakes in the tricks puts in his bid for a blue sharkskin worsted suit worn with a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt and a plaid tie. It seems that the dummy advising the lady isn't on the level, but then the card shark in sharkskin couldn't have taken his tricks without playing a little "footsie" under the table with his partner. Bridge? Count me out, pal... but when you run across a good old game of poker where everything's wild but the red-headed queen . . . then deal me in!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Testimonial to Hillel

Continued from page 46

his wife, of the extent of his donations.

Naturally, people speculated about his fortunes; of course, his success was envied. His old cronies who gathered in Alec Miller's saloon, where Hillel frequently visited, estimated that he had probably amassed as much as one hundred thousand dollars. Some said the figure was too low. Others declared that Hillel's philanthropies, those about which they knew, were partly done because of his "good heart" and partly because he needed hostages to that fortune. They were not beyond criticizing him because he was not lavish. At Miller's he always bought the boys a drink but he did not let the barflies impose upon him. Except for his visits there, he went his own way.

A good-natured man is one who is still on speaking terms with his wife, children and relatives by four o'clock on Christmas afternoon.

But Hillel kept the common touch. He deposited several hundred dollars in small bills with Alec Miller to loan out to the peddlers when they were hard-pressed or there was illness in the family; Hillel knew his old associates too well to let them prey upon him. Yet he kept up the friendships with those farmers and townsfolk who had welcomed him when he, a "greenhorn," had knocked at their doors with his pack.

When his daughter, who had run away with his yard foreman and married without his consent, died in childbirth, when his wife followed her three months later, when his grandson passed away from diphtheria, Hillel the Wealthy was talked about, all his money could not save him grief.

When Hillel went to Rochester for an operation, there was lively excitement among not only his friends and acquaintances but even among people who knew him only by name. To his little community he was all-important. When he returned home, shaky but convalescent, many healths were drunk at Miller's place. Hillel did not say what had been wrong except that his stomach was poor. He never had made his ailments common talk.

During the great depression and financial panic, Hillel Goodman was badly hit. It became apparent even to the peddlers and hangers-on at Alec Miller's place that he, whom they had regarded as a big fish, had been swallowed by bigger fish. But he was never too busy to hear their troubles.

After two or three years it was a secret to no one. Hillel the Wealthy had sustained severe losses, for his corporation was dissolved. A partner of his had used company funds to cover his own speculations. There was a breath of scandal about the man, who suddenly shot himself. Hillel paid off his own obligations and also his partner's. He took care of the dead man's wife and children and announced his retirement. He had had enough, he declared. He was past seventy and had worked hard all his life.

He lived with a married son, but as frequently as he could, he came to Miller's place as in the olden days, to chat with his cronies and to visit friends who had become infirm. His broad shoulders were slightly stooped and he began to carry a cane. His step was slower, of course. He did not hold his head so high. His hair was thin and no longer reddish but faded to that auburn-and-gray that is the lot of red hair in age. His mustache was brighter; some said it was dyed. He was no longer stout.

Alec Miller still had the money for the peddlers' loans. He offered to return it to Hillel, but Hillel snorted at him, although it was obvious that he was no longer well-to-do and the name "Hillel the Wealthy" seemed to contain a mockery when it was uttered. Hillel smiled ruefully when he was teased about it.

"Nearly fifty years I have been in this country," he said one day, "and I have no complaints. Never mind, friends. As wealthy as I was when I first came here I think I will always be!"

Perhaps that started it. No one can say now who was the person who first thought of it. But there it was, buzzed about the neighborhood from door to door and porch to porch. Fifty years! A man has been around fifty years with all its ups and downs. People talked about it in the streets and in their homes, not only Hillel Goodman's old friends but even those who, one would think, could have known him but casually. The amazing thing is that he himself heard nothing whatever about it. But then he had brought over several refugee children and he was occupying himself with them. Besides, every step was made with great delicacy, as though everyone had taken a vow of secrecy.

These things are, naturally, not accomplished overnight; it took nearly a month, yet Hillel had no inkling of their plans. He saw people eyeing him as he stepped slowly down the walks. But his neighbors had always watched him as mariners do the stars and he thought no more about it.

One day as he entered Miller's place Alec asked him to attend a picnic at Weiner's Grove. Hillel shrugged. He explained that it was not his practice to go to pub-

Continued on page 158

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Testimonial to Hillel

Continued from pages 46-157

lic affairs. However, he was willing to purchase a few tickets to help out. Even the barflies looked aghast at this. Alec tried to persuade the old man, but Hillel pleaded his poor health. Only when Hillel's son, an attorney by profession, was appealed to was Hillel the Wealthy cajoled into attending the picnic.

It was a bright August day. There was a band to play marches and dance music, a caterer to supply refreshments and sandwiches, and a large stand upon which the invited speakers and guests sat. Hillel was asked to join the celebrities, but resolutely refused to sit in the stand.

"Who am I to go up there?" he asked. "Besides, I would better hear the speeches." This time none of them could persuade him. He had brought two of his refugee children and he was content to sit with them.

At last the speeches were begun. The Mayor had come and so had several aldermen. Strange to behold, there was also a priest on that platform and many faces which, normally, would not be seen in such a gathering.

"Look at that one!" Hillel nudged his son. "The man with the white mustaches beside the priest. I could swear that he looks like Clarence White. Clarence is an old friend from the farms where I used to go years ago. The priest I have seen somewhere, too."

He stared at another face and muttered to himself. He was beginning to recognize them and found it incredible, for what could they all be doing here? He sat nervously, wondering whether his eyes and mind were not fooling him. That priest? He was sure he had known him and racked his memory to place him.

Hillel could no longer hear the words that were being spoken, although the Mayor orated and the aldermen declaimed and the priest said a few words. Hillel sat with his hands clasped upon the head of his cane, and his eyes were dimmed as he pondered. Ah, now, now—That little priest had once come to him with a request for metal with which to build apparatus for a gymnasium which he was planning in the neighborhood and Hillel had thought the notion worthy of a substantial contribution; for his own reasons he had asked that his name should not be made public. The tall schoolteacherish-looking man behind the priest—Hillel had brought him over from Austria after the Anschluss; the man was no relation but he had at random selected Hillel's name from an American telephone directory and had written for help, and Hillel had helped him. How many affidavits, statements and other documents he had signed after that for other persons in need!

There was a youth, now an aviation mechanic, who had once been paroled to him from the reformatory. There was Sylvia Young, for whose early musical education he had paid; now she was a concert singer. There was Sam Whittleson, an old employee whom he had encouraged to go to night school to study metallurgy. There was Rosten the printer for whose first press Hillel the Wealthy had advanced a personal check which had not been liquidated for twelve years.

Hillel saw faces of men and women whom he had assisted in bringing over from the old country forty years ago, and the tears came into his eyes. He wanted to clasp their hands and to ask after them and their families.

They were helping him down the aisle and up the stairs into the stand. He heard the shouts and the hurrahs and he wondered why they were so boisterous today. Hands were shaking his hand and eager, friendly faces were smiling into his face.

"Hillel! Hillel!"

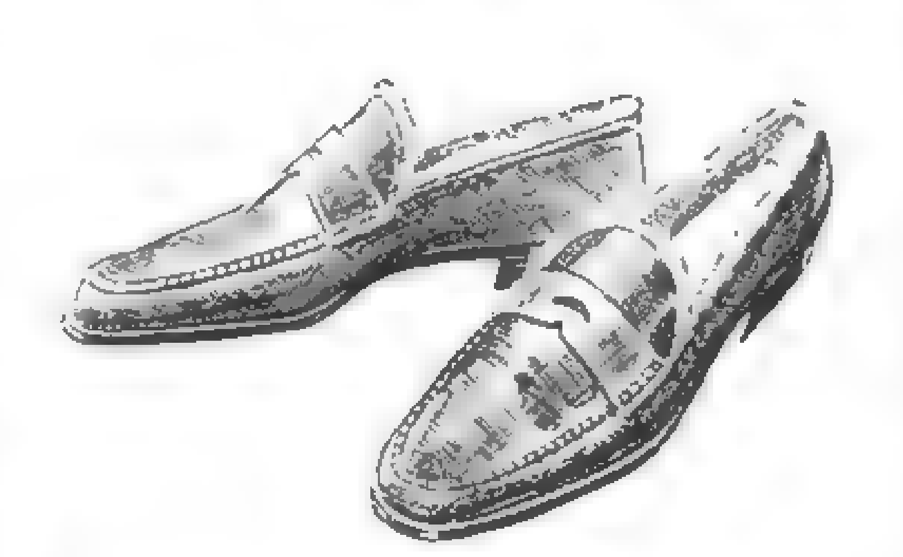
"Old friends!" he cried.

When they had hushed for him to speak he stood silently. How had they ever got him up there to talk when he had never made a speech in his life? He recognized Ezra Sheean in whose barn young Hillel Goodman had once slept a night, and a thrill ran through him. He clutched the head of his cane and the words thickened in his throat as he saw the huge cake with the many candles on it.

A cake for him! There was a little Statue of Liberty in the center and the words "Hillel the Wealthy—Fifty Years." His eyes filled again and his lips trembled. He made a sweeping gesture with both hands as though to embrace the crowd.

"You see, everybody!" he shouted happily. "Hillel the Wealthy is still Hillel the Wealthy!"

That is all that happened except for the cake-cutting and the reminiscing afterwards. No automobile was given away, as is so often done for politicians; no collection-plate was passed; there was no loving cup and no engraved plaque, not even a watch-offering, nothing. But not quite, for something did pass between old Hillel the Wealthy and the crowd of old Americans and new Americans that had gathered to pay him honor. I did not *see* anything pass between them, but I am sure that something fine did. ⌗



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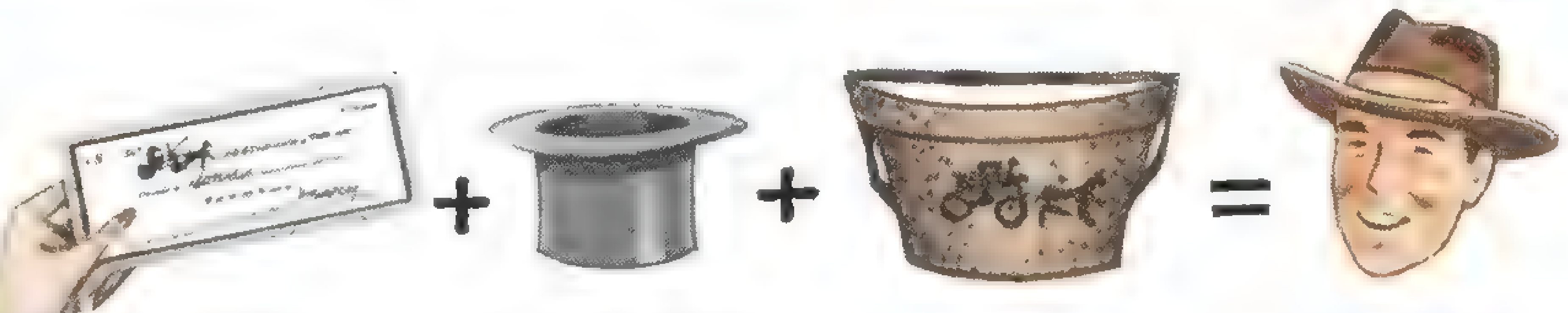

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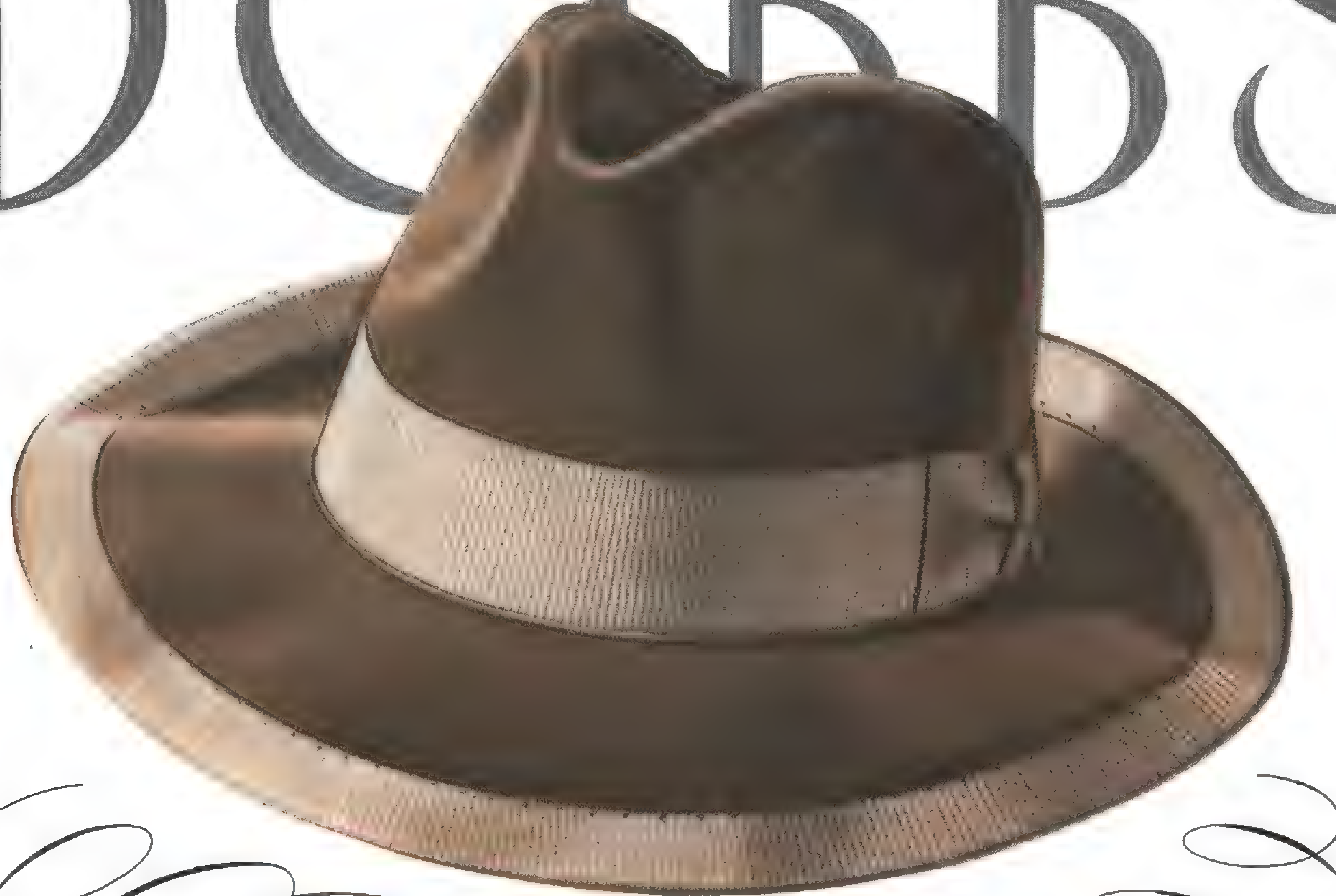

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Other Dobbs Hats $5—$40

This is *it,* man! . . . If you want her to see you in a really smart and distinctive hat—Dobbs Gay Blade is the style you ask for, when you cash your Gift Certificate. Run your hand over its soft suede finish . . . That's quality! Pinch it and feel how lively fine felt can be. Try it on and see how the smart high-tone band and edge set off the deeper tone of the felt . . . Be original! Wear a Dobbs Gay Blade.

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS
Retail Store: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

ESQUIRE CHRISTMAS

WE BRING YOU THE COLORFUL PAGES OF GIFT SUGGESTIONS
FROM Esquire AMERICA'S FAMOUS GIFT GUIDE
Esky
-FOR AN ALL-AMERICAN CHRISTMAS!
AT HOME
OR OVERSEAS

RINGS THE BELLS AGAIN

The Esquire Christmas Window Display as it will appear throughout America during the coming Holiday season.

Depicted here is Esquire's special Christmas Window Display. In a few weeks, if you were to hop into your private auto-giro and drop in on all of the stores listed here, you'd see the display in actuality, set up as each store will adapt it. Each showing is an "exclusive" in the community, bringing you "the colorful pages of gift suggestions from Esquire—America's famous Gift Guide." Why not check the one nearest you, and have a look? Your Christmas shopping list will be the better for it.

THE FOLLOWING LEADING AMERICAN STORES WILL SHOW THE ESQUIRE CHRISTMAS WINDOW DISPLAY:

M. O'NEIL CO., *Akron, Ohio*
JOHN G. MYERS CO., INC., *Albany, N. Y.*
HESS BROTHERS, Inc., *Allentown, Pa.*
WM. F. GABLE CO., *Altoona, Pa.*
RICH'S, INC., *Atlanta, Ga.*
MALCOLM BROCK CO., *Bakersfield, Cal.*
HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO., INC., *Baltimore, Md.*
DALTON CO., INC., *Baton Rouge, La.*
JOS. C. GRANT CO., *Battle Creek, Mich.*
WHITE HOUSE DRY GOODS CO., *Beaumont, Texas*
SISSON BROS.-WELDEN CO., INC., *Binghamton, N. Y.*
KENNEDY'S, INC., *Boston, Mass.*
MEIGS & CO., INC., *Bridgeport, Conn.*
FREDERICK LOESER & CO., INC., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
THE KLEINHANS CO., *Buffalo, N. Y.*
ERLANGER DRY GOODS CO., *Canton, O.*
THE DIAMOND, INC., *Charleston, W. Va.*
J. B. IVEY & CO., INC., *Charlotte, N. C.*
MILLER BROS. CO., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*
BASKIN CLOTHING CO., *Chicago, Ill.*
ROLLMAN & SONS, *Cincinnati, Ohio*
THE MAY CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*
TITCHE GOETTINGER CO., *Dallas, Texas*
RIES-STRAUSS CO., *Danville, Ill.*
ERNST KERN CO., *Detroit, Mich.*
DULUTH GLASS BLOCK STORE CO., *Duluth, Minn.*
CAMPEN'S, *Eau Claire, Wis.*
ACKEMANN BROS., *Elgin, Illinois*
CHAS. S. DRAKE CO., *Elkhart, Ind.*
POPULAR DRY GOODS, *El Paso, Texas*
ISAAC BAKER & SON, *Erie, Pa.*
STROUSE & BROS., INC., *Evansville, Ind.*
BOSTON STORE, *Ft. Smith, Ark.*
THE GRAND LEADER, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*
MONNIG DRY GOODS CO., *Ft. Worth, Tex.*
WILSON'S, *Glendale, Cal.*
HERPOLSHEIMER CO., *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
ALBERT STEIGER, INC., *Hartford, Conn.*
FOLEY BROS. DRY GOODS CO., INC., *Houston, Texas*
WM. H. BLOCK CO., *Indianapolis, Ind.*
EMPORIUM, INC., *Jackson, Miss.*
LEVY'S, INC., *Jacksonville, Fla.*
NELSON'S OF JAMESTOWN, *Jamestown, N. Y.*
THE CHICAGO STORE, INC., *Kankakee, Ill.*
EMERY, BIRD, THAYER DRY GOODS CO., *Kansas City, Mo.*
SCHRIVER BROS., INC., *Knoxville, Tenn.*
PETER NEWBURG CLOTHING CO., *La Crosse, Wis.*
WATT & SHAND, INC., *Lancaster, Pa.*
J. W. KNAPP COMPANY, *Lansing, Mich.*
MAGEE'S, INC., *Lincoln, Neb.*
M. M. COHN CO., *Little Rock, Ark.*
THE MAY CO., *Los Angeles, Cal.*
RODES-RAPIER CO., *Louisville, Ky.*
ENTERPRISE STORES, *Lowell, Mass.*
THE HUB, *Madison, Wis.*
LEAVITT STORES CORP. OF N. H., *Manchester, N. H.*
BOSTON STORE, *Milwaukee, Wis.*
L. S. DONALDSON CO., *Minneapolis, Minn.*
BALL STORES, INC., *Muncie, Ind.*
WM. D. HARDY & CO., *Muskegon, Mich.*
KRESGE DEPT. STORE, *Newark, N. J.*
P. J. YOUNG DRY GOODS CO, *New Brunswick, N. J.*
THE EDW. MALLEY CO., *New Haven, Conn.*
MAISON BLANCHE CO., *New Orleans, La.*
BENJAMIN, INC., *New Rochelle, N. Y.*
FRANKLIN SIMON, *New York City, N. Y.*
KAHN DEPT. STORE, *Oakland, Cal.*
HALLIBURTONS, *Oklahoma City, Okla.*
THOMAS KILPATRICK & CO., INC., *Omaha, Neb.*
YOWELL, DREW CO., *Orlando, Fla.*
F. C. NASH & CO., *Pasadena, Cal.*
BLOCK & KUHL CO., *Peoria, Ill.*
GIMBEL BROS., INC., *Philadelphia, Pa.*
BOGGS & BUHL, INC., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
WAITE'S, INC., *Pontiac, Mich.*
PORTEOUS, MITCHELL & BRAUN CO., *Portland, Maine*
LIPMAN, WOLFE & CO., INC., *Portland, Oregon*
LUCKEY, PLATT & CO., INC., *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*
THE OUTLET CO., *Providence, R. I.*
HALBACH, SCHROEDER CO., *Quincy, Ill.*
ENTERPRISE STORES, INC., *Quincy, Mass.*
THALHIMER BROS., *Richmond, Va.*
SIBLEY LINDSAY & CURR CO., *Rochester, N. Y.*
WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO., *Sacramento, Cal.*
ST. CLOUD MEN'S STORE, INC. *St. Cloud, Minn.*
STIX, BAER & FULLER CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*
SCHUNEMAN'S, INC., *St. Paul, Minn.*
ALMY, BIGELOW & WASHBURN, INC., *Salem, Mass.*
JOSKE BROTHERS CO., *San Antonio, Tex.*
THE HARRIS CO., *San Bernardino, Cal.*
THE EMPORIUM, *San Francisco, Cal.*
H. C. HENSHEY CO., *Santa Monica, Cal.*
CARL CO., INC., *Schenectady, N. Y.*
CLELAND SIMPSON CO., *Scranton, Pa.*
RHODES DEPT. STORE, *Seattle, Wash.*
SHEBOYGAN DRY GOODS CO., *Sheboygan, Wis.*
M. LEVY CO., *Shreveport, La.*
GILBERT'S, *South Bend, Ind.*
EASTERN OUTFITTING CO., *Spokane, Wash.*
JOHN BRESSMER CO., *Springfield, Ill.*
FORBES & WALLACE, INC., *Springfield, Mass.*
EDW. WREN STORE, *Springfield, Ohio*
THE C. O. MILLER CO., INC., *Stamford, Conn.*
STOCKTON DRY GOODS, *Stockton, Cal.*
C. E. CHAPPELL & SONS, INC., *Syracuse, N. Y.*
RHODES BROS., *Tacoma, Wash.*
ROOT DRY GOODS CO., *Terre Haute, Ind.*
B. R. BAKER CO., *Toledo, Ohio*
NEVIUS-VOORHEES, *Trenton, N. J.*
THE VANDEVER DRY GOODS CO., *Tulsa, Okla.*
PARKE SNOW, INC., *Waltham, Mass.*
HECHT CO., *Washington, D. C.*
L. S. GOOD & CO., *Wheeling, W. Va.*
GEO. INNES CO., *Wichita, Kansas*
P. WIEST'S SONS, INC., *York, Pa.*
STROUSS-HIRSHBERG CO., *Youngstown, Ohio*

The Feminine Point of View

Old Spice Dusting Powder—roses-and-spice scent. Silken-soft texture. In colorful keepsake box $1.00

Old Spice Band Box—Toilet Water and Atomizer, Talcum, Guest Soap in gay "carryall" box $2.00

Old Spice Mirror Box—Large bottle of Toilet Water with Atomizer, Powder Sachet, Talcum, Toilet Soap $4.50

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice and Friendship's Garden
*

Friendship's Garden Plantation Box—Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, in verdant Friendship's Garden bouquet. $2.00

Friendship's Garden Toilet Water—romantic bouquet of rain-fresh blossoms in lovely, decorator bottle $1.00

Friendship's Garden Remembrance Box—Toilet Water and Atomizer, Body Sachet, Toilet Soap, 2 Boudoir Sachet Tablets $3.00

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • 630 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.

The Unpredictable Profile

Continued from page 51

the servant, saying, "Now bring me a little libation."

The man returns with a drink and the script of today's broadcast for Mr. Barrymore to study, and he says, "The fire is burning in the library, Mr. Barrymore," and leaves. (Mr. Barrymore was always freezing even if it was ninety in the shade, and insisted on a fire in the house at all times.)

He spryly jumps out of bed, puts on his smoking jacket, walks into the library, seats himself in his comfortable easy chair, throws the radio script in the wastepaper basket, picks up an old cookbook, *The Williamsburg Art of Cookery*, and reads the recipes.

In the meantime, the telephone is ringing in the other part of the house with inquiries from his agent's office and the producers. They are asking the condition of Mr. Barrymore and whether he is studying the script.

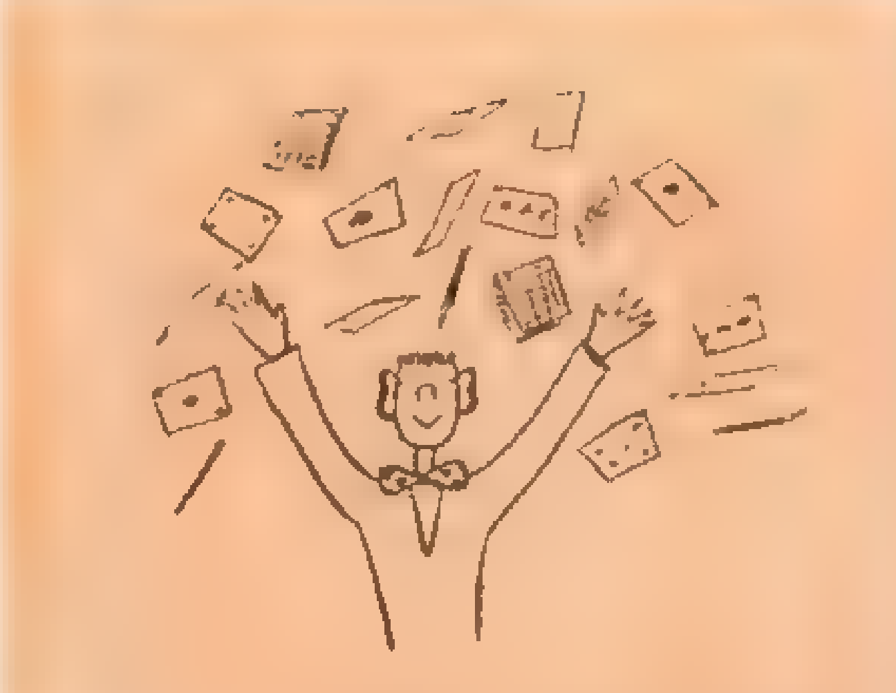
The telephone is brought in on a long cord and the Great Profile answers it himself.

Each anxious query of "How are you feeling?" is answered carefully by him with the emphatic stock phrase, "Never better!"

It seems to encourage them. He hangs up and laughs to himself. "Isn't it extraordinary how one can earn a living by 'puking'?"

The broadcast was so unimportant to him that he was hardly aware of the fact that he *was* broadcasting. It was absolutely immaterial to him who was on the broadcast with him, and he would never know five minutes later who *had* been on with him. In fact on one occasion, when a well known character actress was on the program, he said of her, "Who was that woman whose voice had the zither-like quality of a metallic bedpan?"

He positively did not know what product he was advertising. Once, when one of the sponsors asked him if he had ever tried their milk, he replied, "I have had only one glass of milk in my life and it turned into a suede glove in my stomach. But do not let this deter you. It might make a good by-product for your company!"


Simple Simon just turned in his old bridge rubbers to the Government.

Time is flying and he is now leaving the house. He goes into the garden where he stops at each bush and tree with comments, picking dead leaves off the trees, having his Man Friday make notes about fertilizer and going into an elevating description of what makes good or bad fertilizer, and, as an afterthought—"What a great business some of the motion picture studios could do on the side!"

Seeing some snails, he is immediately reminded of a recipe he found in *The Williamsburg Art of Cookery*.

The servant is by now a nervous wreck, knowing that it is his duty to get Barrymore to the rehearsal on time. Mr. Barrymore goes into a description of the recipe.

"Pick twenty garden snails out of their shells and pound them in a marble mortar. Take the hind legs of thirty frogs. Pound them with the snails. Put them into a pot with three quarts of water . . ." here he pauses, saying, "Make that sherry. We must try this after the broadcast."

Finally they are in the car and through the gates, down the mountainside and into town, zig-zagging through the side streets to avoid passing some bar that Barrymore might see and be reminded of another libation.

Then arriving at the studio, everybody bowing, the policeman at the gate with his usual, "How are you, Mr. Barrymore?" Mr. Barrymore with *his* usual, "Never better!"

Now he is safe in the rehearsal hall. Eyes are peering from all angles of the hall. He is being scrutinized from top to bottom. His walk, his appearance, his eyes—whether they are glassy—they even get close enough to him to take a quick sniff to see if there is the slightest odor of alcohol, which he has discovered can be deodorized by eating an over-ripe banana.

They rush out to consult with his man as to what he has been doing all morning. Has he been drinking? What kind of a mood is he in? Will he be all right? Whom has he seen? Has he talked so much that he has exhausted his radio voice?

Then instructions for the afternoon. See that he doesn't go anywhere before the broadcast, etc.

Now what to do with Mr. Barrymore becomes a great question. Several hours to keep him amused—this is no easy assignment.

The rehearsal is now over and as they are driving up the street, Mr. Barrymore sees a bookshop and says to his Man Friday, "Park here. Go in and ask them if they have a First Edition of *Love's Labor Lost.*"

The unsuspecting servant goes into the bookshop happy in the thought that Mr. Barrymore is going to spend the afternoon with a good book.

When he returns, to his dismay, he finds that the elusive Mr. Barrymore has vanished into thin air. Now the frustrated Man Friday, who has been chauffeur, secretary, and nurse, must turn sleuth. Frantically he drives from bar to bar—but no Barrymore!

This goes on for hours. At last

he gives up hope entirely and returns to the broadcasting studio. Flashes are sent out immediately in all directions to every possible place where Mr. Barrymore might have gone.

It is now approaching the zero hour for the broadcast. A call comes in to the studio saying that Mr. Barrymore is sitting in a telephone booth in a hotel talking to Winston Churchill, who is staying at the White House. (Mr. Churchill was an intimate friend of Barrymore's in his London era.)

His perspiring Man Friday rushes over to the hotel, opens the booth and cries, "Mr. Barrymore, your broadcast is about to begin!"

"Oh!" says Mr. Barrymore, "All right, I know, I know" . . . and then, "But again I say, why don't people tell me these things? If a newspaper boy hadn't passed me on the street, I would never have known that my very good friend Winston was in Washington!"

Fable

"I love Christmas," remarked the professional humorist, "because my wife always gives me two or three ties that are the ultimate in good taste and conservatism."

As he walks into the anteroom of the stage, every eye is upon him.

He walks onto the stage as Rudy Vallee is saying, "We are proud to have with us tonight the greatest actor of our day whom you all know, The Crown Prince of the Royal Family of the Theatre, that inimitable one from whom we never know what to expect—John Barrymore!"

At this point Mr. Barrymore takes out his spectacle case and a scrap of white paper flutters to the floor. Picking it up, he reads the telephone number of an Earl Carroll girl, whom he had met the previous night, and he whispers to his Man Friday, "Right after the show we must go directly to Carroll's. She's an amiable wench. Looks like a dental filling and I believe her father was a bachelor."

He bows to the audience.

Everybody is staring at him. Will he make it? Will he stick to the script? You can see the tension of every person by the flutter of their scripts in their nervous hands—producers, writers, script girls and actors alike. Only one figure stands unperturbed, confident, calm, alert, unaware of anything but the tradition of his own theatre that he has never failed.

He gives a great performance.

When the program is over, and Barrymore walks to his dressing room, the producers, writers, come breathlessly by with their comments . . . "You were great, Mr. Barrymore!" etc.

And they leave in their cars to rest from the nervous strain until the next broadcast.

Mr. Barrymore says wearily to his Man Friday:

"Have we done it yet?"

"Yes sir, you are through until next week."

Mr. Barrymore gets an impish look on his face, and arches his eyebrow.

"Me coach'n'orses—to Earl Carroll's! Me for a double brandy and soda!"

On to Carroll's! No sooner has he sat down at a table than he starts signing autographs for the out-of-town gentry who frequent that establishment. As usual he orders himself a well-picked dinner of quite a number of courses. He carefully scrutinizes each plate that is set before him, comments on how good it looks and passes it up without eating a bite. Another call for a libation and the show is on. As one of the greatest actors in the world, Barrymore is more than properly appreciative of the efforts of his fellow-entertainers—however mediocre their performance may be.

But on the other hand, when a well-known actor interrupted him during the show, saying, "I don't think you know who I am," Mr. Barrymore replied, "That, as an excuse is insufficient—as an explanation it is ample." The gentleman retired in confusion.

The girls come out onto the stage, which reminds him why he is there. He writes a little note and gives it to his Man Friday, saying, "Give this to that lovely girl on the stage."

"Which one do you mean, Mr. Barrymore?"

"The girl on the right, next to the one that looks like a chestnut worm."

As soon as the show is over, he walks to the lounge and by mistake finds himself in the *ladies'* lounge, upon which a very indignant lady says to him, "This is for ladies!"

Mr. Barrymore bows gallantly, replying, "So am I!"

It is about closing time when Barrymore slaps his Man Friday on the back and says, "Come, my astute fellow—onto our white steeds to a 'late-spot'."

Arriving at the door of one of these establishments, he is now quizzed by the man at the peephole as to his present and instant financial status, since these places do business on a cash-and-carry basis only.

Flashing his bankroll, Mr. Barrymore says eloquently, "I have come not to borrow from Caesar, but to pay him!" and with that he slips a bill through the peephole.

Next he is seated at a table ordering his drinks, and a rather fat woman tourist resembling Goya's painting of Maria Luisa, with a tinge of an Iowa corn-fed

Continued on page 164

The Male Point of View

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OLD SPICE Shave Mug—9 months' average supply of shave soap. Wood-veneered chest, $1.00 . . . Refill, 65c

OLD SPICE After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum, in pottery containers. Electric shavers' choice $1.75

OLD SPICE Shave Soap in pottery mug. After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum. Wood-veneered box $2.75

EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice* Toiletries for Men

OLD SPICE After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum, tube of Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream. Service men's favorite . $2.25

OLD SPICE Shave Soap in pottery mug, After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum, 2 cakes Bath Soap $3.75

OLD SPICE Shave Soap, Talcum, in sturdy pottery containers. Wood-veneered chest. $1.75

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • 630 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Distinctive Gifts

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

PARIS

THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

Smart to give, smart to receive—PARIS gifts for "Him"—distinctly styled, modestly priced, and famed for distinguished service. Your favorite store has the PARIS gifts illustrated, and others, too. See them today ☆ ☆ ☆ At top: PARIS Matched Set—$2—famously comfortable "No Metal Can Touch You" PARIS Garters and perfectly matched PARIS "Free-Swing" Suspenders that "can't skid off your shoulders." Suspenders have Klixon ends. Other Holiday Sets $2 up ☆ ☆ ☆ At Bottom: Cowhide lined cowhide belt with initialed two-tone buckle. $1.50. Other smart PARIS Belt and buckle sets $1.50 up ☆ ☆ ☆ A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY
PARIS
PARIS LONG STRETCH
PARIS

The Unpredictable Profile

Continued from pages 51-163

turkey, bedecked with huge pearls, diamonds and dyed red hair, passes his table as she is leaving with her party. She nods her head and says, "Goodnight, Mr. Barrymore," to impress her friends.

Mr. Barrymore looks up and says, "Goodnight, *Madam*, and if it isn't, it should be!"

It is now seven o'clock in the morning and the check is 80 dollars. Barrymore is in hock and his Man Friday is frantically telephoning one of the Master's friends, who sends down the money to bail him out.

Then home, through the big iron gates and out of the car. The sleepy, exhausted and half-dead Man Friday walks back through the garden with Barrymore, who is picking dead leaves off the trees. Suddenly he sees the snails.

"Ah!" he says with delight, "that reminds me! Don't forget now. You take twenty snails and thirty hind legs of frogs. Grind them up. Then add about a quart of sherry—you chill it. I'll show you the recipe."

Now he walks into the palatial entrance hall, saying:

"Thank God we're home!" and spies a telegram lying on a silver tray. He takes out his spectacle case once more and out flutter half a dozen small pieces of paper with girls' phone numbers on them.

Mr. Barrymore opens his telegram and reads aloud:

"HAVING BIG PARTY TONIGHT. HAVE PUT IN NEW STOCK OF BEVERAGES. COME TO THE OPENING OF THEM. INSIST ON YOUR PRESENCE. COMMAND PERFORMANCE. (SIGNED) HIS MAJESTY W. C. FIELDS.

"Come on!" cries Mr. Barrymore to the wilting Man Friday, "Let's go!"

Man Friday, who can scarcely utter a sound, says:

"But Mr. Barrymore, it is now eight o'clock in the morning and this party was last night. I haven't had any sleep for three days and I'm simply worn threadbare."

"All right, laddie-buck!" says Mr. Barrymore, slapping him on the back and sending him to his knees. "Go and get some sleep."

Man Friday gets to his feet, saying, "Mr. Barrymore, *you* must get some rest."

"Why?" roars the Great Profile. "Do I have to do the broadcast tomorrow?"

"No, Mr. Barrymore, we did the broadcast last night."

"Thank God," says Mr. Barrymore, "so we can have a little night-cap after all. Just one more little libation. A little absinthe frappé."

Man Friday drags himself into the kitchen, supporting himself along the wall, and makes an absinthe frappé in the electric mixer.

Mr. Barrymore sits down comfortably in his library chair and puts Pierne's *The Entrance of the Little Fawn* on the phonograph to the great dismay of Man Friday, who hears it in the kitchen, and knows the stimulating effect this little epic has on the Barrymore nervous system. He tears up the half-dozen menacing phone numbers immediately, and drops a sleeping pill into the absinthe frappé. He recalls the words of Barrymore's doctor, "It is problematical whether the pill puts Mr. Barrymore to sleep first or Mr. Barrymore puts the pill to sleep."

Quaking with fear that the Great Profile will discover this intrigue, for the wrath of God is mild compared to the wrath of Barrymore, he maneuvers himself into the library with it, scarcely able to stand on his feet.

Nobody ever put anything over on the Great Profile. He arched his eyebrow quizzically, looked at the glass and its contents, and said slyly, "In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Scene III, Shakespeare wrote, 'Nay I do bear a brain; but as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, my pretty fool.'"

Man Friday looks at him helplessly and falls into a chair.

Mr. Barrymore, glass in hand, wanders down the long corridor to his bedroom, puttering and muttering, straightening a picture here and there, looking like an impish ghost of the Hamlet of by-gone days.

He reaches his large Renaissance bed. "'Tis the doings of fate—that I am destined to sleep with a pill—in one form or another—but—God! it's great to be alone!"

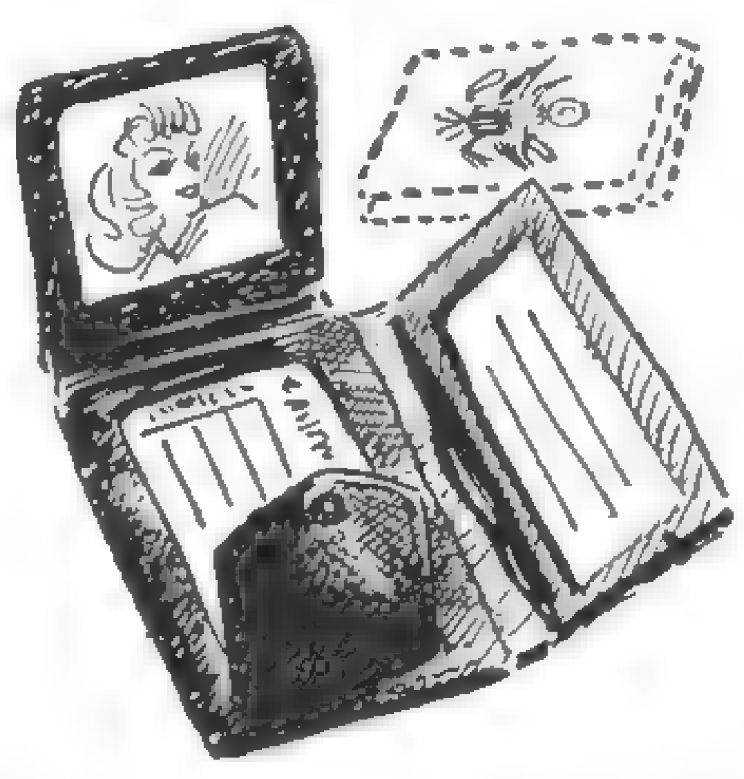
The bright morning sun shines through the curtain, throwing a beam across the bed, and, as he lies down it strikes his face, weirdly silhouetting his profile.

There is a strange Whistler-like quality present, a wistful resemblance to a peaceful Romeo without a Juliet.

He sips his absinthe and mutters, "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." #

why not send him

. . . this officer's wallet which holds all identification, money, stamps, a girl's picture; and stays flat as a flapjack. It doth please both sides of the service, coming in blue morocco for the Navy man, and hazel pigskin for the Army man; the patriotic insignia stamped in gold makes it universal.

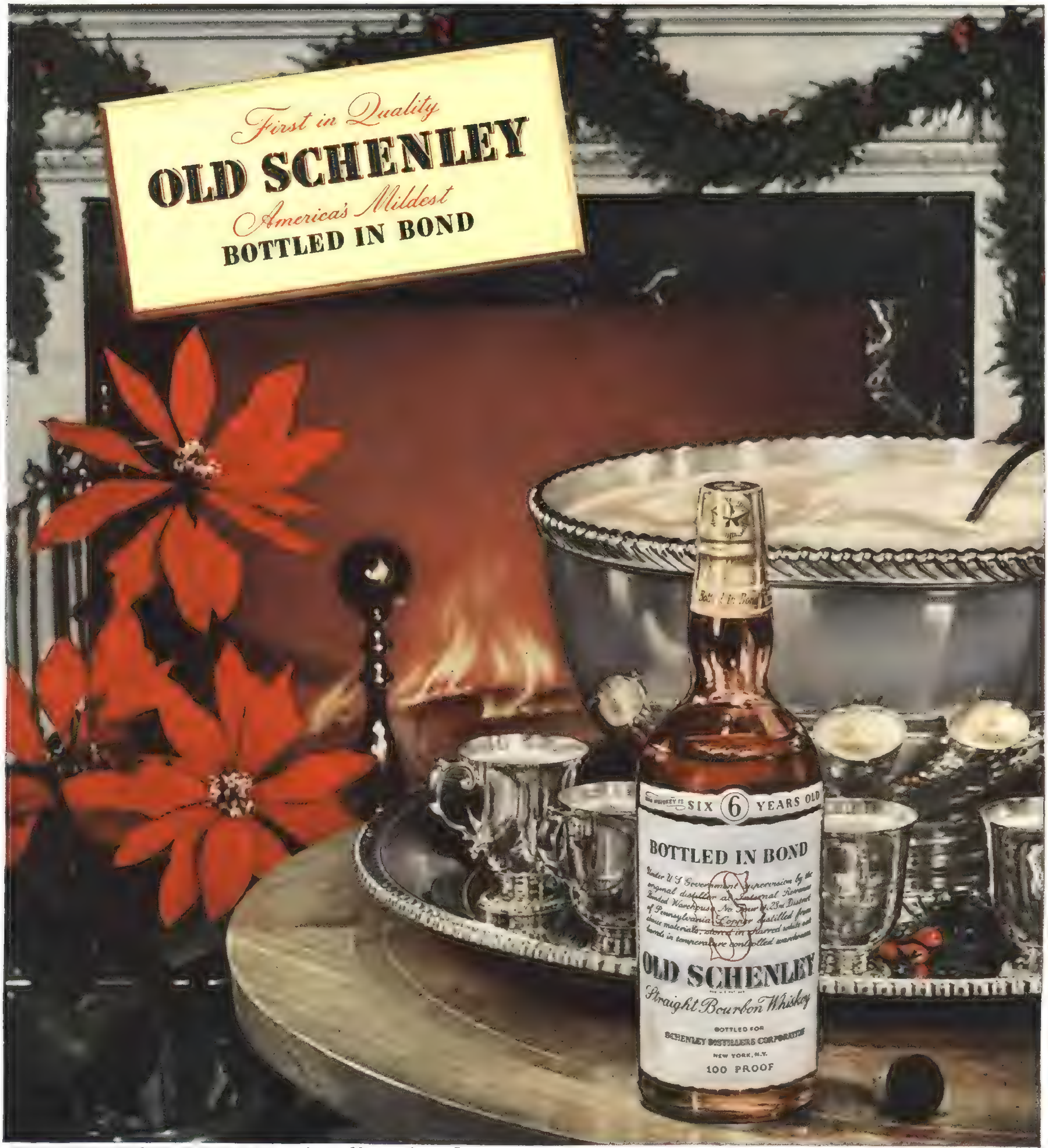


On all gift inquiries, send self-addressed stamped envelope, to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

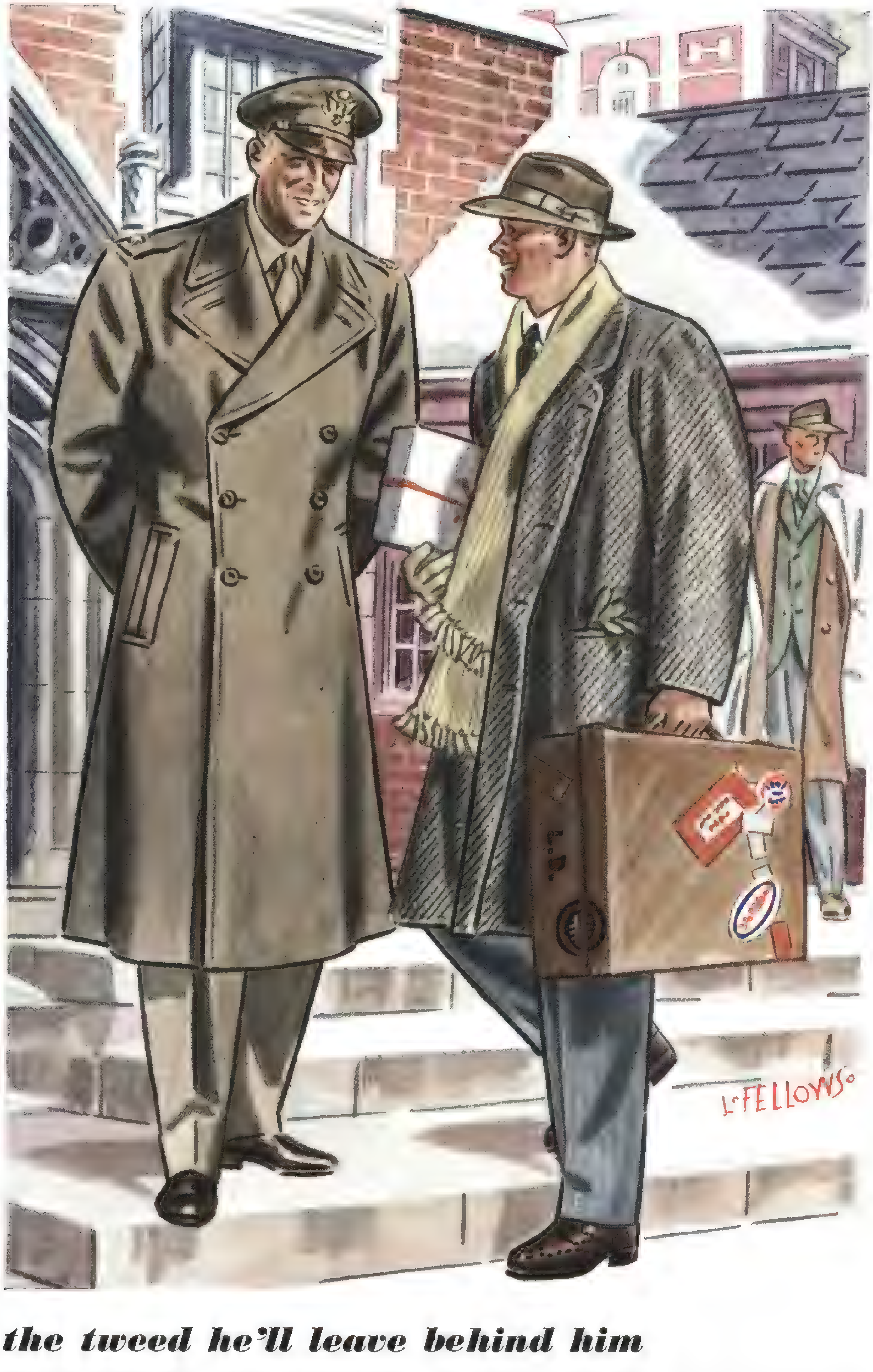
What Every Woman wants to know about a Man...

that Christmas and New Year's symbolize more to him now than ever before . . . that even with his war duties, he still keeps the holiday tradition, sending flowers to *her*—and gifts of Old Schenley to his friends!

that he serves a magnificent punch to help ring out the old year and ring in the new . . . that he mixes the Egg-Nog with "First Quality" ingredients, choosing as the whiskey, Old Schenley, *America's Mildest Bottled in Bond!*


First in Quality
OLD SCHENLEY
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN BOND
SIX 6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
100 PROOF

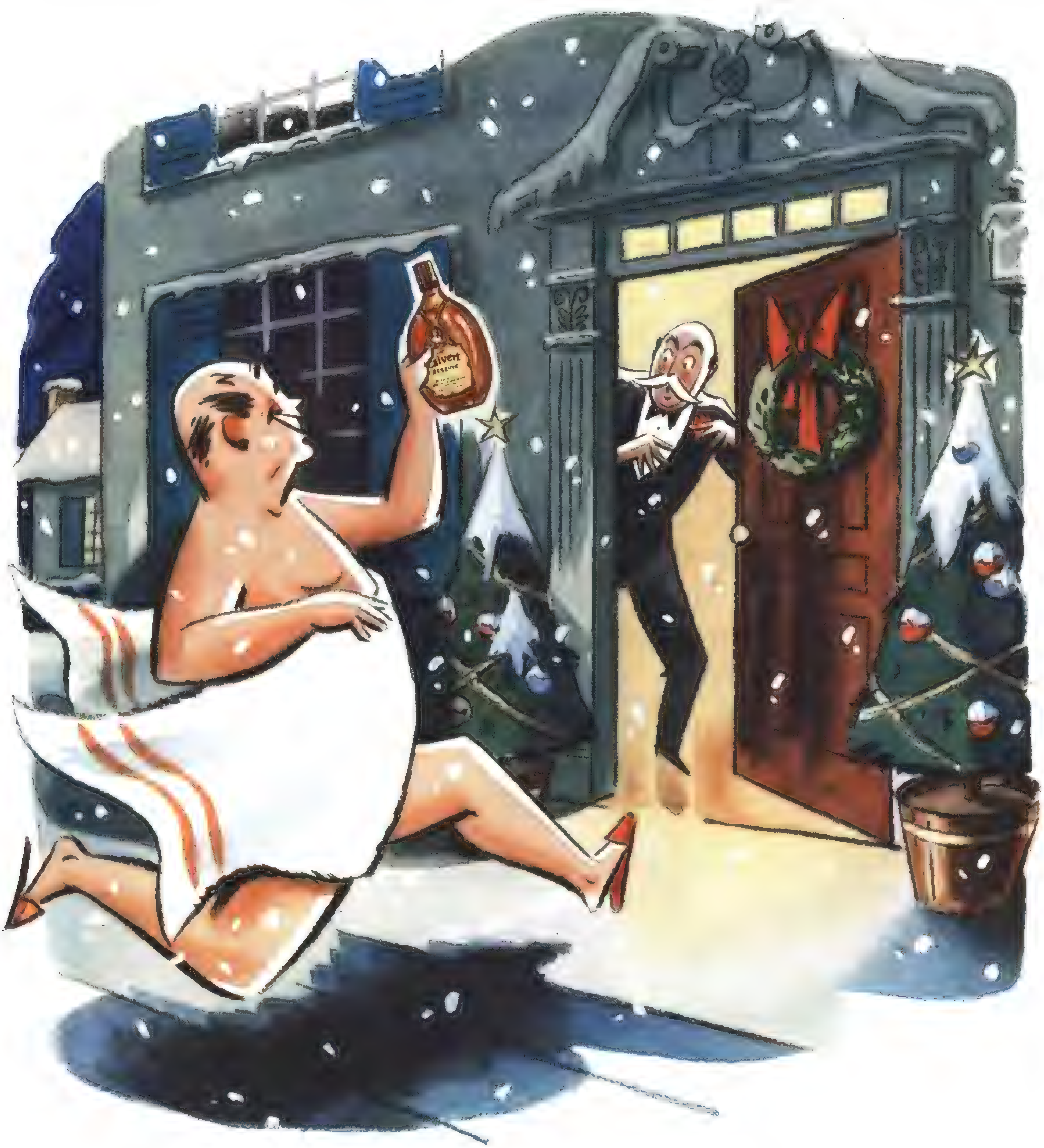
RECIPE FOR A BOWL OF MERRY CHEER . . . (serves 20 persons) . . . Beat separately yolks and whites of 6 eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint cream and 1 pint milk. Add 1 pint Old Schenley Bottled-in-Bond and 1 ounce Bacardi Rum. (89 Proof). Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg. DELICIOUS! † † † *Copyright, 1942, Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp., New York, N. Y.*



the tweed he'll leave behind him

This undergrad bids adieu to his "model of a modern major" before he blows campus to catch the last rattler agoin' homeward bound for the holidays. If this is the guy's last fling at fashion, he's certainly picked an outfit that's well worth coming back to after the duration. The diagonal tweed overcoat is a knee-length number with a fly front and no cuffs on the sleeves or chest pocket, which are gone with the windup of all excess material in tailoring. The extra-long knitted Shetland muffler might have been lifted from an illustration in *Pickwick Papers*, but this one has the matching knitted gloves. The suit is a chalk striped flannel, the tie is green crocheted silk, and the felt hat comes in a very popular shade . . . olive drab. We mustn't keep this chap any longer or he'll miss his train . . . "Sorry I can't salute you, Major, but my hands are full . . . so long!"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



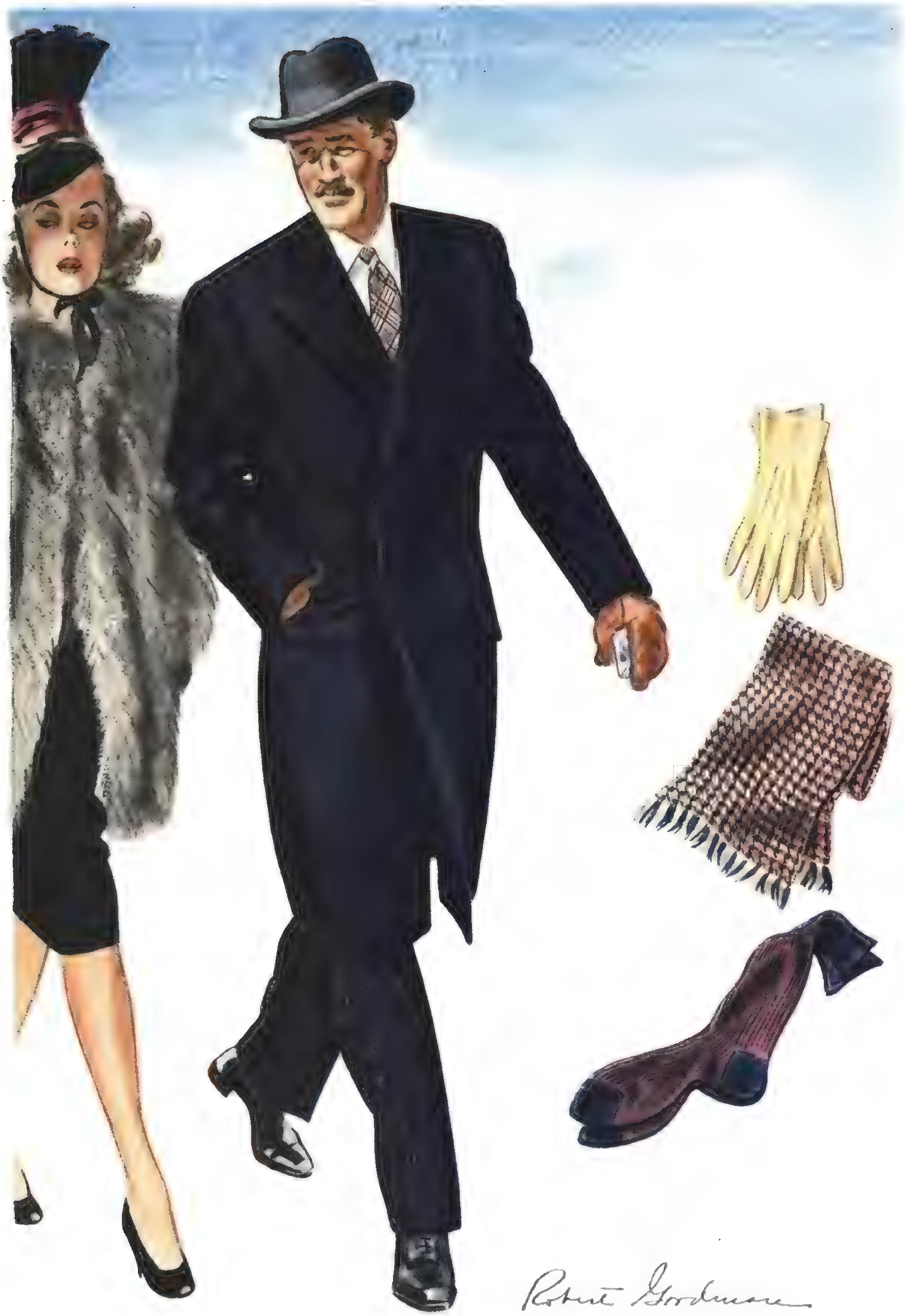
"Yoo hoo, Ponsonby! Look at the present I just got
. . . a bottle of Calvert Reserve!"

PEOPLE have been known to run out of glowing words—if not warm baths—in welcoming a gift of Calvert Reserve. For this prince of presents stamps the receiver as a Man of Taste . . . and the giver as a Friend Indeed.

Calvert Reserve is the extra-quality whiskey with the happy knack of *blending with*—not over-powering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its "soft" flavor is a festive occasion to *any* palate.

You MUST know someone you think worthy of so magnificent a gift . . . and why deny *yourself* such a treat? For either giving or partaking good cheer this holiday season, select Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can give or serve."*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



city slickers on the downbeat

Are you a fuddy-duddy who puts the humbug on the Homburg? Then glance at the gay blade striding into the picture, pipe the classy little chassis who tags along beside him, and then dash out and buy yourself a mundane Homburg hat. The plain weave fly-front overcoat which our live wire wears is also strictly uptown stuff which can be worn in the night or day shift. The blue pinhead dotted worsted suit has maroon stripes shot through the weave, the color of which is picked up in the border stripes of the Glen Urquhart plaid tie. On the sidelines you'll find the teammates, a pair of chamois slip-on gloves with handstitching, a natural cashmere muffler with maroon and blue hound's tooth checks, and a pair of blue and maroon ribbed wool hose. *"Savoir faire?"* This guy's lousy with it! . . . By the way, if you do get a Homburg, the solid little chick comes after, not with it.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

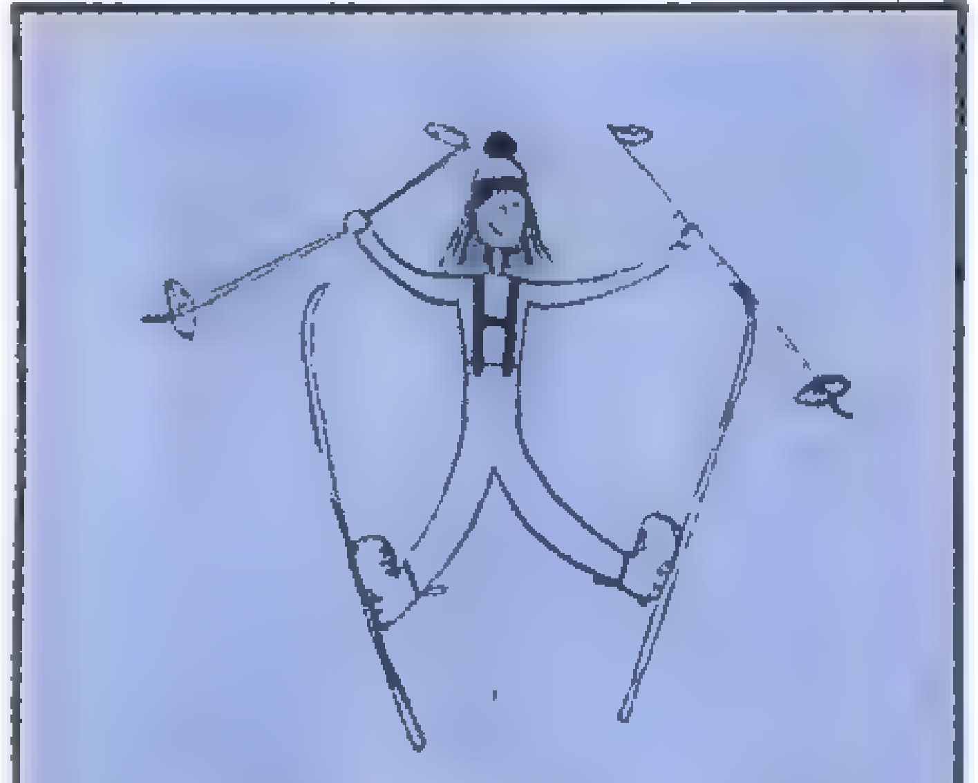
Parallel Skiing vs. Stem

Continued from page 53

"leaning forward" while in motion on skis, better known as "Vorlage." Another, that the power which makes the skis turn is the result of the simple process of transferring the weight at a given moment. They furthermore agree that with increasing speed (within reasonable bounds!) and augmented "Vorlage," turning becomes comparatively easier.

But alas, these are exactly the most difficult factors for the novice—speed and the necessity to project the body forward. Some beginners adjust themselves readily to speed, others shy from it and lose control of their muscular and mental functions.

It will be a relief for any novice to know that there are actually only four possible ways to make a pair of skis turn. As long as both skis are equally weighted and lined up parallel they will run straight and usually remain so.



When last heard from, total American casualties had passed forty thousand—not including skiing accidents.

Very often a skier encounters a slope too steep and too long to be taken straight. He is forced to check and to control his forward motion by making turns, linking each turn by a traverse at a chosen angle, depending on the rate of speed at which the skier wishes to propel himself.

If the parallel position of the skis is abandoned and one of them or both put at an angle, diverging or converging, either tips or ends together, and one of the skis is weighted more than the other, the skier will deviate to one side. In this way one's ski acts almost like the rudder of a ship. Turns of this type are classified as "steered turns." They are the Snowplow turn, Stem turn, Telemark and Open Christiania.

It is also possible to unweight both skis simultaneously by a pronounced up and down motion of the body, at the same time rotating the skis by a powerful and accurately timed swing toward the desired point. Here we deal with "swing turns," better known as Christianias. Their primary requirement is speed.

One can also change the direction of the skis by simply stepping around, lifting one separately off the ground and placing it sideways, then following with the other. This type of turn works on a gentle hill or flat run-out, but is useless on steep slopes.

There remains the Jump Turn, in which both skis are taken off the snow simultaneously and while in mid-air switched around. Usually a Jump Turn covers an angle of approximately ninety degrees, switching the skis from one traverse into the opposite direction. The Jump Turn, although quite valuable at times, such as on the worst kind of breakable crust, is not considered a part of the teaching curriculum of a ski school. It should be, however—especially in the advanced classes—for it is an excellent exercise to develop courage, spring and correct timing.

Thus the scope of turns with which a skier operates is limited to the two groups: the steered turns and the swings, with the various and practically unlimited combinations of the two.

Hannes Schneider, who made the Arlberg-Technique an institution, chose the Snowplow turn as the foundation of his teaching system. This turn not only enables the beginner to make a series of linked turns practically from the first day, but at a rate of speed which he can handle with confidence. Furthermore, all the movements which the beginner will later employ in his higher speed turns are incorporated in the Snowplow turn. The novice will learn to transfer his weight; he will soon feel the rhythm by using his shoulders extensively. Great emphasis is laid upon giving the pupil an understanding of the "forward lean" and the delicate function of the steel edges.

From then on the pupil is gradually accustomed to speed and the effects of centrifugal force and momentum. The goal in mind is to lead the pupil as rapidly as possible, but with safety, toward the Stem Christiania.

There is no reason why a pupil who started with the Snowplow, advanced to the Stem and Stem Christiania should not be able gradually to make his turns longer by increasing his forward lean and speed. The original pronounced Snowplow position will diminish and disappear more and more until almost automatically the Stem Christiania begins to flow into a Parallel Christiania.

The opponents of the Arlberg-Technique, particularly Loosli, claim that the Snowplow turn is detrimental to a rapid progress of the novice skier; that it becomes a habit for him to fall back into the Snowplow position at the slightest provocation, and that it is dangerous.

So Loosli starts his pupil off with a turn from the traversing position in towards the slope with a pronounced "backward lean," one ski out in front and the weight on the heels. This is Fritz Loosli's elementary turn, the Open Christiania. But, he expounds, it is not the prehistoric Open Christiania, for in his elementary turn the weight is on the lower ski. That may be so, but the fact re-

Continued on page 170

Jockey—As easy to wash as her stockings

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In varied leg lengths in cotton and cotton and wool mixtures, with contoured shirts to match.

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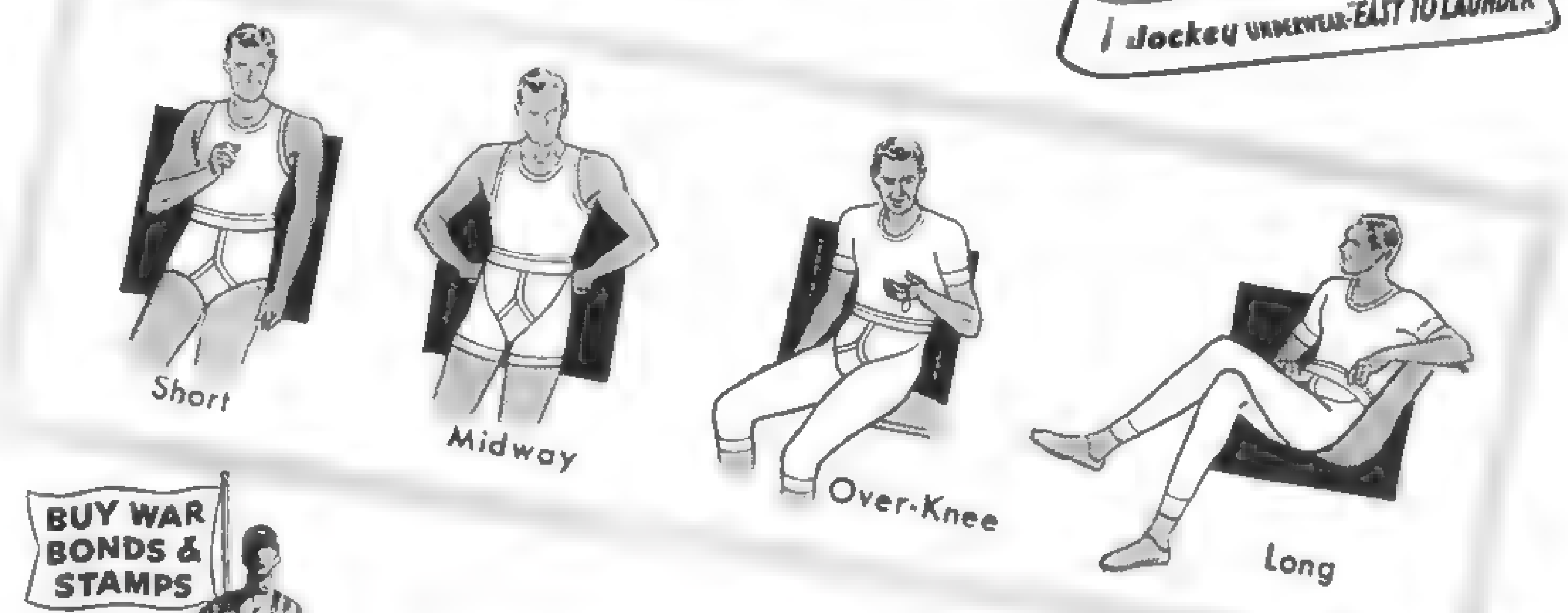

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Dubonnet COCKTAIL
one-half Dubonnet
one-half gin
ice, stir
add twist of lemon peel

MERRY WIDOW
one-half Dubonnet
one-half dry vermouth
serve well chilled, no ice
add twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet STRAIGHT
serve well chilled, no ice

Dubonnet HIGHBALL
jigger of Dubonnet with soda
juice of half a lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN
...with merry Dubonnet drinks!

For now famous reasons, Dubonnet's the distinguished and practical toast to Christmas, just as it is on every other occasion. It's so economical (a full 31 oz. bottle is very modestly priced); its taste is so distinctive; and it's so versatile that it sparks all four of the deliciously different drinks appearing on the page. Knowing folks observe the Yule season in good taste with Dubonnet... and nothing makes a nicer gift from friend to friend. Better buy some Dubonnet... and, for best results, always remember to serve it chilled!

whenever you drink...drink.
DUBONNET
the original formula and only genuine
sparks your taste

Product of U. S. A. Aperitif Wine Dubonnet Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.

Parallel Skiing vs. Stem

Continued from pages 53-169

mains that the turn is begun by diverging the skis; in other words, by spreading the ski tips.

If Mr. Loosli can prove that the Snowplow is a dangerous maneuver, I can only reply that his "Open Christiania" as an elementary turn for a novice is equally dangerous, if not considerably more. Presuming that a beginner does take a fall in the Snowplow position, his skis may cross but his legs will be pushed together. On the other hand, in the so-called split the legs fly apart and one leg alone is obviously much more vulnerable to injuries than the two pressed together.

It should be of interest to the reader to know that even such nationally known and outstanding competitive skiers as Dick Durrance and Alf Engen, to mention only two, revert instinctively to the Snowplow when the occasion calls for it.

According to an enthusiastic description on the pages of this very same magazine about a year ago, written by one of Loosli's most ardent boosters who acted as his journalistic mouthpiece in general, this is what happens when a novice enrolls at Lac Beauport Ski School. He is rushed through the rudimentary exercises, absolving a few straight runs, doing various motions to improve stability and balance, but mostly "bobbing" up and down. This, of course, every ski school does, only other schools spend considerably more time with these all-important preliminary fundamentals. Not so Señor Loosli, who discards them as an excessive waste of time. Pretty soon the pupils are ready for the first turn, and I quote from that article:

A winter sports fiend is a man who will travel two hundred miles to get to snow, but grumbles when he has to shovel it off his own sidewalk.

"As the pupils came out of their crouch, just at the moment when they reached the apex of one of the up movements, Fritz shouted at the top of his voice, 'TURN.' Turn they did, the most surprised bunch of turners one ever saw."

I don't blame them. I, too, would be very surprised.

"That turn," Loosli said, "those beginners make on their first day out is so simple—so simple I often wonder why I did not think of it before."

The great difficulty in making a turn of this type with any semblance of ease and grace is the primary requisite of a good deal of speed, in any case more speed than the average student is capable of handling safely and intelligently. The most serious drawback, however, and where Loosli commits a fatal blunder, is that he is not concerned with the "forward lean" at all, perhaps the most difficult element to pound into a pupil. Not only that, but Loosli purposely caters to the student's natural instinct to lean backwards; whereas later in the more advanced stages he expects the pupil to suddenly lean forward.

Then he goes on: "When the pupil has the down-up motion mastered and when he is loose and at home on the skis (this all the first day out on skis, mind you! O.L.) I bring in the shoulder swing." Here again Loosli instructs the pupil first to use the forward shoulder swing in the elementary turn as a helpful medium to facilitate the turn. But later on in his Christiania at higher speed he will demand from the same student a reverse shoulder action, instead of the previously emphasized forward motion, which is exactly the contrary of what he was taught at first.

But supposing the novice does eventually learn to make this elementary Open Christiania of Loosli's in towards the slope. What of it? He is still pointing with his skis in the direction he came from, and the object of a turn is evidently to change the skis into, or towards, the opposite direction. I presume that is where Mr. Loosli and his pupils "revert" to the kick turn as a most valuable help and necessity. That, undoubtedly, is a possibility and a way out of a dilemma. But is it satisfactory and practical?

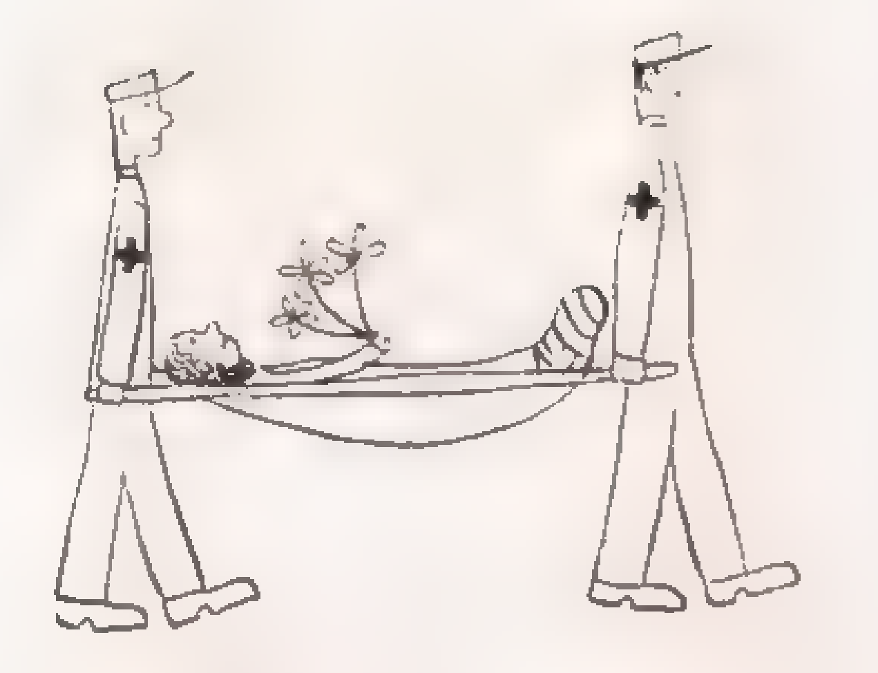
Or does Loosli really want to convince us that he can make a novice skier steer his skis from a traverse into the direct line of descent, pick up speed faster than he can reach for his hat and then turn left and right in a series of Christianias? After all, Mr. Loosli must not forget that we other ski instructors also have had considerable experience with pupils of various walks of life and that we are fully acquainted with their possibilities and limitations.

In his recently published book Loosli exclaims that "ski schools have done nothing to influence racing technique but racing technique is crying for a change in the methods of the ski schools. Standardized ski instruction in short has done very little to keep up with the pace set by the competitive sport."

So far so good, but in an article in *Ski News* of January 9, 1942, in which Loosli defends himself against the violent attacks of a Swiss ski instructor, he writes differently and as follows: "What makes you think we're trying to build racers? I am not interested in racers. They prove nothing about recreational technique. I am merely enjoying success in teaching average skiers to find new pleasures in the sport."

Of course, one of the very popular false beliefs is that a racing technique with its razor-sharp finesse can be just as well applied in teaching novice skiers. This mistaken conception as to how skiing should be taught has been made by many a famous racer.

Emile Allais, for example, the French ace skier and one time world champion with an altogether enviable racing record, published a book some years ago which burst like a bombshell. The splash was formidable, but he still has to prove his merits as a pedagogue and he still has to show us the results of his method. In it he, too, advocated omitting a number of preliminary and fundamental turns, unnecessary in his opinion—in particular, the Stem turn and Stem Christiania. Allais' final hypothesis is the "Pure Christiania" or "Tempo turn," a typical racing turn at high speed, with extreme forward lean and the weight of the body pressing onto the ski tip. The up and down movement is not very pronounced, but the forward shoulder swing is a vital part of this characteristic racing turn.



More people than ever are taking first aid courses. The skiing season will soon be with us.

Allais' technique was tailored after his own individual success as a competitor, unusually gifted by nature and tutored by the finest pre-war European coaches. In spite of his radical ideas he could not and did not attempt to rid himself of that one fundamental maneuver, the Snowplow.

From the latest reports heard before war-torn Europe's connections with the outside world were completely severed, Allais seems to have considerably revised and modified his original teaching method. He has even taken to acquaint his pupils with the Stem turn and Stem Christiania before attempting to teach them the Pure Christianias.

His method could offer possibilities with exceptionally gifted and chosen physical specimens, but would certainly not work out with beginners, children or women. It is an entirely different proposition to train aspiring racers, presuming that they are physically and mentally qualified to become racers. For a racer, speed and control are most important—whereas for the recreational skier it is safety and control.

The expert and competitive skier uses almost exclusively a scale of varied Christianias, from the Stem Christiania to the Pure Christiania. As he usually makes these turns at high speed they have an appearance of ease, simplicity and dash. Naturally, the temptation is great to approach this Pure Christiania without struggling through the fundamentals. But the one element which makes the Christiania so easy to execute for the expert skier is speed. Thus the expert's meat is the novice's poison—and a serious drawback, for his speed range is definitely limited. It surely would be a waste of time to wait until he has acquired enough confidence and skill without teaching him other turns as a substitute for the time being.

Now with the United States at war and engaged in a gigantic race to mobilize arms and manpower, skiing as a branch of military warfare suddenly has taken on importance. Already, during the Finnish-Russo War, tales of heroic feats of soldiers on skis filtered to these shores. When planes could not fly and land, and motor-driven vehicles could not move anywhere, the skier became of strategic value. He could reconnoiter the position and strength of the enemy, relying upon his swift traveling skis.

In the last World War mountain troops and skiers held key points and passes and the tops of mountains throughout winter and summer. That was Hannes Schneider's experimental laboratory. He had to train skiers in a hurry, and fellows who had never stood on skis before.

Two winters ago the United States realized the imperative need of ski troops, with the vast snow-covered territory of Alaska on her hands to protect; not to mention the possibility of sending an expeditionary force abroad. There was no ski unit to speak of in the United States Armed Forces until two winters ago. That meant starting from scratch, not only to train the men but to decide on the best equipment, such as clothes, skis, poles, boots, etc.

But there was also the question of a technique, making it possible to train thousands and thousands of soldier skiers uniformly. I have no doubt that military authorities from the War Department, advised by experts and leading personalities of the sport in this country, thoroughly investigated every possible method. They were undoubtedly after a technique to train men efficiently and in as short a time as possible.

Was there ever a better chance or a more golden opportunity for the promoters of "Parallel Technique" to step into the picture? It was not even considered, and the Army's training manual closely follows the Arlberg method as advocated by Hannes Schneider. This fact alone, proves, more than all the written words, the soundness of the Stem Technique. #

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Black Angel Reef

Continued from page 78

of the sloop. Perhaps she was twisted in a cave of coral or covered by sudden shift of sand. Perhaps she had slipped into water too deep to penetrate. In any case, she was gone.

Tobri was the last to give up. When he shrugged and shook his massive head and ceased prowling the reef, all others agreed that further search would be time wasted. The *Sancti Spiritus* was conceded a deep grave.

The assault by Tobri upon Bec came at the end of my first month on the beach. Several weeks later I observed that Bec, oddly, was fishing along the reef, and nowhere else—and reef-fishing was notoriously unprofitable. One dawn I was on the shore's rim when Bec put out in his boat. His manner was secretive; I thought he looked quickly round at me with a kind of disturbed bewilderment of question, intense and secret. I walked to him and touched his shoulder and said "Good morning." I saw the basket of meat in the bow of his boat, big lumps of beef not in the best of condition. Strange bait for reef-fishing, I thought, and was about to say so; but Bec was uncordial. He shoved out into the waves.

Thereafter Bec put out each morning with his basket of beef, went to a point about midway along the reef, dropped his anchor, fished for hours. No one else seemed to notice him, and I, myself, did not comment. People paid small attention to what Bec did, then or at any time. People liked him, in an off-hand sort of way, and sympathized with him—but they thought him futile.

Self-Applause

Folks in history who have displayed truly amazing visionary powers are Nostradamus, Edison and we guys who have to write Christmas stuff during a September heat-wave.

He came to my house on a certain afternoon, three hours before dark, and stood in front of my hammock. I was amazingly at ease there considering the implausibility of the sky, an arc colored to the dark pinkness of crushed strawberries. Bec said abruptly, "I have found the *Sancti Spiritus*."

"No!" I said, swinging about.

He said, "Yes." His voice was loud, yet strangely toneless. He gestured toward the sea. "She lies in the exact center of the reef. When the lighthouse and the tall palm on Lutin Point fall in line—and you are on the center of the reef—there you will find her—"

The clear eyes, gentle and candid, were looking into my own. "She was buried in sand," he explained. "Now the sand has shifted. Only twenty feet of water. Tomorrow I shall dive on her."

Did he mean to be overheard? Of course—but I did not know it then. Tobri was across the hibiscus hedge, on his own ground, dozing in the shade. Naturally Tobri heard, with Bec, like a fool, almost shouting—

I said, urgently, "Why not go now?"

"In the morning," Bec said dully, and turned away.

Tobri heard; and did not wait for morning. He went out in his boat with the Negro boy who assisted him, and discovered that Bec had told nothing but the truth. The *Sancti Spiritus* was indeed there, in twenty feet of shiningly clear water, on a sand patch banked by high coral. Tobri still had two hours of daylight then. He put over an anchor and dove.

The Negro boy came back, after a little while, shrieking with fear.

Tobri, he said, when the gibbering went out of him and he could talk at all—Tobri, he said, had dived on the *Sancti Spiritus* and his hand had not touched the broken deck before a swarm of barracudas was upon him. Twenty, the boy said. At least twenty.

You know the teeth of the great barracuda, the *Sphyraena barracuda* of the islands. Against one such fish, perhaps against two, Tobri, who swam magnificently, might have had a chance. But against three, or four, or twenty—

Some of the men from the beach rowed out and cautiously circled the central area of the reef. The barracudas still swirled about the wreck, darting with their fluid and incredible strength. Of course, there was nothing of Tobri remaining.

I was on the beach when they came ashore. They were tremendously excited.

"It is," one said, "alive with barracudas there. Yes—they behave as fish behave which are put in a tank and taught to expect food—"

Bec, the usually silent one, interrupted in a clear, sharp voice. "We must wait," he said. "They'll go away, in time."

A hush fell upon the people massed on the beach. I had thought I was the only one who had seen Bec go out morning after morning with the basket of beef. Perhaps so—still, I did have the impression, there on the sand, that several heads turned slightly, only for an instant, to seek out Bec's eyes.

But Bec stood firmly.

There isn't any law which makes it a crime to feed fish. ⧻

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Marriage Makes Strange Bedfellows

Continued from page 44

sexual desires, but if they "marry" (that is, stay together longer than the moment of coition) it is not for sexual reasons: it is to make ready and care for their offspring, and once these are able to go on their own, the parents show no further interest in them or in one another.

Man's almost unique idea of mating for life seems to be largely an outgrowth of the fact that immaturity and helplessness last so much longer with the human species than with any other—so long, in fact, that they grow to be a habit which we are unwilling wholly to relinquish. As a result, when we are no longer able to live with—or "on"—our parents, we yearn for "a home of our own," in which among other things (if not beyond all others) we hope to recapture the sense of security and permanence the original home gave us. Whatever the sentimentalists may say, I doubt if anybody ever married mainly "for love" in the sexual or the romantic sense. We marry to find a substitute for our fathers and mothers—or perhaps hoping to "make up to ourselves" for all we wanted from them which they didn't give us. The devoted son and previously confirmed bachelor who marries a few months after his mother's death is an extreme case, but his obvious need to replace a relationship he cannot live without is also a factor in the willingness of any man to settle down to domesticity once his adolescent appetite for wild oats has been appeased.

The chances are, anyhow, that Romeo would not have married Juliet except for the hope that she would "be a mother to him"—give him more or less the sort of treatment that he learned to love from his own mother. All his feelings are unconsciously conditioned by this secret craving. Whether he is willing to admit it or not, he wants Juliet always to admire him, make allowances for his shortcomings, and keep her arms open to serve as his refuge from the struggle with the harsh world outside. If she lets him get away with it, he'll also have her doing many of the small things mother did when he was little—"pick up after him," provide the things he likes best to eat, and fuss over him when he is ill. The fury of jealousy into which her interest in another man will throw him is again based to no small degree on his little-boy desire to have mother all to himself.

But Juliet had her own more or less unconscious reasons for feeling that getting married was the most important thing in the world. It isn't mere laziness that makes a girl look forward to the day when she'll be able to "stop working"; it's the fact that once she has a husband to support her, the responsibility for her life will be shifted to somebody else's shoulders. Even before they were married, Gladys' earning power was twice her husband's, and she thoroughly enjoyed the luxuries it brought her. But once she was Jim's wife, she forgot the dress designing business completely. And when Jim lost his job and was months finding another, the suggestion that she might pitch in and help with the family finances threw her into a hysteria of rage. "I'm Jim's wife," she stormed, "and it's his business to support me. If he couldn't do it, he had no right to get married."

The trouble some wives have with the family check book isn't because they are stupid about money matters, though they like to give that impression. It grows out of their insistence that the man who's taken father's place must "provide" for them and free them from financial worries. For while every normal woman has her share of the maternal instinct, and gets a kick out of mothering her husband when she's in the mood to do so, with another side of her she wants a father for herself as well as her children, and woe to the husband who won't play the role when she demands it!

So while impulses rising out of the need of a home lead to marriage, they also wreck it when they clash, as they are almost certain to do. For both husband and wife can't be "baby" at the same time. The day comes when Romeo's need of sympathy over the fight he has just had with the boss runs head on into Juliet's feeling that he must keep his job somehow, because "What will become of her if he doesn't?" Or Romeo comes home feeling lousy with a fresh cold and finds Juliet has a headache: if she is indifferent to his sufferings, his heart is outraged, while if she nobly forgets her troubles in solicitude for his, she will hate him inwardly.

For that matter, Juliet is predisposed to look for grievances

wives are people who . . .

Ask you to go shopping
With a very pleading air,
Tell you that your judgment
Is quite beyond compare,
Try on hats before you,
Get your final word—
And then proceed to buy the one
To which you gave the bird!

where her husband is concerned, because she grew up with a strong prejudice against the "alien" male sex. She may have heard all her life what untrustworthy creatures men are. While Romeo heard before he got into long trousers that you've got to keep a woman in her place or you will not be able to call your soul your own when she's around.

Mutual suspicion and hostility between men and women have the basis of jealousy on one side and fear on the other. As we grow up, most of us accept from sheer necessity the fact that there are other people who are physically bigger and stronger than we are. We soften the blow, perhaps, by trying to reassure ourselves that brains and character are in the long run more important than mere brute strength. The president of the college debating club develops a fine scorn for football players, and the fight promoter sneers at the poor dumb ox who takes all the beatings but has to go fifty-fifty on the money he gets for them. But the mockery is always just a little hollow, and it's an unusual member of the male sex who doesn't take more pride in his successes in athletics than in business or artistic triumphs. I have heard that in his younger days Fritz Kreisler responded to compliments about his tennis far more warmly than to good words for his violin playing.

Twenty is what the average forty-year-old woman thinks she could look like if she made the effort, and what the average forty-year-old man thinks he looks like without it.

But if men feel that way, think how it must strike a girl to realize that she is irretrievably a member of the "weaker sex" in the primal sense. Especially during the age when her interest in romance is latent, she sees that her brothers are not only allowed to do many things that are forbidden to her, but able to do most of the things she'd like to try, like playing ball, better than she can, without apparent effort. Even before this she had realized another instance of Nature's discrimination: they've been endowed with a mysterious completeness which they are inordinately proud of, and which she does not have. Finally, as she grows up, she finds that to be a man carries the privilege of seeking pleasure where he pleases without severe moral reprobation, while the tiniest slip on her part causes her to be regarded by others as secondhand merchandise.

Dr. Alfred Adler summed up the effect of these facts on the average girl or woman in the phrase, "masculine protest." And with at least part of her emotions, she reacts as any human being does to unfair treatment: she develops an intense urge to get even. In rare cases this takes the constructive form of proving she's "as good as any man" by doing a man's work—becoming a doctor, or a scientist, for instance. But mostly a woman gets square with the favored male by taking a man down a peg or two whenever opportunity is offered, and this naturally happens oftenest with her husband. Granted, Juliet has all the chance in the world to realize that Romeo is no hero; still, the glee with which she's apt to rub the fact in doesn't do much to preserve the romance.

Most, though not all women will admit having some trace of masculine protest, but there's an emotion nearly all men feel to which few of them will plead guilty. This is fear of women, and above all, of the woman they love. At one stage of his life—when he was a baby—every man's life hung upon a woman's willingness to feed him and care for him: and deep down in his unconscious mind, no man ever entirely forgets this. So when his wife or his sweetheart isn't in the mood to be made love to, or perhaps to listen to his troubles, something of the panic of the helpless infant who is left alone and hungry because "mother doesn't care" is stirred in his heart. Outwardly, indeed, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," but inwardly a man whose hungers are denied may react with a rage which is all the more devastating because his pride usually will not let him admit the real reason for it.

The sources of conflict of which I've been speaking not only make trouble between married people in their own right; they often affect the sexual relation. For while sexual desire is rooted in a physical need, complete satisfaction of desire is dependent on the momentary state of mind of both partners, especially on how they feel toward each other. The relation between mental attitude and physical desire may get badly twisted—I knew one man whose wife stirred no passion in him except when they'd had a violent quarrel—but with normal people, it's impossible to be thrilled sexually by someone of whom you're fundamentally distrustful, or against whom you cherish a deep, unsatisfied grudge. So if you find your wife unresponsive, it need not mean she's a human iceberg: quite as probably she's thinking of how you went out and played golf when she wanted to be driven to the beach. And if your husband kisses you as if you were his old-maid aunt, it's not because you're losing your looks, but because you didn't show sufficient interest when he told you about the new customer from Pittsburgh.

Marriage, in a word, is like an

Continued on page 176

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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Marriage Makes Strange Bedfellows

Continued from pages 44-175

automobile: when you think of all the things that can go wrong with it, the wonder is it's ever able to keep going. And yet cars do run; and nowadays (or at least until war stopped pleasure-car production) it would be a poor sort of man who wouldn't own one because of probability that he'd have trouble with it. And the same has always been true about marriage, which, with all its difficulties, is the oldest of all human institutions, and the likeliest to survive, no matter what changes war or social revolution may bring.

The reason for this, of course, is that a man's emotional need of a woman of his own, and a woman's corresponding need of a man, are stronger and deeper than their mutual antagonisms. It outweighs the frequently observed "polygamous instinct" of both sexes, and it can't be satisfied by merely casual contacts. If it has its infantile or childish elements, these have to be "sublimated." Even in countries where there's practically complete sexual freedom (for instance, the Trobriand Islands as described by Dr. Bronislav Malinowski in "The Sexual Life of Savages") men and women end by pairing off and settling down in a comparatively permanent and exclusive union. The person who dodges marriage, either by the undue prolongation of the adolescent period of experimentation or by the unnatural expedient of celibacy, is trying to solve the biggest problem of life by denying its existence. He is—to put it politely—as unrealistic as the isolationist or pacifist who denies the facts of international relations because he can't see any answer to them.

Yet marriage can bring both peace and happiness—at least, most of the time—and the formula is much the same as that for peace between one nation and another. The first and in some ways hardest step is mutual understanding, based on the fact that beneath all differences in language and viewpoint, both parties are more alike than they are alien to each other. I noticed in France during the last war that with few exceptions, American soldiers who could speak French came home (as I did myself) with new affection and respect for their then allies, while too many non-French-speaking doughboys never got beyond the stage of talking about "dam' Frogs." There is no good reason why a man can't learn to understand, if not to speak a woman's language, or a woman, a man's. Equally absurd is the idea that there's any fundamental contrast between their aims in life. Both want to be loved, to feel important, and to be safe; and the fact that they've been trained to satisfy these wants by rather different methods is no more a hopeless barrier between them than the fact that a Frenchman's idea of a good breakfast is the liquid he calls coffee plus a croissant or two is a hopeless barrier between him and the fellow who demands real coffee, ham and eggs, and trimmings. The Frenchman will make it up at lunch time, and why is that anything against him?

Besides realizing that they want essentially the same things, a husband and wife must recognize that they can get these better by co-operation, than by competition. If you and your wife will really play ball, you can achieve love, and a feeling of security from one another more easily and effectually than you possibly can get them elsewhere. And if you can't get them from the man or woman to whom you are married, the idea that they'll come any more easily with another member of the sex you've not learned to get on with is—at least nine times in ten—sheer wishful thinking.

Once you've seen this, the last step becomes comparatively easy. It is mutual allowance and concession, based not on "unselfishness" (which kills a marriage more quickly than anything else I know of), but on the fact that each of you gets more from them than he or she loses. You can't run a marriage on a cash-and-carry basis any more than you can a big business or an international alliance. Just as you take a chance when you marry, the one way to make a go of marriage is to keep on taking chances in the sense of each partner trusting the other to recognize what is in the long run to their mutual advantage. Right now, we of the United States are forced to trust a curious assortment of allies because all of us will be ruined if we do not; and the same necessity applies to a husband and wife in their alliance against life's problems and dangers. The idea that if you do not hang together you'll hang separately may not sound romantic, but it is the bedrock of reality on which alone romance can endure.

Code

I'll take a Girl who doesn't smoke . . .
Who doesn't laugh at a shady joke,
I'll take a girl who's hard to get
Who hasn't kissed every man she's met!
Where will I take her? That's no mystery!
Up to the Museum of Ancient History!
—PHIL STACK

The Unholy Horatio Alger

Continued from page 69

two of Horatio's friends showed up. They were about to leave for Europe and had called, no doubt, purposely to gloat over stodgy Horatio who they were sure had neither the ambition nor the cash to make the grand tour. The divinity student thought about the pulpit; he thought about Paris, of which he had heard. He went along with the boys.

The initials of the Axis are J I G and it won't be long till that Jig is up!

A brief and foggy pause in London was disappointing to the trio, who now called themselves art students. Arrived in Paris, the two friends but not Horatio went in for a major course in wine and women, minoring on the side with a little Art. In those days, due to the writings of Eugene Sue, the Paris morgue was a fashionable meeting place. While strolling along there one day Horatio met—she must have accosted him—a plump, good looking girl named Elsie Montselet, no prostitute but an honest working girl who sang in a café.

The record indicates the girl found the American very naïve, very unspoiled, quite refreshing. They hit it off famously, for Horatio was an excellent language student and spoke French with no more than a heavy Harvard accent. He went to the café to hear Elsie sing and was enthralled. She told him anecdotes of Sue, of Hugo, of Gautier, and de Musset. Horatio even drank a bit of wine, although he never learned to like it. He took Elsie to a ball. When he escorted her home she asked him to come in and stop a while.

Horatio started to refuse. Elsie stamped her little foot. What! A grown man leaving a girl at this time of night?

He went in.

Next day he addressed his diary: "I was a fool to have waited so long. It is not so vile as I had thought."

The New England conscience got to working a week later, and he asked his diary: "Should I go on, and is it right? What makes it wrong?" He went back to Elsie and so matters continued for many hectic weeks during which, as he admitted to his journal, he learned more of Life & Literature than had been taught at Harvard. But something or other happened to stir up what was left of his conscience. He left the girl for three whole days and nights, meanwhile discussing it with his diary. Elsie did not try to find him. She simply let nature take its course, and sure enough one day he made another entry in the diary: "Genius has its prerogatives," he wrote in a good round hand.

By now, of course, he had forgotten all about his two friends. He and Elsie were living openly together and having a whale of a good time, when one Charlotte Evans, an English girl and a student of painting, appeared. She seems to have known what she wanted which, surprisingly enough even to the object, was Horatio. Now his troubles really began.

Miss Evans ran the menage and him as well. He was, if you hadn't guessed it, a very meek man, and she so frightened him that he submitted to all sorts of abuse. The best he could do was to confide more than once to his diary how good it would feel to have his two hands around the scrawny neck of Miss Evans and to squeeze and squeeze until the harpy's voice should be stilled forever.

He never strangled Miss Evans. He decided to flee. With what he thought was deep secrecy he laid his plans, bought a steamship ticket to New York, and slipped out the back door. On the first day out of L'Havre, as Horatio was walking the deck and musing on his sins, Miss Evans appeared at his side, as big as life and now more ornery than ever. She dominated his every move. Even seasickness was welcome when it rid him of this awful female. But he was working on tactics.

When the ship docked in New York, Horatio excused himself for a moment—to buy a newspaper, he said—and once out of Miss Evans' sharp eye, he ran like the wind. He never saw her again.

Broke now, and weighing exactly one hundred and ten pounds as a result of his art studies, Horatio went directly home. But he still didn't want to be a preacher. Soon he was in Boston, tutoring. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to enlist, and on the way fell and broke his arm. He drilled a home guard company in Cambridge, then made another attempt to enlist. This time he was badly injured in a train wreck. He gave up trying to get into a war that seemed not to want him. Restless, he went to New York City in the Summer of 1863 just in time to see the Draft Riots. He then came down with pneumonia.

Feeling that God had certainly not marked him for Art or Literature or teaching or the military life Horatio went home again, this time to be ordained minister of the Unitarian church in small Brewster, Massachusetts, far down near the elbow of Cape Cod. The event took place on the 8th of December, 1864.

The Reverend Horatio Alger, Jr. retained his pulpit for the next two years, and it was here that the urge to write became strong enough for action. He took to

Continued on page 178

"May we see guid points in ithers as quick as we see our ain"

. . . or as promptly as a connoisseur of Scotch whisky appreciates the quality in Teacher's . . .

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The Unholy Horatio Alger

Continued from pages 69-177

scribbling plots for stories on the margins of his sermons. Some of these plots he trustingly sent to the editor of *Student & Schoolmate*, a goody-goody periodical for boys, the editor of which was none other than William T. Adams.

Now, William T. Adams was also Oliver Optic, famous writer of stories for boys, a man who knew good, rich tripe when he saw it. He sent Alger a most encouraging letter, asking him to contribute to the magazine. In March of 1866 Alger, much like one of his own future heroes, arrived at the Battery with little cash and no knowledge of the business of producing literature. But in his flowered carpet bag he had notes that soon became *Ragged Dick*.

Published serially in Adams' weekly, *Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Bootblacks*, was an instantaneous success. The crowd of boys who lived or hung out at the Newsboys Lodging House over *The Sun's* offices in Fulton Street started the cheering that soon spread country-wide and continued for three decades and more.

The Newsboys Lodging House had been founded in 1853 by Charles Loring Brace and has since taken his name. In 1866 when *Ragged Dick* burst on the scene, the House had a problem on its hands. Tough young drummer boys, back from the war, and thousands of other youngsters who had been set adrift had flocked to New York. The city fathers took no notice of them. About the only place for a homeless boy was the House, and the new influx of youths had made havoc of its discipline. At about this time House officials came upon an installment of *Ragged Dick*. They read it and immediately ordered scores of copies for the House reading room. This was the stuff! It demonstrated beyond cavil that the poor boy who worked hard and cheerfully, who was kind, decent, took baths, tipped his hat, and was always honest in his dealings, why, this boy was sure to become rich and probably would marry the boss's daughter.

The reason a good many Christmas turkeys are badly mangled is that dad has a better edge on than his carving knife.

Nor was it necessary to cram Alger's story into the lads. They simply ate it up and could scarcely contain themselves until the next installment. Faces shone with undictated washings. Politeness bloomed. Petty thievery ceased. Best of all, perhaps, was the fact that even the laziest boys, as the phrase had it, began to hustle. So pleased were the House officials with this miracle that they looked up the author and invited him to make use of the House as a source of inspiration and for background material.

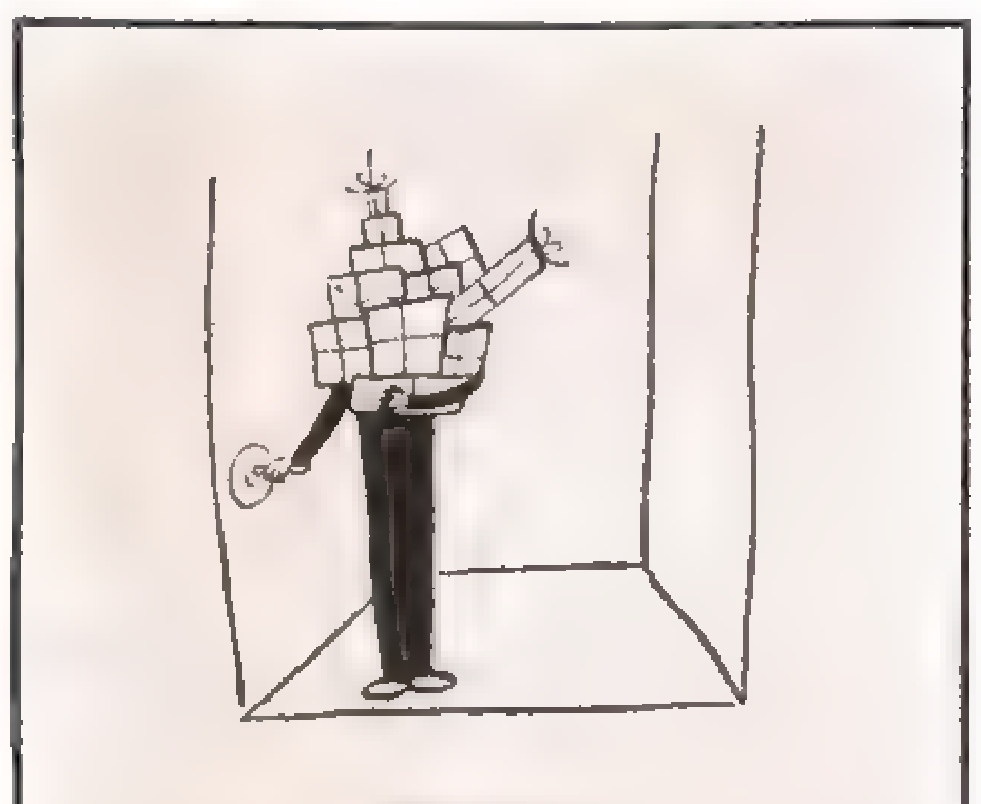
Alger moved into the House and there, during the next thirty years, he rewrote *Ragged Dick* one hundred and eighteen times, changing only the title, names of characters, and occasionally the locale. These books told the story of the rise to riches of a street urchin—less often of a farm boy—and for the next half century nearly everyone in the United States firmly believed that every bootblack was a potential capitalist with plug hat and gold-headed cane.

Settled in the House and surrounded by adoring boys, Alger began *Fame & Fortune* before *Ragged Dick* had run its course and sent it in takes to the printer. His readers could not get the installments fast enough. *Mark, the Match Boy* came next, and now the stories were published in book form, coming off the press immediately they had run in *Student & Schoolmate*.

In the first flush of this period Alger displayed his idiosyncrasy of parading the streets after dark, arraying himself not only in shabby clothes but also in false beard and wig of long hair. Why he did it is anyone's guess. It put Charles O'Connor, Superintendent of the House, to some trouble explaining the eccentricity. For a while, indeed, O'Connor thought the man demented. Possibly Alger enjoyed the masquerade because it drew the attention of passers-by to him. In his own right he was most insignificant of appearance. Short, slight, stooped, he had full pale cheeks, a partly bald head and the sad, kindly eyes of a bloodhound. He looked, as one who saw him recalls, like a futile, stodgy, unhappy little man, the sort of character one sees labeled The People in many political cartoons.

But his books were selling and he was a hero to the boys of New York, for rich boys read him too. He often beat the bass drum in the Newsboys' band. He went on their picnics. His mail was huge, not from any press agent, but from people old and young who thought of him as a genius. Sunday schools gave his books as prizes. Ministers the country over proclaimed his works inspired. One suggested that he run for the White House. He was a joiner of the first rank and presently was paying dues to the Actors' Benevolent Association, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Editors' and Publishers' Guild, the New York Police Captain's Association, the Association for the Development of Port Facilities, the American Educational Alliance, the Bowery Boys, the Quill Club, and several more.

He visited the hell-holes of Mott and Pell Streets and proposed to write a novel showing the horrors of the opium habit. With this in mind he went to meet the Bohemians who gathered for food and drink in Charley Pfaff's cellar just North of Bleecker Street on Broadway. Walt Whitman was present along with a dozen other sophisticates. The water was too deep. Alger was awed and shocked at the ribald talk and forgot what subject he had come to ask about. He never joined the group again.



Simile

As polite as an elevator boy during the week before Christmas.

Presumed because of his fiction to know all about the seamy side of life in New York, Alger was appointed to the Anti-Vice Commission by Mayor A. Oakey Hall. He served on this and other commissions but never had a suggestion to make. His own vices at this period were following fire engines, riding horse cars and going to Barnum's American Museum.

One of his books did, however, set off a rumpus and he came near to being a martyr. The book was *Phil, the Fiddler*. It told of the shameful conditions due to the padrone system of working young children, especially the children of Italian immigrants. One night presently a knock came at Alger's door as he was working. Four dark and ugly men entered, knocked Alger down and beat him. In broken English they warned him that any more stories like *Phil* would mean his death.

Unafraid and now aroused, the meek man wrote another story on the subject. Not Alger alone, but his *Phil*, plus the work of many able men, among them Elbridge T. Gerry and Henry Bergh, resulted in 1874 in the first statute in the world aimed at preventing cruelty to children, passed by the New York Legislature.

After the first score or so books had appeared, Alger's publishers noted that sales were increasing rapidly beyond the Mississippi, less rapidly in the East. They decided his stories of metropolitan life were obviously appealing to farm and small town boys and that the time had come for him to journey West and to write stories about the West for boys in the East.

Alger crossed the continent to San Francisco, where he found a man named Bret Harte was occupying all the available room for literary celebrities. But he viewed the plains and mountains, saw cattle, talked with prospectors and Indian fighters, and got ideas that soon became *The Young Miner, Both Sides of the Continent, Ben's Nugget*, and other stories. On his return East he took lodgings in quiet Peekskill, New York, to write his Westerns.

A few days after Alger's arrival, the little village on the Hudson was shocked by the brutal murder of one Jeremiah Hardy. The Widow Hardy was arrested. She went into a hysterical turn during which she told police she had seen a strange man around the premises just before the murder. The local sleuths looked around and sure enough found a strange man in the person of a drab, pudgy little fellow with a drooping moustache and a hurt, pained look in his eyes. They took him into custody. He said he was no murderer but Horatio Alger, Jr. The cops laughed fit to kill. They were sure now they had the murderer. "He's crazy as a loon," the constable said. "Thinks he's Horatio Alger, the great writer!" They threw the protesting little man into the town lockup. He remained there but briefly, for another stranger, who confessed to the murder, was brought in.

The police apologized. So did Mrs. Hardy. She invited Horatio to call, which he did, and things were going along very well between them when Mrs. Hardy's sister, Una, arrived for a visit.

Una G. was fair to look upon and was possessed, apparently, of an ardent nature. She also had a husband. She smiled so prettily on the author that he immediately bought a bright red necktie. On the second day he showed up lugging a big bouquet for Una.

Well, one thing led to another and Mr. G. didn't like it. He took his wife and moved into New York City. So did Horatio, leaving *The Young Miner* less than half written. He took up quarters not far from Mr. and Mrs. G. and soon he and Una were meeting clandestinely. Business called Mr. G. to Chicago. Meetings in Horatio's flat on Seventeenth Street came oftener and lasted longer.

Alger's publishers were alarmed. Here were the first hundred pages of long-hand copy of *The Young Miner* all set in type, ready for serialization, but where was the rest of it? Never before had they waited for copy from Alger.

Charles O'Connor, Superintendent of the Newsboys Lodging House and also probably the only real adult friend Alger ever had, was also worried. He noted that the Master had all but ceased to write, that he showed little interest in the boys at the House. Having met Mrs. G. and sensing what was up, the pious O'Connor set out to break up the romance. He told Horatio of a farm in Arlington that would be a fine place to write. Why didn't he buy it? Alger bought the farm, but the

Continued on page 180

It's No Military Secret

... by Melisse

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The Unholy Horatio Alger

Continued from pages 69-177-179

thing didn't work out as O'Connor had planned. Alger asked Una if she'd go there to live with him. She said yes, and went with her lover to select furniture. Horatio had his eye on a couple of nice beds when Una breathed a remark that ought never to die in the Alger tradition. "But why *two* beds, Horatio?" she asked.

The two lived at the farm until word got around that Mr. G. was returning from Chicago. It is possible that O'Connor and Alger's publishers had something to do with getting Mr. G. to return, thinking thus to get the Master back to his writing.

Mr. G. did return and packed his wife off to Europe. And now Horatio was desolate. Day after day, while his publishers hounded him for copy to complete *Sink or Swim*, he sat at his table with blank paper in front of him and wrote never a line. At last he gave up entirely. "I'm going to Paris," he told his publishers. But they replied he had no royalties due him; sin had been expensive.

Alger returned to his desk. He completed *Sink or Swim* in jig time; in another fourteen days the deathless prose of *Frank & Fearless* flowed white hot from his pen, 80,000 words of it. Then he took a brief turn around Madison Square and sat down again, this time to write another 80,000 words in thirteen days which he titled *Walter Sherwood's Probation*. His advance royalties amounted to several thousand dollars. He was away to Europe.

But Una's love had cooled. She did see him a few times in Paris, but it wasn't like former days. Frankly she was tired of the man. He mooned and wept. His publishers wrote, then cabled, for another book. He took a few days off from his mooning and wrote *Struggling Upward*, which he sent to New York. Then he brooded again and at last suffered some sort of violent physical and mental attack. One night people in his *pension* heard screaming. The gendarmes came and took away to a hospital a small, chubby man who fought like a trapped racoon.

For weeks it looked as if he would not recover. He wrote long letters to his mother, dead these many years. He drooled about leading armies, running governments, building castles. He gibbered of writing The Book, which should last for eternity.

Out of the hospital, but shaken and ill, Alger returned to New York and went directly to the Newsboys Lodging House. O'Connor failed at first to recognize him. "He was thin as a rail," O'Connor said. "Pale and hollow. His eyes were bigger and brighter and gave his countenance a funny wild look. I took him home and put him to bed."

Alger resumed writing after a fashion, turning out, among others, *Adrift in New York*, a great favorite. But then O'Connor died and it almost finished Alger. He was never again the same. He went up to New England to revisit the scenes of his youth. He tarried at South Natick, Massachusetts, and started coughing. Oldtimers there recall that often Alger would fall to the ground while walking and have to be carried home.

When word of his illness reached the Newsboys Lodging House, the lads there drew up a handsome resolution of cheer and appreciation and sent a committee to deliver it in person to the dying man. He wept tears of joy. Herbert Mayes, his biographer, says it was Alger's greatest triumph. A few days later he turned his face to the wall and died. He was buried July 18, 1899.

In 1899 Alger's books were not quite ready for burying. For the next decade they ran through edition after edition, then gradually died away. Libraries denounced them as trash and removed them from the shelves. Sales ceased. They are little read by boys today.

Prior to 1900 Alger books retailed at $1.25. Now publishers put out reprints as low as ten cents. One man in the trade has estimated that Alger's works in book form sold at least 120,000,000 copies. Another put the total at 250,000,000 copies. Not even Frank Merriwell or Nick Carter came anywhere near to touching those figures.

The impact of this gigantic amount of trash on the United States is yet to be carefully estimated, and it would make a good subject for a Ph.D thesis. As for the Alger Era, it was over before 1929, and the years since have rather decently buried it. Yet the Master's name survives to describe the rise to riches of any lad who once sold papers or blacked boots, and in the back reaches of the United States today are people who still believe that New York City is the place where street urchins become tycoons.

why not send him . . .

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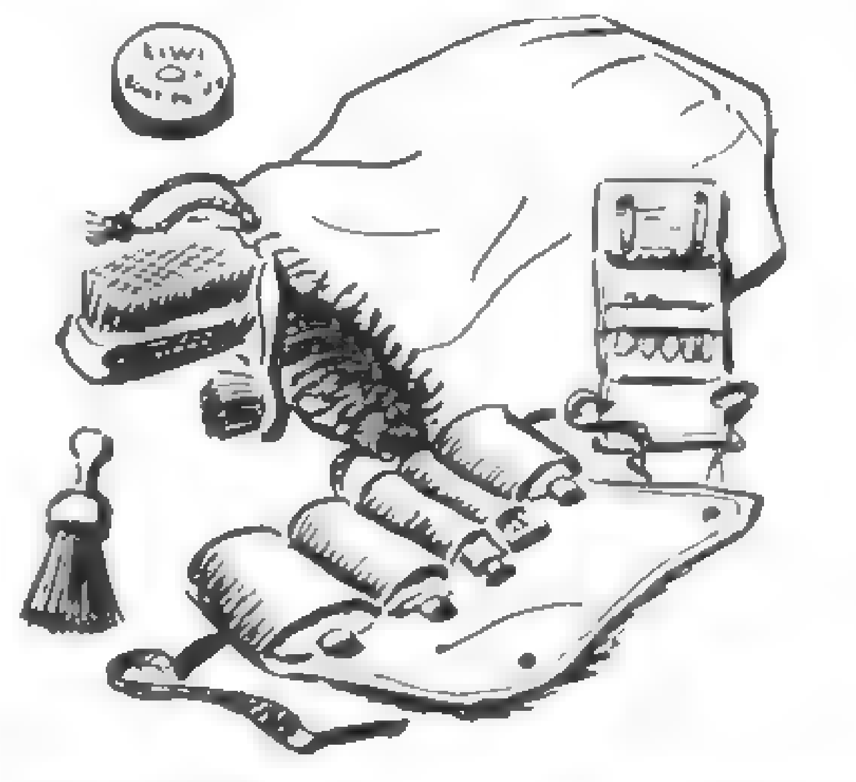


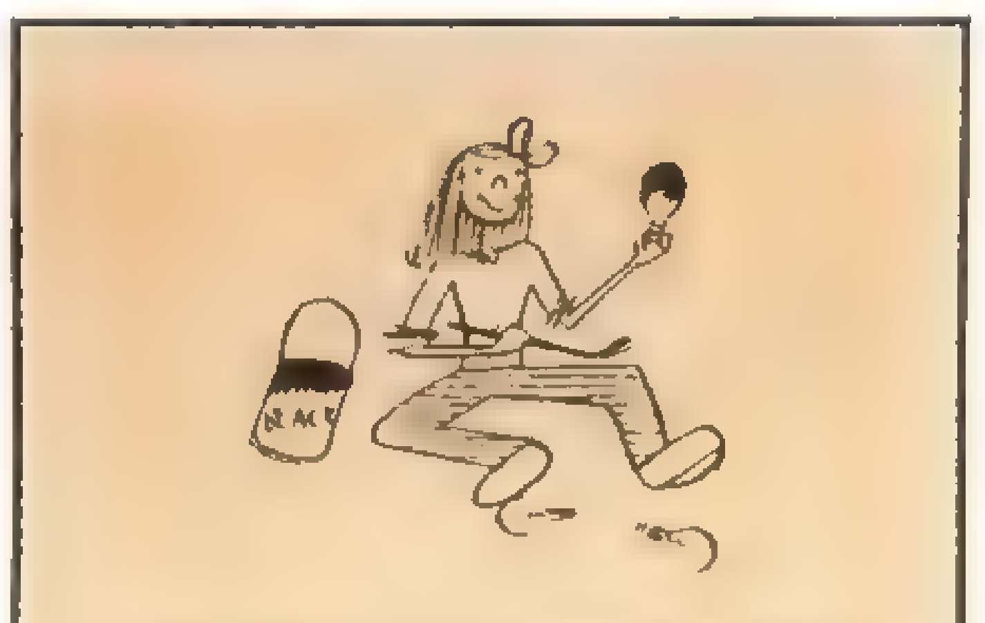
On all gift inquiries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

The Christmas Surrender

Continued from page 39

man with the little white flag was an Italian. But as he came forward they noticed that he wore an old torn Arab's cloak over his uniform. He held the flag aloft and he also held his other hand open to show plainly that he was holding no weapon. In this manner he walked down the long bank into the hollow and up the bank toward the soldiers. But at every movement Sgt. Hatcher and Fipp kept their guns leveled at him.

"*Comarada,*" he said as he approached.



Our idea of a conscientious citizen is one who paints all his Christmas tree bulbs black in order to be prepared for a blackout.

"You have a pistol?" asked Hatcher.

"No, *comarada*. Nothing." He opened the heavy woolen cloak. He was small in stature and about thirty.

"You come with a message from your officer?"

"I am the officer."

"Well, what do you want, eh?"

"I am lost," he muttered.

"Oh, I see," said Hatcher, still keeping his rifle leveled at the Italian. "You want to surrender?"

"Circumstances force it."

"Very well then, we will take you in."

"I will consent to be your prisoner provided you allow me the honor of the day."

"Come along," said Hatcher.

"Only on one condition. You allow me the honor of the day."

"I don't understand. What is the honor of the day?"

"Ah, my friend, I must have the honor of the day, otherwise . . . It could not be otherwise. I am from an old family and . . ."

"I don't understand," repeated Hatcher.

"I am an officer, but circumstances . . . Three days and nights," his eyes glanced at the ground, "I have been lost. I want you to capture me and report that you had to overpower me."

"Our colonel does not allow any false reports," said Fipp.

"It's not really false, in fact it might have been that way."

"Not with a white flag in your hand. Come along," ordered Hatcher.

It was then that they noticed the fine lace edge on the little flag. It was a lady's handkerchief.

"Where did this come from?" asked Hatcher.

"I carried it in my breast pocket. My sweetheart gave it to me before I left. I promised her I would be brave."

He spoke these words in full earnestness and without a smile. And as he spoke he removed the handkerchief from the stick and began folding it carefully. "I promised her," he continued, "to carry it next to my heart always and use it only to stop the flow of blood from my wounds. And that is why I must have the honor of the day. You must capture me in open fight."

"I suppose you want us to shoot a little hole through your hat," said Fipp with a sneer. "It's an old trick."

"Come along," again ordered Hatcher.

"But *comarada*, we must make some reasonable arrangement," he said, opening his cloak to put away the carefully folded handkerchief. There were three medals displayed on his left breast.

"Ah!" said Sergeant Hatcher. "Three times you have had what you call the honor of the day."

The prisoner did not reply.

"The honor of the day," said Fipp, "probably got you the rank of captain. In the British army you would be courtmartialed for that kind of roguery."

"In rank I am your superior. If we cannot make an honorable arrangement, then I will run away," said the prisoner.

"Just try," said Hatcher quickly, "and we will shoot you in the back. Come along."

The Italian grumbled: "Then I am a prisoner without the honor of the day?"

"Yes," said one.

"Very well. Take me before your officer. I will make a deal with him."

"You don't know Colonel Trotter," replied the sergeant. "He has never made a deal with anyone. The devil might try."

"We are not the real enemies," said the prisoner. "We are not like the Germans. Take me to him and you will see. I will make a deal."

"All right, come along," said one.

When they were about halfway to the camp the prisoner again stopped.

"These medals," he said, placing his hand over them with a full protective gesture, "they will take them away from me."

"Well, that is how it is," said Hatcher. "Prisoners do not wear medals."

"Then who gets them?"

"The fellows who bring you in are entitled to the souvenirs," spoke Hatcher. "That's the custom. Fipp and I will toss for the odd one."

"No, *comarada*, no! It should be enough for you to take me in and on Christmas eve besides. The medals I have won and I want to keep them."

"It is not allowed."

"Then they should go to my mother."

"Goddamit!" shouted Hatcher, losing his temper. "You are a nuisance! I should have plugged you at the start, white flag or no."

"For my mother!" shouted the

Continued on page 182

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The Christmas Surrender

Continued from pages 39-181

prisoner with rising belligerence.

"Tell it to the colonel!" yelled Fipp.

"Keep walking. Just try and stop once more and I'll let you have some hot lead in your seat."

The prisoner moved along, but unwillingly. He grumbled and under his breath he said: "You will be sorry. Wait until I talk with your officer. I will tell him you refused to give me the honor of the day. And I am superior in rank to any sergeant. He will listen to me and he will make a deal with me. He will even give me the honor of the day and he will let me mail my medals home. Wait and see."

"All right, talk with the colonel."

"He's a reasonable man?" asked the prisoner, trying to feel his way.

"Sure he's reasonable," replied Fipp.

"As reasonable as a panther in a burlap bag," said Hatcher under his breath.

It was quite a little walk back to the camp, about two miles, and when they finally got there the mist had cleared and the red desert sun was sinking rapidly. The chill of the desert night would soon be upon them.

As they entered the long shack they noticed that Colonel Trotter was at the end of the room beside the wireless operators. They could see his shiny bald head from the door. A fire was blazing in the hearth, and the prisoner removed his tattered Arab's cloak as they walked to the end of the hall.

"What time did they say the mail truck left?" asked the colonel.

"Seven o'clock this morning," replied one of the wireless men.

"Should have been here ages ago."

The eyes of the prisoner sparkled brightly. He cast quick glances about the room and he seemed to approve of everything he saw.

"What have we here?" said the colonel, looking up.

"Ah! My Colonel," spoke the prisoner with full emotional drama. "I am your prisoner. Captain Sperelli of the fourth division. Alas! I fought bravely," he touched his hand to the medals on his breast, "but your men overpowered me. Alas! I am now a prisoner."

"Goddam liar!" exclaimed Sergeant Hatcher.

"Came in himself with a white rag," said Fipp.

"Surrendered," added Hatcher.

"No trouble at all," continued Fipp. "Except his damn lip. Talks too much."

"You seem to speak English very well," said the colonel, addressing the prisoner.

"Yes, Colonel. Better than German."

"What do you mean by that?"

But the prisoner was silent.

"Where did you learn your English?" asked the colonel.

"We are a good family."

"Yes, I know, but where did you learn your English?"

"In Florence. I was once a tourist's guide and desk clerk in a hotel. French, German and English."

"But you just said your German was not good."

"It is good but I prefer not to speak it."

"For a reason?"

"Yes. For a reason."

The colonel waited for an explanation but the prisoner was silent.

"Is it true," finally spoke the colonel, "that your fourth division now has German officers?"

"Most, not all."

"What do you mean?"

"Most of the fourth division has German officers, only some companies are still . . ."

"That's impossible."

"Yes, Colonel, it is true. I swear it."

"Where is your own company?"

He cast his eyes to the ground before he replied: "I do not know. I was lost for four days."

"Three days, he told us," interrupted Sergeant Hatcher.

"Three or four, I don't remember," explained the prisoner.

"You are sure?" asked the colonel.

"Sure. Three or four."

"Search him."

They lifted his arms and went through his pockets. He had little or nothing on him; just some odds and ends, matches, cigarettes, a pencil, pocket knife, a letter from home, some snapshots of a girl and that little handkerchief with the fine lace border. These harmless odds and ends were placed on the table before them.

"Your service revolver?" asked the colonel.

"Lost."

"Your canteen!"

"Also lost."

"Very strange. A man goes out into the desert without water."

"I did not go out, Colonel. I was lost."

"Four or five days?"

"Yes."

"And your razor?"

"I never carry a razor with me, Colonel."

"Then who shaved you this

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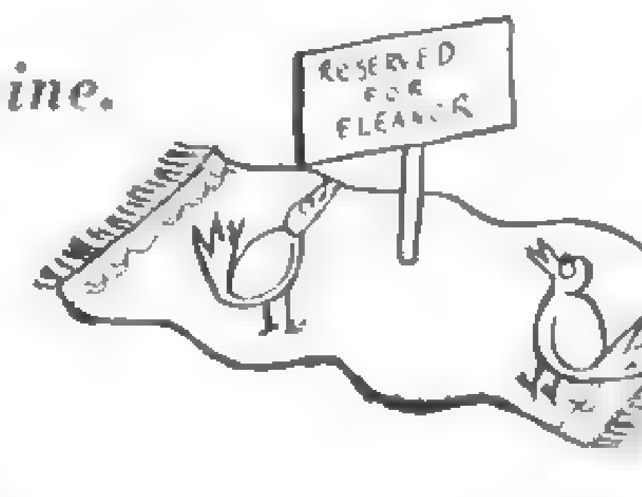


morning!" snapped the colonel.

This took the prisoner by surprise. His lips parted. His hand touched his chin lightly. There was no denying the fact that his chin had been shaved that morning.

The colonel looked hard into his face and said emphatically: "Captain Sperelli, why do you lie to me?"

The prisoner was confused. "Not me, not me," he stammered.

"Yes, you!" shouted the colonel.

"I mean it is not for me," he placed his hand to his heart. "Not for myself do I speak as I do."

"For whom then do you speak?"

"For the company."

"How many?"

"Forty men and one boy."

"Are you all lost?"

"All."

"And you think we will take you all in?"

He raised his shoulders in a questioning gesture, saying nothing.

"So they sent you on ahead?"

He nodded his head.

"And you were to look us over and see if we were good enough for your lousy crew."

The prisoner was silent.

"I suppose you think the British Army is a boarding house for foreign guests."

"You will take us."

"I don't know why."

"You will take us."

"Water is scarce."

"But you will take us."

"Forty men and a boy?"

"Yes."

"Too many."

"No."

"You will use all our water."

"Forty men can dig a well of their own."

"Why don't you go back to your division?"

He raised his shoulders.

"I'll tell you why. Because you don't like your officers."

"They are German and they treat us badly. You will take us."

The colonel did not reply.

"It is true," continued the prisoner. "I was not lost. They sent me to make terms."

"Terms!" cried the colonel. "Of all the damn cheek!" He pounded with his two fists on the table. "Never heard of such gall in all my life," he added under his breath.

"You will take us," insisted the prisoner.

"Our terms, not yours!"

"But my Colonel. There are certain things."

"What things?"

"Well, if you will not give us the honor of the day . . ."

"Honor of the day!" shouted the colonel, his face red with fury. "For a band of deserters."

'Twas the night before Christmas—and about five million poetically inclined parents and relatives were busy composing parodies of "The Night Before Christmas."

"But my Colonel, we are forty men and one boy. You cannot blame us for our action. We could not get along with the German officers. They threatened to kill us. They do not understand this country. They have just arrived and we have been here for three years. There is a difference. And you too have been here for three years and so you can understand."

"Very well. What do your men want?"

"They never had anything against the English and they ask for the best treatment you can afford to give. They would like to keep their medals and also the letters from home which they have in their pockets, they would like these returned after they have been inspected."

"What else?"

"Perhaps, also, you might let them remain here for this one night before sending them back of the lines."

"Why?"

"They might also enjoy Christmas eve, such as it is. Don't forget, we have been three years away from home. We are tired of war. We hate the Germans more than the English."

"We do not fraternize with our enemy, even on Christmas," said the colonel sternly.

"But my Colonel, we have the Christmas mail truck."

"The truck, the truck," stammered the colonel. "Our truck?" It took a moment for the idea to penetrate his mind.

"Your truck. We captured it at noon today. We did not want to capture it but it was necessary."

"Why?"

"So we would have something to make a deal with, in case you did not want us. And if the men do not hear from me soon they will ride on to the next post. If there are loose trucks about the desert, why should they walk?"

"Very well. Let them come in."

"You will take us, Colonel?"

"Yes."

"And you will treat us honorably?"

"You will be treated as all our prisoners are treated, fairly and squarely."

"And the medals and letters?"

"The men can keep their medals and the letters will be returned to them."

"I have your word, Colonel?"

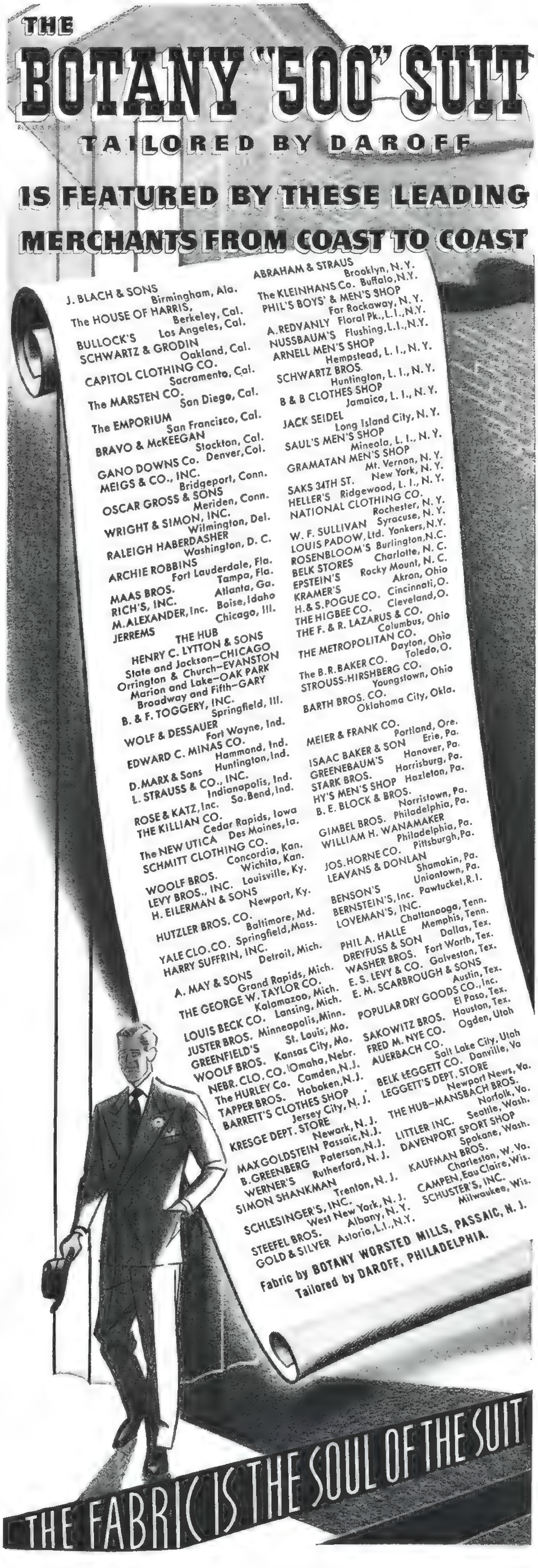
"Yes, Captain, you have my word."

"Good. Then give the signal and they will come in."

No time was lost. Two rockets were sent up together. This was the signal.

The truck with the Christmas mail, with forty men and a boy, came bouncing over the rough desert track. A large white bed sheet was flying from an impro-

Continued on page 184



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The Christmas Surrender

Continued from pages 39-181-183

vised mast. And as it turned into view, all forty men and the boy waved their arms frantically and shouted: "*Vivan' gl' Inglesi!*" (Long live the English!)

And they tumbled out of the truck joyfully, as though there had never been a war, and they smiled broadly as they carried the mail bags into the long hall. This was a special Christmas service that they wished to render themselves.

Entering the hall the prisoners greeted their little captain with affection and joy. One would have thought he had gone through hell for his men. And about their medals they were pleased to hear from his own lips: "What the brave have won they need never surrender." He spoke these words most dramatically.

The young boy warmed himself at the open fire and then suddenly he started doing cartwheels around the room.

"He gets that way often," explained Captain Sperelli to some of the English soldiers. "He is only fifteen. Ran away from home. Was a stowaway on a boat and hitched a ride on a truck. One morning there he was in the middle of Libya and in the middle of the war. When he's happy he turns cartwheels."

The truth was that the youth had not seen a clean place in an entire year. Nor had he seen a hall with chairs and tables and a fireplace in which logs burned brightly.

And the Englishmen too—the terrible enemy—seemed friendly. A lump rose in his throat and tears filled his eyes when he entered the hall. And to hide the tears the lad turned cartwheels about the room.

"He's happy!" exclaimed the Italian captain.

"Never in all my life," said Colonel Trotter, addressing a group of his men, "did I see such a thing. You can't believe a word they say and there is not a straight bone in their bodies. Everything they do is upside-down and roundabout. I tell you, intrigue is part of the continental mind."

With very little invitation the forty prisoners, their captain and the boy sat down at the long table. They were not really hungry, but rather they were eager to have a little taste of English food. It was pure curiosity.

In another part of the hall the packages and mail were being distributed. It was indeed a happy time.

But soon the last bag was opened. Those who had received nothing, not even a letter from home, stood about and grinned sheepishly.

"And you, Fipp?" asked Sergeant Hatcher, holding a letter in his hand. "Nothing for you?"

Private Fipp was again thinking of the play they gave at his school every year and once more he seemed to hear the words of old Scrooge: "Bah! Christmas is a humbug!"

"Nothing for you?" repeated Hatcher.

"Not this mail," he replied.

"Well, something will be along for you soon. Suppose we pool and share?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, here is a letter from my uncle. I am sure it has a crisp five-pound note inside. Let's share, and when yours comes along, whatever it is, then we will also share."

"You'd come out the loser, Hatcher," said Fipp. "You know I have no uncle who could fold a fiver into an envelope. My people are poor."

"Well, we share the watch and today we brought in the little Italian captain." He tore open the letter and drew out the five-pound note. "We'll change this now and divide."

Colonel Trotter overhead this conversation and took these two aside.

"You brought in the prisoner," he said.

"Yes sir."

"I will say nothing to you now but in my report I will be making certain recommendations."

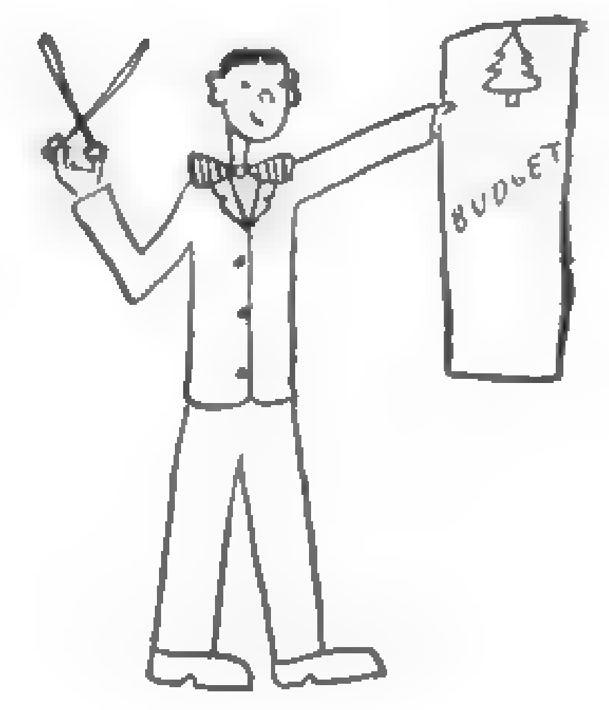
"Thank you, sir," they both said at once. For they knew that Colonel Trotter was not free with his recommendations and whenever he asked for a promotion it was always granted immediately.

Later in the evening the men sang carols. The prisoners were very well behaved and kept to their end of the room. Their eyes were very sad. The young lad was very weary and had fallen asleep. Soon they sent their captain forward.

He saluted the colonel. "My men have asked me to thank you," he said. "They are happy. They say that Christmas is the best day in the year to surrender." ⧻

Christmas Fable

Once upon a time there was a head of a family with a wife and three grown-up daughters who declared: "This Christmas we're going to cut down on expenditures fifty percent." When Christmas was over and all the bills were added up and paid, it was discovered that the family had cut down on Christmas expenditures fifty percent.

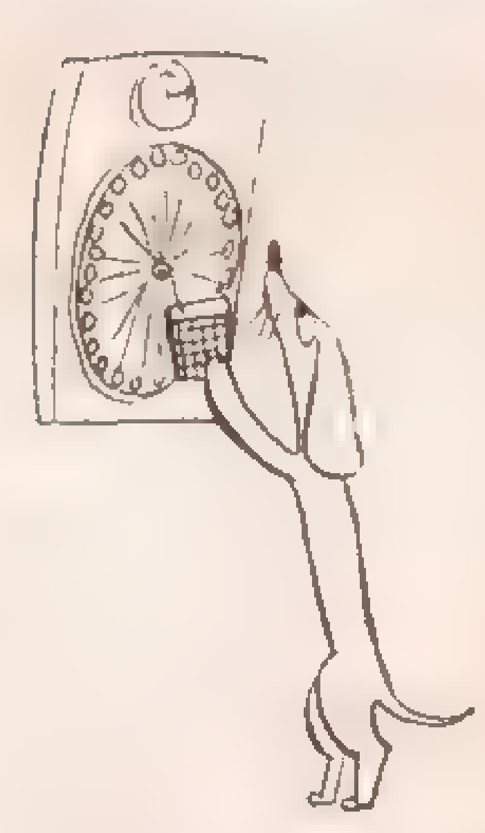


Strangers Defeated

Continued from page 74

foresee he would cause among them any real disturbance. By the time I approached the shed the farm boys were standing silently round the open doorway, looking sheepish, as though ashamed of something. I noticed them glancing at me out of the corners of their eyes, then quickly looking away. Inside the shed I saw with infinite relief that Star was as I had left him—but the cows had not been milked, nor the stalls been cleaned. When I asked the head boy the reason for this he looked at the ground, shifted his feet, and murmured: "The horse, *Inkos*—he kicks, very dangerous."

Then, as is their custom, he began to give a demonstration of what had happened. Standing up straight with a very stern expression on his face, he leaned forward and suddenly kicked out his left leg behind him two or three times, and at each kick he grunted and made a grimace as though the effort caused him pain. These antics and his over-solemn appearance struck me as so ridiculous that I burst out laughing; whereupon all the others began to giggle and jump about like children, delighted that the head boy had made a fool of himself.



Laws prohibit the overworking of husky and hunting dogs, but nobody does anything about the poor postman at this time of year.

Finally I tried to convince him that if he followed me into the shed and approached Star no further than I did, the horse could not possibly harm nor even touch him. But he would have none of it; he came as far as the door, and there he stood. I walked up to Star, and patted his neck and pulled his mane. Glancing back, I saw the boy watching me in the doorway, with a look of utter horror on his face. I then made a further attempt to inspire him with courage by walking past Star, to the cows beyond him. When I had done this and returned, thus twice passing the horse's hindquarters, I found the natives all clustered round the door, craning their necks as though really interested to learn how they might reach the cows without fear of being hurt. But when I asked any one of them to venture in as far as the cattle, they slowly fell back and stood mutely and obstinately still. Alone now in the doorway, I realized suddenly I was making a fool, not of them any more, but of myself. And feeling a flush of anger rising in me at my impotence, I turned to Maradza.

"Listen," I said in English, which the others could not understand, "*you* come in and show them an example. . . !"

But when I glanced back to follow him into the shed I stopped in astonishment, for Maradza had not moved. He just stood there, staring at the ground. Furious, I was on the point of taking him by the arm and pulling him in after me, when it occurred to me I had never in my life touched a native. With an effort I controlled myself, but the knowledge that the others knew in a moment what had passed between Maradza and myself made me all the more furious and forced me into immediate action . . . In a rage I dashed into the shed, took Star by the halter, turned him, and at a trot pulled him through the door. With a nasty feeling of triumph, I was aware of the whole group scattering in all directions. Outside the shed I stopped, holding Star by the head. Excited and fresh, he began pawing the ground. The natives were now standing clear of me, far apart, some even taking cover behind small trees. Only Maradza remained comparatively close; he leaned against the far wall of the shed, alone and sullen. I looked at him, and smiled. But, his expression unchanging, he simply lowered his head and gazed at the ground. Never had I seen him like this. It struck me suddenly that if no one on the farm was prepared to have anything to do with Star, things were going to be difficult. I could ill afford the time to rub him down and feed him night and morning, and there was no place but the shed in which to stable him. As it was, I knew I'd have to take his temperature twice a day, for I was determined to do all in my power to prevent him from contracting the dreaded "horse-sickness"—a disease which, if not fatal, reduces the victim's future life to misery, a life which I realized only too well it would be my lot to share on this lonely, forsaken farm.

To try and avoid this, there was only Maradza to whom I could appeal. Accordingly I approached him, confiding in him my fears, and adding that naturally I would increase his wage if he was prepared to look after Star and clean the leather when necessary. By personal demonstration I explained to him how to treat a horse and avoid all risk of being kicked. I asked him to hold Star at the end of the halter while I took his temperature and groomed him. But he wouldn't. He just shook his head and murmured: "Not for me, *Inkos*—not for me!"

Normally, at something so new to him, Maradza would have shown intense interest, but now

Continued on page 186

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Strangers Defeated

Continued from pages 74-185

he only looked at the ground and shifted his feet, muttering: "Not for me."

"What is it? Are you really afraid of the animal?" I asked, hoping this might bring from him a quick denial. For a moment he didn't reply. Then he glanced up at Star's head, scowled, and said: "He's mad!"

I laughed. "Why do you think that?" I said. "He only kicks and bucks, like a calf—because he's young and full of life. A calf's not mad!"

But he was silent again and looked away. Then he said something I've never forgotten. "Horses," he muttered, looking at Star, "they belong to *Inkos*," and he turned his eyes on me. "But a calf—oxen," he said, "they belong . . . . ." He hesitated, then raised his head and gazed out over the valley. "Oxen," he repeated, "they belong *here*." And lifting his arm, he made a sweeping gesture as though to encircle the land where he had spent his life.

In a despairing mood I said no more and turned from him. Star was straining at the rope, mad to be off. I approached with the bridle, and he began to paw the air with his forelegs. At last he was saddled, and with one bound we were in the air and away. For some ten minutes, right across the open valley, it was a difficult ride. I felt all his legs at once were more off the ground than on it; but when, on reaching the road, I put him into a gallop, he sobered up, thrust out his head, laid back his ears, and fled away at racing speed.

It was then, during that rousing, health-giving ride, that I decided to abandon any further attempt to dispel from the natives their innate fear and distrust of this animal. All I could hope for was that time and habit would finally succeed where I had failed. That night I stabled Star at the other end of the shed, far from the entrance, for only thus could I persuade the natives to tend and milk the cattle.

All through that fall I looked after Star, morning and night—taking his temperature twice a day, grooming him, feeding him, even cleaning the harness; and still, at the end of two months, not even Maradza had once so much as lifted a finger to help.

The end of that year turned into a drought; the soil hardened and cracked, and the days grew more and more oppressive under the merciless sun. Christmas, passing in tremendous heat, was followed by a week of lightning that split the sky from end to end. The nights were only that in name; from sunset to sunrise the world was bathed in constant white electric flames of light that ripped up and down the valley, disappearing so seldom that the only flashes of change were those of momentary darkness—a darkness that seemed blacker than any night.

Towards the end of a week the thunder came in a gigantic and ceaseless roar that sounded as though some other planet were nearing to rend the earth. Then, just before dark on New Year's Eve, came the first fall of the rain. We could hear it before it was on us, and I still think that was the most terrifying sound I ever heard. For an hour there had been a silence that alone, after a day and night of such thunder, was sinister and frightening enough. I was standing perspiring in the doorway of the hut when suddenly the bushes and trees nearby began to rustle, and in a moment an icy wind sent me running in for clothes. As I dressed, Maradza burst in, his teeth chattering.

"Listen, *Inkos!*" he whispered, his hand up. "Listen the rain!" I went to the door. And suddenly in the distance I heard a sweeping, tearing noise like the sound at sea when at the height of a storm the wind whips monstrous waves to fury. Shivering in the cold, I walked out and looked up the valley. Then I stood still. The horizon, even the end of the valley itself, was blotted out. A dense and shining wall of water was racing towards us. The roaring, tearing sound increased to a terrific hiss. The world suddenly grew dark. For a second, horror paralyzing my legs, I stood where I was. Then, feeling annihilation was coming with the onslaught of the approaching mass of water, I leapt into the hut. A moment later it was on us. It fell on the iron roof of the hut in a deafening crash. And for three days and nights that tremendous roar did not cease.

On the second day, full of fear as to what might have occurred in the shed, and determined not to wait any longer, I set out across the valley with Maradza. Outside, it was like trying to walk on the bed of the sea. The little river was

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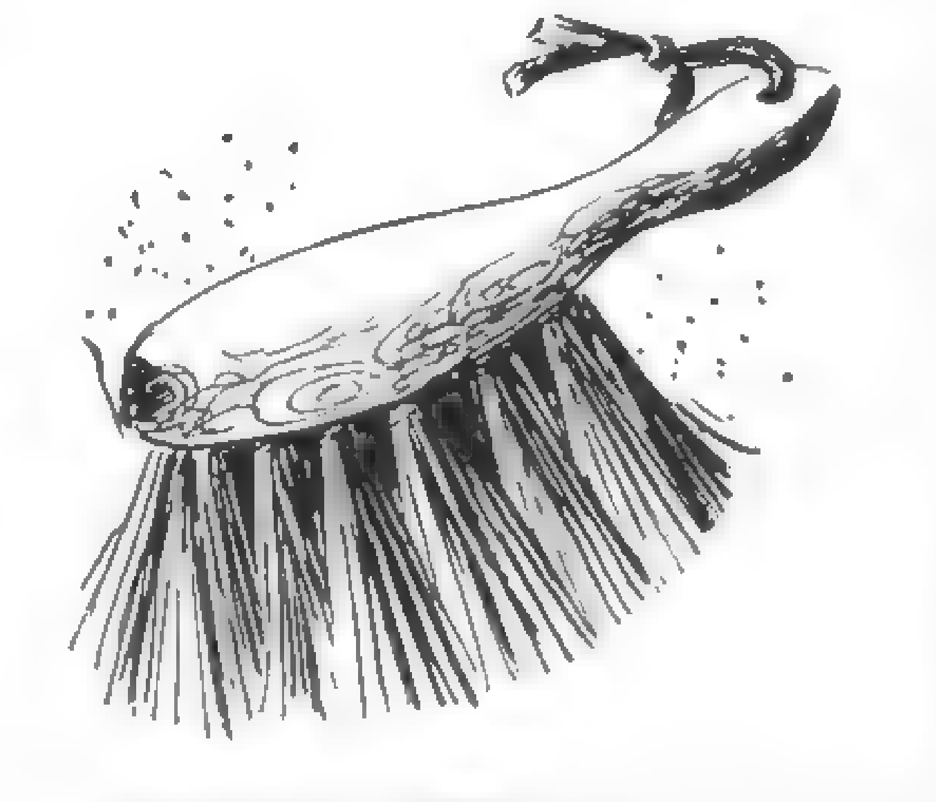

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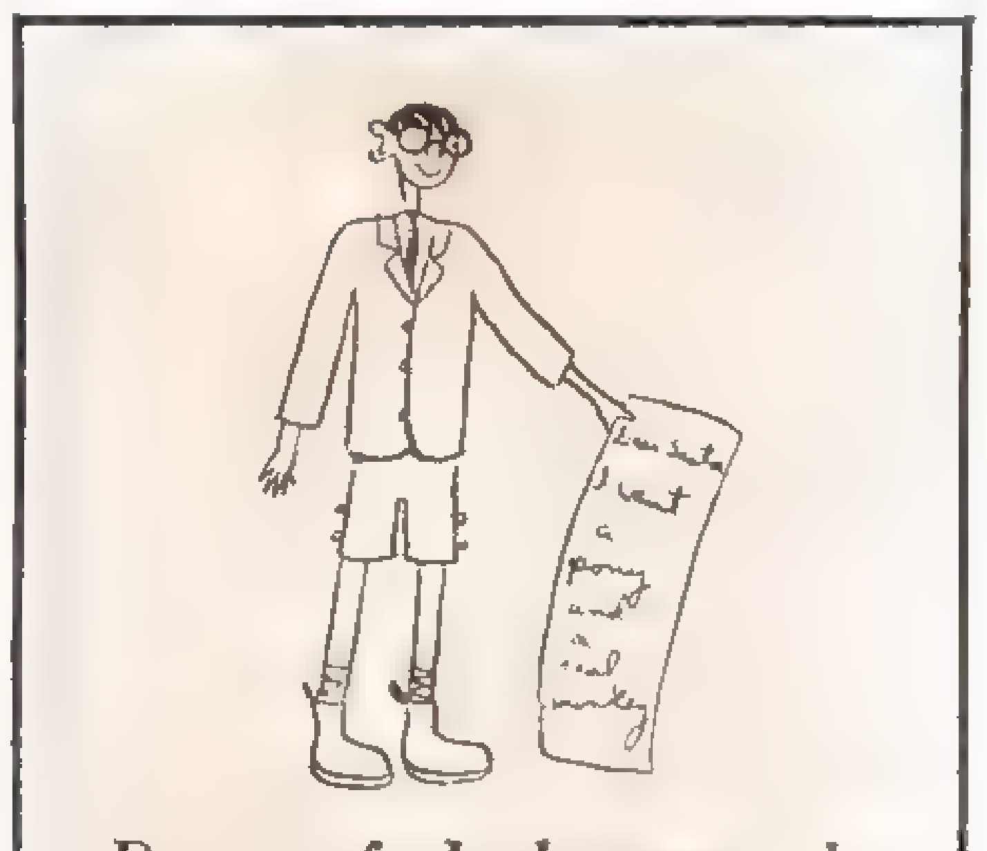
unrecognizable—it was a flooded torrent filled with bush and tree. Without Maradza I should never have attempted to cross it. Alone I'd never have dared to do what he did. For, without hesitation, he simply jumped straight in—and I watched him carried down on the current till he caught the branch of an overhanging tree, by which he hoisted himself out. Beckoning me to follow, I dived in likewise and was swept away on the flood. On the opposite bank he followed me down till one of my feet struck ground; then, as I fell back, he grabbed me and hauled me up, his eyes alight with the excitement of having proved his courage and agility greater than mine.



Due to fuel shortages the average schoolboy may enjoy a longer Christmas vacation than usual—thereby restoring his faith in Santa Claus.

Though we found the shed in a terrible state I offered up a silent prayer of gratitude on discovering Star apparently unharmed within. He was loose in the passage-way behind the cattle, evidently having broken his halter, and then eaten more than half of the hay stacked in the corner. He was drenched in rain, for a sheet of iron had blown off the roof, and from innumerable other slits spouts of water came hissing through. The floor was a flowing river; the rain coming down from the hill behind had penetrated the walls of unburnt brick, and was now careening through the shed and out of the door.

When I re-tethered Star to the ring of the stall he stood there trembling all over with cold. Frightened that the wet had got into him and chilled him through, I began searching for something dry with which to rub him down and keep him warm. But everything it seemed was soaked. Then, for the first time, I thought of Maradza. I looked about, but could see him nowhere in the shed. I called. And a voice answered from the far corner, where the hay was stacked.

"Here!" I shouted, "what the hell d'you think you're doing?" When he didn't reply I went over and found him sitting in the hay, which was dry. As he slowly and sullenly rose to his feet, water still dripping from his body, I felt the anger rising in me once more.

"What the—" I began, but for a moment no words would come, and I clenched my hands in fury. Maradza stood in front of me, staring at his feet.

"Get to hell out of this!" I shouted. Then, fearing he might leave the hut altogether, I thought better of it. "Come on, quick!" I shouted. "Bring some of that hay and help me dry the horse!"

He looked at me, then bent down and pulled out two handfuls of hay.

"Come on then," I said, and started to walk away. But he only held out the hay and would not move.

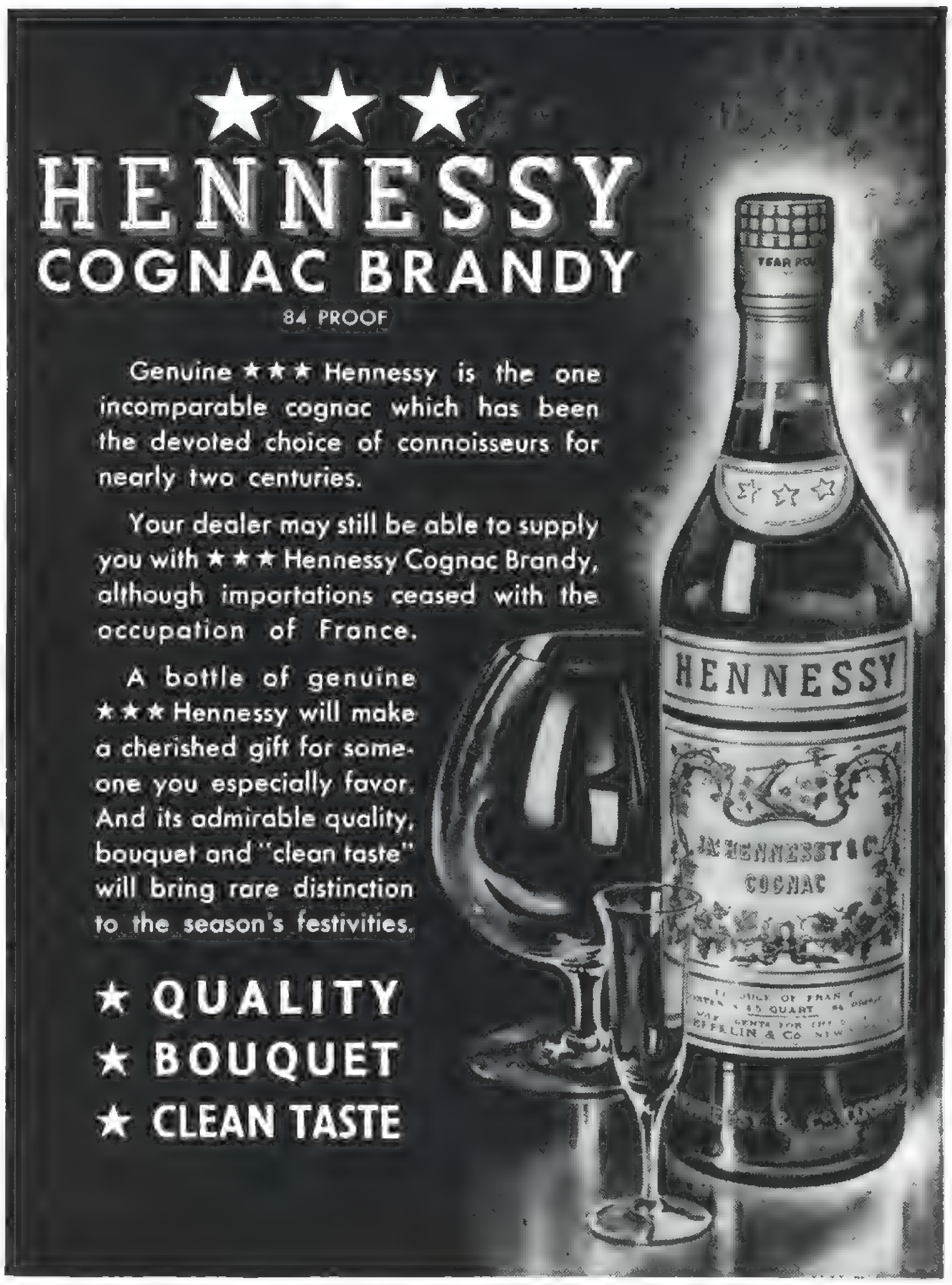
"Come on!" I yelled.

He shook his head. Blindly I snatched the hay from his hands and went back to Star. "Go and do something!" I shouted back. "Get out and stick the sheet of iron on the roof! Shift yourself or you can quit the farm for good!"

While I stood drying the horse I watched Maradza walk slowly out of the shed. His head was low, and I could see on his face that sullen and obstinate look that I could not stand. A few minutes later I heard the clatter of the iron sheet as it was dropped on the roof above. When this was fixed I sent Maradza to fetch the boys to milk the cows, while I set about filling the holes in the roof and walls. At last, by evening, the shed was almost watertight, though outside the rain still came down in torrents, keeping up an incessant thunderous roar on the roof. As usual, just as light was failing, the natives came in with the cows' feed and I got Star his mealies and filled the water trough. I poured the shelled seeds into the beaten tin and stood by to watch him eat. His custom was to make a dive for the bucket before I had emptied it, but now he waited till I had laid it on the ground. Then he lowered his head to the manger and sniffed, blowing out the seeds from under his nose. He raised his head and shook himself all over. I brought him some hay and put it among the mealies; he lowered his head again, snorted, took some between his lips, but immediately opened his mouth and let it drop. And then, very slowly, with increasing anxiety, it began to dawn on me he was not well. Quickly I got the thermometer and for the first time since I had known him he made no remonstrance when I placed my hand on his tail. . . . My fingers trembled as I looked for the mercury. It was two degrees above normal.

That night I decided to sleep in the shed. I bade Maradza do the same, telling him Star was ill and that I might need his help. At this news I think now that for an instant a change came over his face and that he looked me full in the eyes before he lowered his head and continued to behave as he always had in the shed since the horse's arrival. He turned away and did not speak, and when I told him there was nothing more to be done he rolled himself up in a blanket, laid himself down in the hay, and was soon unconscious. In a corner near the horse I found an open

Continued on page 188



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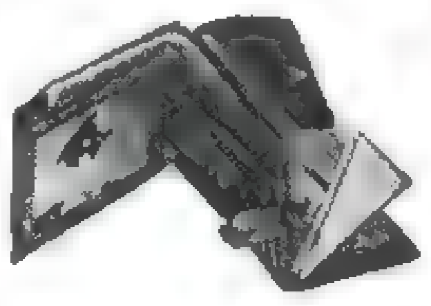

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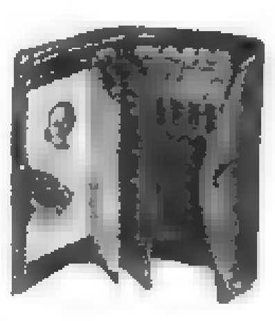

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Strangers Defeated

Continued from pages 74-185-187

space where, having first of all strongly physicked Star and covered him with rugs, I spread a thick layer of hay and then, very despairingly, lay down to sleep. Yet, while the horse rarely moved and no rain found its way in to cause me discomfort, I lay awake for hours in a torment of wondering if what Star had contracted would prove more than a chill. And it was not till then, thinking of the time before I had bought him, that I began to realize to the full what a difference the horse had made to my lonely life on the farm. Everything I did now I found myself doing with a zest I had never previously known; the most irksome tasks I could accomplish almost with a sense of pleasure, and the distances that at one time had taken me the major part of a day to cover had lately, with Star racing me away, seemed only too short. Turning back and forth under the blankets, I kept refusing to imagine life again without the power by which I could acquire such peace, telling myself honestly at last that this power could be obtained nowhere in my world save through the animal beside me. All I could do in my anxiety was to keep reminding myself that the man from whom I had bought him had sworn Star had been inoculated against all fevers. Finally, forcing his words to repeat themselves in my head, I sank into a heavy sleep.

And that night, for the first time in weeks, I was once more in the grip of one of my old nightmares. Again Star and I were being ridiculed with laughter at the hands of the natives. At last, limp and sweating, I woke to the sound of the cows being milked. My immediate conscious thought was that the rain had ceased, for the squirting of the milk into pails was all that broke the silence that came sudden now after the long roar of the rain. Then, opening my eyes, I looked up at Star, and I held my breath. For a moment I could not move. Then I jumped out of the blankets. I put my hand on the horse's neck, but he did not stir an eyelid. Over the manger that was still full of mealies, with the hay just as I had left it, Star's head hung heavily, his muzzle resting on the edge of the beaten tin. I looked at his eyes, and they were half-closed, with a discolored stream running from the corners. But when I saw his jaws I nearly cried out—for they were open, wide apart, lower lip hanging away from the pink gums, revealing the yellow, even teeth as though in a ghastly grin. Looking closer, I saw with horror that not only was the tongue turning color, but that the jaws were wide simply because it had already swollen so large in his mouth. . . . Star had horse-sickness.

I don't know how long I stood there, with my arm over the animal's withers, before a hand on my shoulder brought me back to reality. I turned, and Maradza was standing by me. And beyond him, in the passage close behind the horse, where previously nothing on earth could persuade them to come, stood the natives, gazing at Star, then at me, from solemn expressionless eyes. Maradza looked at me, then at Star, and for the first time in his life he laid his hand on the horse's back. Star made no move.

"Sick," he said.

I said nothing.

"Very sick," he said, and he shook his head. Then he looked up at me, and slowly a smile appeared on his face.

"*Inkos,*" he murmured, "me—me look after Star."

When again I did not answer he began to hum. Beyond him I saw the others smile at each other and then, going back to their work, I heard the hum taken up by them as the milk again began pouring into the cans.

Maradza did look after Star. And the horse recovered—or should I say he did not die?—for I sent immediately for the special serum and inoculated Star, and from that day to the end of the six weeks' illness, during most of which he was nearer to death than life, Maradza helped me tend him in the daytime, even learning to take the horse's temperature; and every night he slept where I had just lain, in the corner beside the horse.

On the day, at the end of that time, when I saddled Star and led him out into the light again, Maradza followed at his heels, and the other natives came out and clustered round as once more I put my foot into the stirrup. Surrounded by them, Star standing as motionless as the cows stood to be milked, I swung my leg over the saddle. When he did not stir, Maradza gave him two smart slaps on his quarters. And as we moved slowly forward I looked back. Close together, with Maradza smiling in front, I saw the natives silently watching us. But quickly, with a sudden sensation of panic, I turned my head again, lest I should see a smile break on all their faces and hear their low laughter rise.

On a slack rein, with the drooping head before me, we moved slowly down into the valley. ⌗

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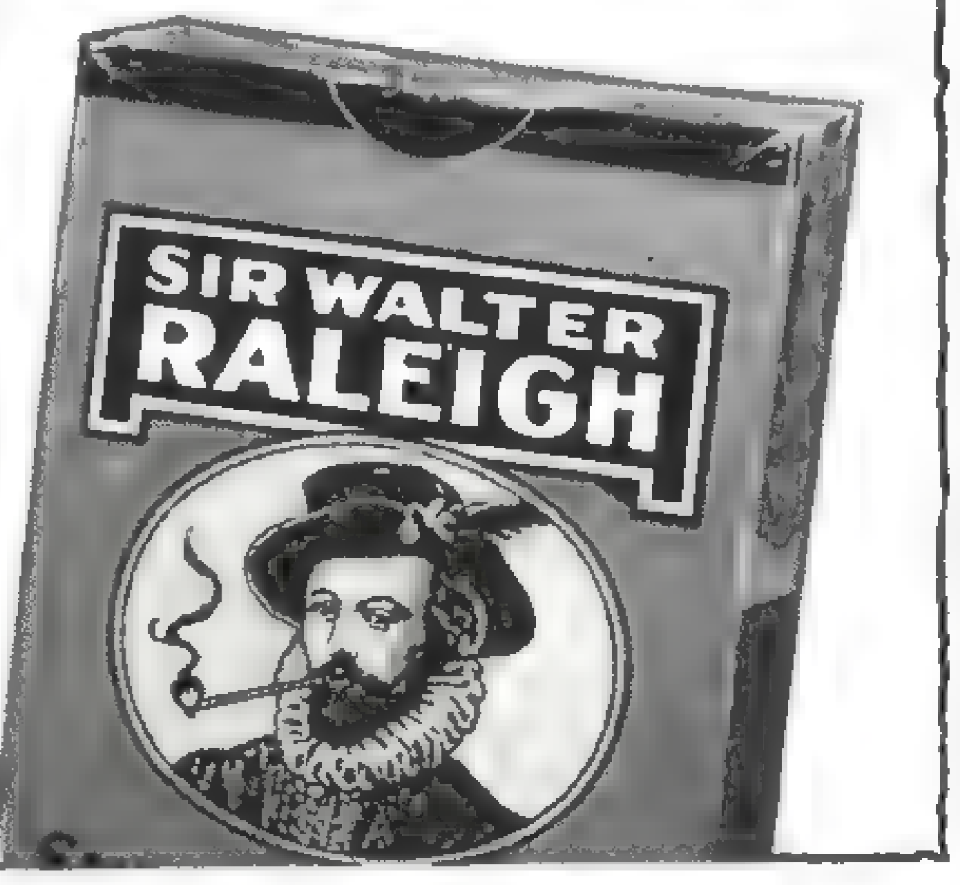

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 89

naughty world. The physical educators have observed an alarmingly large per cent of students who are almost psychopathically adverse to sports competition, especially of the contact type.

In justice it has to be said for the dazed and dilatory school administrators that the Army and Navy physical training programs during the fifteen years prior to this war haven't been notably strenuous or progressive. Not until the Navy's pre-flight twelve-weeks' physical training program presented the model for an American fit-to-fight conditioning routine did Navy and Army officials clearly see what could and should be done.

The first thing the pre-flight schools proved was that American young men could not be frightened by the certainty of a schedule of sweat, strain, fatigue and rough man-to-man competition. Publicity on the pre-flight schools was thought by some to accent the severe grind to the extent that some potentially excellent naval aviators softened by neglect of physical conditioning in school would be discouraged as candidates. In actual practice the publicity worked the other way. The boys considered the pre-flight test a challenge. It has to be said that the Navy pre-flight experience confirmed the recruiting lesson learned by the marines who've gathered a great array of battling talent by playing their traditional "first to fight" tune.

Second, the Navy's pre-flight schools have demonstrated that the time can be had for adequate physical conditioning of school students by smart management. Although the pre-flight course is fifty per cent physical training during a twelve-weeks' period due to necessity of putting later stress on technical education of students, the features of the pre-flight course can be introduced into school schedules without over-burdening scholars.

When school athletic officials spent their two weeks at the Navy pre-flight schools last summer they got a valuable lesson in the efficient budgeting of athletic time from Lieut. Col. Bernie Bierman, formerly football coach at the University of Minnesota and now athletic director of the pre-flight school at Iowa City.

Unquestionably many coaches from the Ninth Naval District came to Iowa City primarily to learn tactics of football warfare from the famed Bierman. They saw thrift in the management of time as Bierman worked almost to the second on the two hours daily allowed for the Seahawks' football practice. Practice was from 4 to 6 p.m., during the period in which pre-flight students work out in sports of their own selection. The session followed two hours of required athletic training specifically designed for combat conditioning, two hours of academic work and two hours of military training, in a day that started at 5:30 a.m. and swept the fog of sleep away by brisk exercises promptly after hitting the deck.

The situation at Iowa City was typical of the pre-flight schools' attitude toward football. Notwithstanding Lieut. Col. Bierman's distinguished and popular background the Seahawk gridiron platform wasn't that of providing the public with a good show but of using football to provide the pre-flight students with training in fighting technique and competitive spirit. The extensive intramural football program revealed some of the most intense football you could see and brought into action surprisingly able pigskin talent that never before had played football.

Football, and all other sports on the pre-flight program are strictly part of the war training of potential combat pilots whose physical and temperamental fitness must take into consideration elements other than those of fighting tasks. The naval aviator operates frequently from a base that's the deck of a rolling, bounding carrier. While he's on some missions his carrier may be compelled to change its location—or be destroyed. Then the young man may be at the mercy of the deep sea or of unknown land that nature has not fitted with landing areas.

Then it's the flier's guts and stamina that enable him to make whatever use of brains is possible under the circumstances.

In establishing a sports program to prepare young men for fighting, the Navy pre-flight schools have given soccer football prominence far beyond what soccer has had as a scholastic, collegiate or spectator sport in the United States. Pre-flight physical educators say of soccer "it is the one sport in which the student must control his own weight and the ball with his feet alone, doing both at the same time. This feature stresses the development of agility, co-ordination and balance, each of which is necessary to the make-up of a good fighting flier."

Pre-flight physical tutors have some curious problems to solve in giving students groundwork to save their lives in combat. They

The Fair Isle pullover, revival of a fashion of the Twenties, brings striking designs and varied colors to tweed outfits.

Continued on page 192

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 89-190

train away the tendency to move to the right in action, an instinct developed by traffic movement in this country. That's not a difficult job for coaches who have had to teach football backfield men not to get in the habit of running to one favored side. In the pre-flight schools pupils are taught to be in position for effectiveness, moving in any direction, in any plane, and even upside down.

Of interest to those who almost have forgotten that wrestling is a sport is the pre-flight schools' discovery that American catch-as-catch-can wrestling fundamentally is far more effective in making the opponent yell "uncle" or in maiming or killing him, than is the Japs' jiu jitsu. Lt. (j.g.) Wesley Brown, Jr., formerly wrestling coach at Northwestern University and a member of the Evanston (Illinois) police force has devised methods of self-defense and attack against armed or unarmed opponents in man-to-man engagements that apply the positive points of wrestling, jiu jitsu, British Commando and Nazi Gestapo technique in the furthest development of means of mayhem and manual murder.

Events from the pre-flight schools' programs inevitably will become standard on high school and college intramural and extramural athletic routines. It's probable that the first one to appear will be races over obstacle courses. These courses haven't been standardized at the pre-flight schools but consist of basic type obstacles: hurdles, wall climbs with and without cleats, hand-over-hand travel, fence vault, dodge run, rope swing, under obstacle crawl, and combination over-under with dodges.

Grenade throwing for accuracy and distance, an event on the college sports calendar around the time of the first World War, has been restored to the competitive athletic schedule by the pre-flight schools.

Field conditions are simulated with ingenuity and severity in the pre-flight schooling. In swimming, for instance, endurance swimming under adverse conditions is taught. The students swim clothed, under water and exposed to hazards of fire, oil and cold. At Iowa's pre-flight school twenty per cent of the first battalion couldn't swim, and another twenty per cent were barely able to keep afloat. But when these students got through the twelve-weeks' training they were able to pass such tests as jumping off a ten-foot tower, swimming sixty feet under water, then sixty feet on the surface, after which they were able to take off their trousers, tie knots in each leg and use their pants as floating aids.

The Navy's pre-flight man-making program has set the model realistic educational administrators have adopted for correcting the condition noted by President Tyler Dennet of Williams College:

"Our young men may come out all right—probably they will; but at college age they are still soft. For each new generation infancy is being prolonged a little more. The law of the survival of the fittest is more and more being suspended, both by government and by indulgent parents. The consequences are a little frightening."

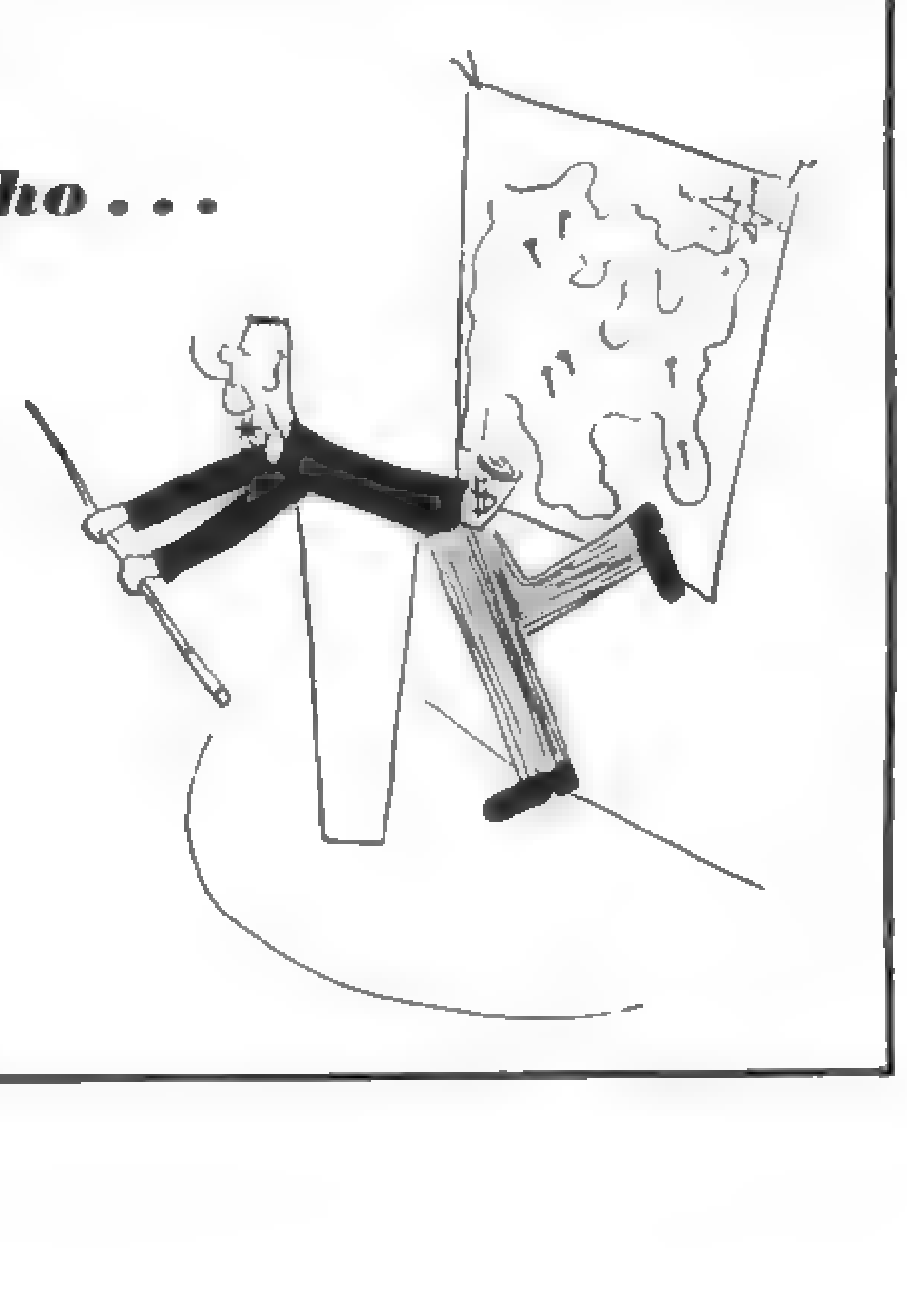
Since President Dennet made his observation it has become plain that the law of the survival of the fittest hasn't been suspended. The Navy, wanting the fittest as its fliers, worked out a plan to select and develop the fittest of young men. Those schools that have recognized the responsibility of developing students who can protect the American educational system have been quick to adopt the Navy pre-flight plan. Coaching and equipment shortage possibilities have been taken into consideration by the Navy's pre-flight physical conditioning experts in making main phases of the pre-flight plan available for school use.

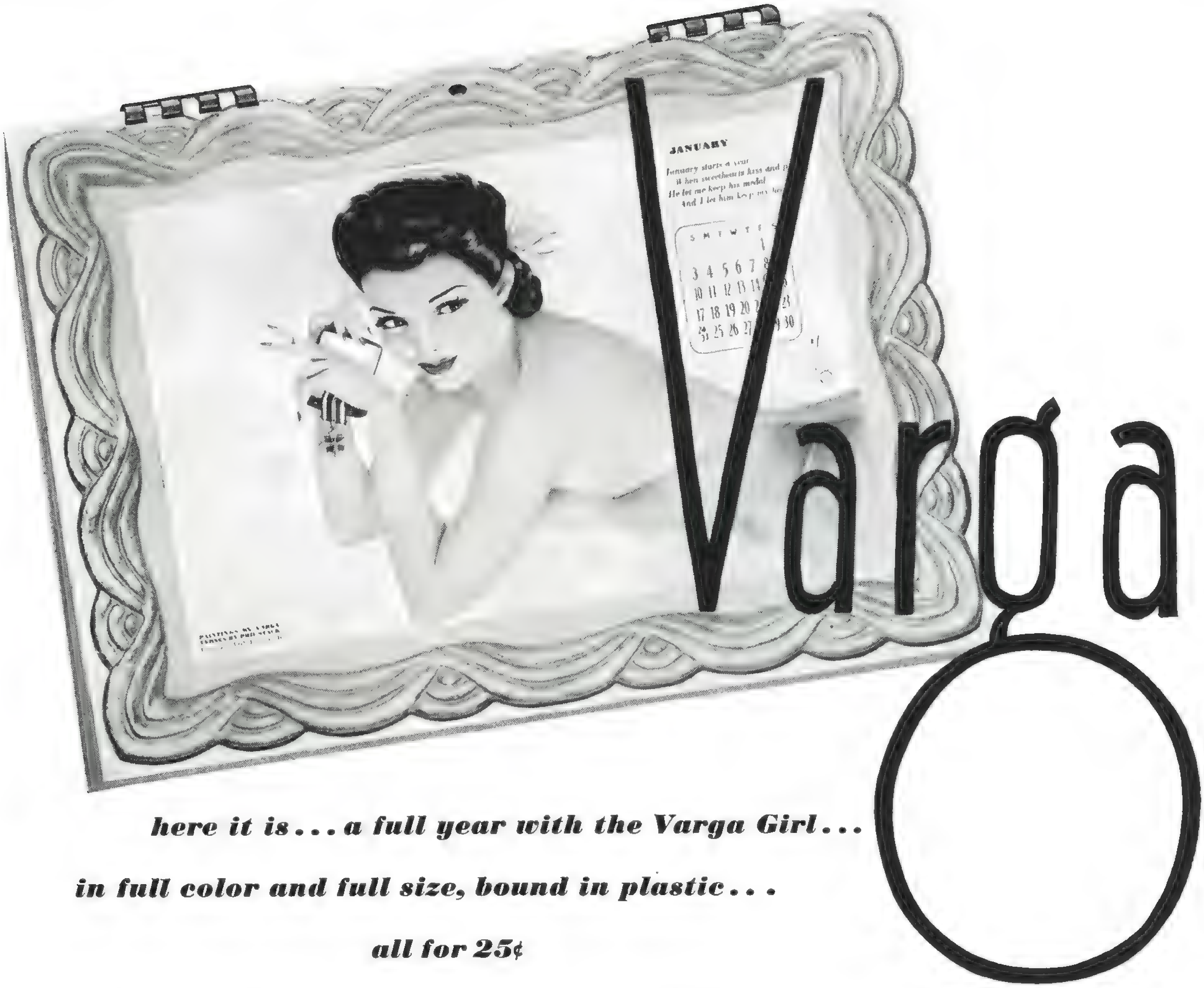
The plan worked out by Comdr. Tom Hamilton and his associates is contained, for Navy use, in a 190-page book. Condensations of this book, for high school and college use, and limited field service are made available by the division of Commander Hamilton's staff headed by Lieut. Comdr. Willis O. Hunter.

Regardless of the demonstrated tremendous and timely merit of the plan in preparing young men to save themselves, it's a long way from being as extensively applied to compulsory physical education in school as the national crisis dictates. When educational politicians get lead in their fannies they really get a load of it that the heat of emergency can't melt. ⌘

war commentators are people who . . .

Lecture to the Women's Clubs
In manner suave and solemn,
Also find the time to write
A syndicated column,
Air the latest war news
To a palpitating throng,
And draw a princely salary
For guessing right . . . or wrong!





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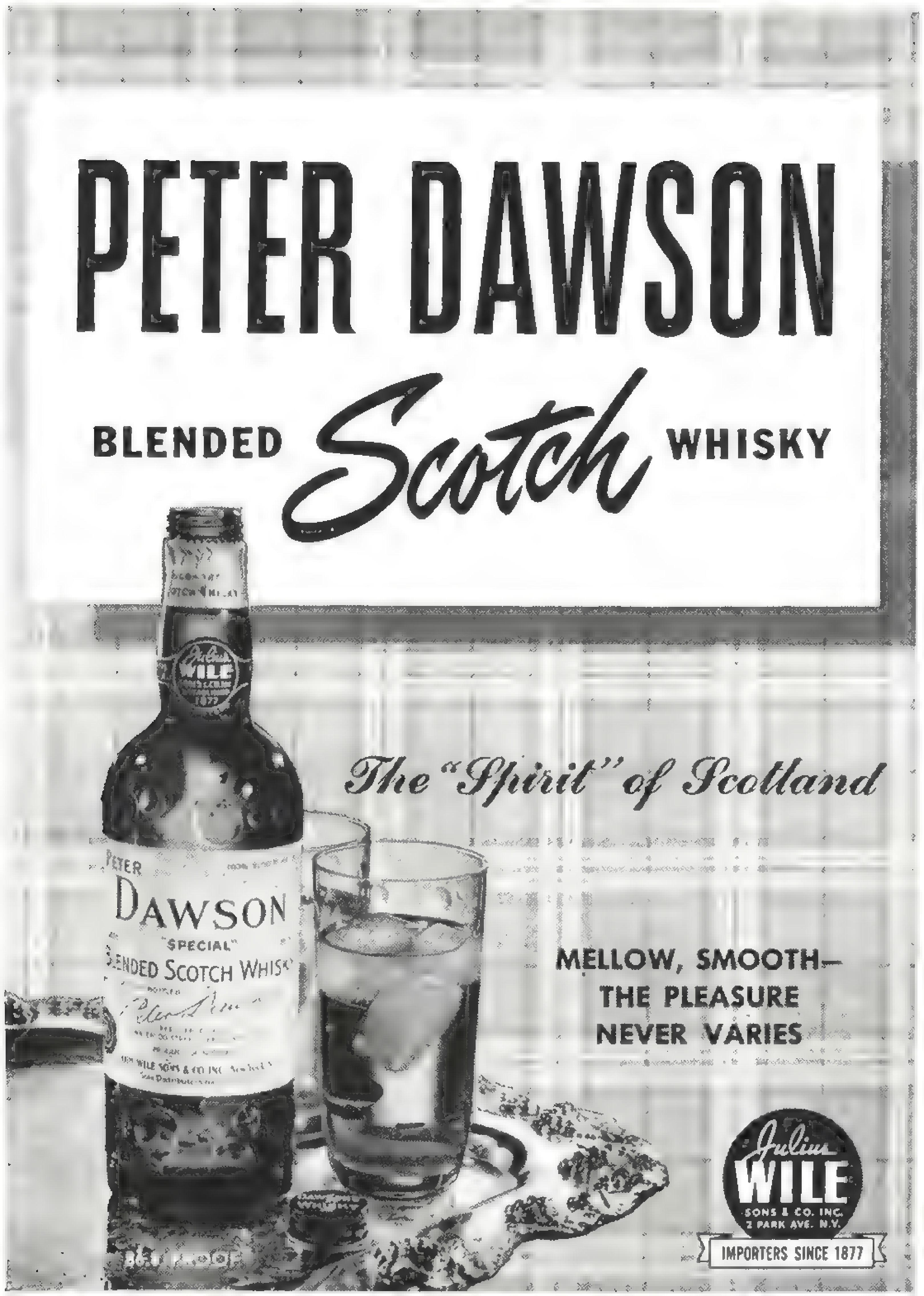

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Stars in the Service

Last word heard from Captain "Ike" Parker, Auburn grid star in '32, was "Come on men!"

Captain William D. Parker, 131st Field Artillery, was reported "missing in action" on June 2, 1942, in the Battle of Java. Captain Parker [Ike to his buddies] was 152-pound alternate-captain of the 1932 Auburn football team, a terrific blocker and a smart field general. In 1928 he was quarterback on the Marion Institute eleven that led the nation in scoring. One of his buddies reported that in the Battle of Java he heard Ike say in the heat of the conflict: "Come on men!" He has not been heard from since. But his friends maintain that the Japs didn't capture Ike Parker. He was too much of a fighter.

* * *

Sebastian [Bud] Boring, Jr., who won two letters in track and one in football at the University of Akron, was rejected by the Marine recruiting officer in Cleveland because the middle finger on his left hand was deformed and wouldn't fit into the glove worn with the Marine's dress uniform. So Bud had the finger amputated at the middle joint, and then returned to the recruiting station. The officer said that he had heard of men having fingers cut off to avoid the service, but amputation of a finger in order to join up was "a new one." The last report on Boring was that he was in the thick of it with the Marines in the Solomons.

* * *

Al Bragalone and Ken Moeller weathered many rough times together in three years of football at Indiana. Al was a regular guard and Ken a substitute center. Sometimes they played side by side, though more often Ken chafed on the bench wishing he could get in there and help his pal. Later Ken learned the signals for Al's position and once in a while substituted for him at guard.

Moeller was graduated; Bragalone finishing school at the same time without a degree, and both as Reserve Officers Training Corps seniors were assigned to Ft. Benning, Georgia, for advanced training in Uncle Sam's infantry officer school. A few months later they had completed the rigorous course with flying colors. Ken and his fiancee, Miss Clare Marie Snyder, had set their wedding date.

Then came their orders. This time it was Moeller who was to start the game and Bragalone who was to remain for awhile on the bench. For Ken's assignment was overseas, Al's here in the States. There was not much time; it looked as if Moeller's marriage plans would have to wait until peace was restored in the world.

Then came Bragalone with a proposal that astounded the commanding officer: "Bragalone in for Moeller." Al, it seemed, had plenty of martial plans, but none marital. But Moeller sent the would-be substitute back to the sidelines. "I've never yet asked to be taken out, and now is no time to start," said he.

Maybe because of Bragalone's unselfish proposal time was found for Moeller and Miss Snyder to be wed before he went into Uncle Sam's game. Meanwhile Al is waiting for his chance to get in there beside him.

* * *

Garnet Paul Francis, Jr., tackle on the Allegheny College elevens of 1930 and '31, became a captain in the U. S. Army Medical Corps, and went to the Philippines in 1941 as a dental surgeon. There he met and fell in love with a Second Lieutenant Army nurse and they planned to be married. War, however, disrupted their plans. Captain Francis went on duty in Bataan, leaving his fiancee in Manila. Weeks later the nurse was assigned to a field hospital on Bataan. There, as the Japs pressed their attack, the couple decided to disregard regulations and be married. The ceremony was performed at night in a jungle battle zone. An Army chaplain officiated, and Francis' commanding officer was best man.

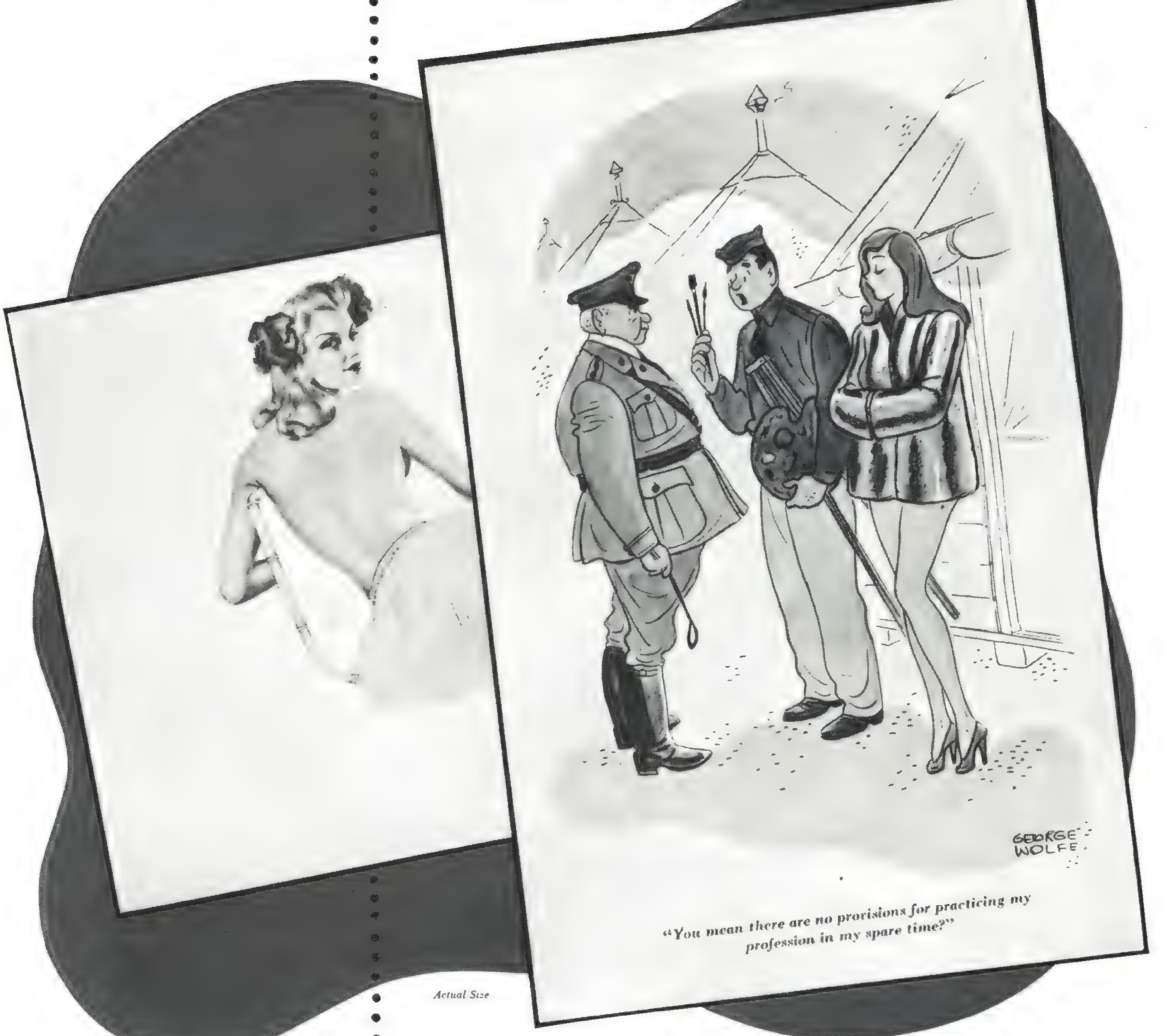
A few days later, Captain Francis left his bride behind to take charge of a first-aid battalion in the battle lines. They saw each other again. That was when Bataan was collapsing, and the nurses and others were being evacuated. Captain Francis came back to take charge of the field hospital just as his bride was leaving. Francis remained to tend the wounded and await the oncoming Japs.

* * *

Johnny Roberts, fullback on Alabama's 1938 Rose Bowl team and also a member of the baseball

This is the way Vice-Admiral Robert Lee Ghormley of the United States Navy looked back in 1900, '01 and '02 when he was quarterback on the University of Idaho football team. On the campus at Moscow in those days he was known as Bob or "Cow" Ghormley. Admiral Ghormley was also a member of the track team at Idaho, and continued his athletic career later at Annapolis.

Continued on page 196



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Stars in the Service

Continued from page 194

and boxing teams while in college, was one of our dive bomber pilots lost in the Battle of Midway. Two other former Alabama athletes have been lost. Hugh Bedient, pitcher on the 1936, '37 and '38 baseball teams, was killed in an airplane crash on Long Island while with the Army Air Corps, and Ed Gibbons, member of the track team during the same years, was killed in an Army Air Corps crash in Louisiana.

Lieutenant Tom Borders, tackle on the 1938, '39 and '40 Crimson Tide elevens, piloted a Flying Fortress in the American Air Forces' first bombing raid of Germany in July.

* * *

Lieutenant William Gilbert, who was co-pilot of a bomber called "Eager Beavers" that raided Axis shipping in Navarino Bay, Greece, was an outstanding tackle on the DePauw elevens of 1937, '38 and '39.

* * *

Ensign Cleo Dobson, captain of the 1935 Oklahoma A. and M. basketball team, received the Distinguished Service Cross after being credited with destroying a Jap submarine during an action in the Southwest Pacific.

Lieutenant Don Bonham, tackle on the Oklahoma A. and M. eleven in 1940, was reported missing when the bomber he was piloting in the Southwest Pacific failed to return. Weighing 220 pounds in his football days, Bonham underwent a period of dieting torture to reach 176 so that he could enlist in the Air Corps more than a year ago.

Of the 68 Oklahoma A. and M. football players of the last three seasons who are not still in college, 33 per cent are now commissioned officers in the armed forces, and most of the rest are in the service.

* * *

Even though complete records are impossible to obtain, the latest figures show that at least 137 former University of California athletes are now serving in the armed forces of the United States. The list includes two brigadier generals: Dave Hardy, a crewman of the class of 1914, and Jimmy Doolittle of the class of 1918, a boxer during his days on the Berkeley campus. California is also proud of Lieutenant Colonel John Davies, '28, a former trackman who was second in command of the fliers who went back to the Philippines on a bombing raid immediately after the surrender on Bataan. Other California athletes doing outstanding work in the services include: Lieutenant Colonel Talma "Tut" Imlay, '26, former football star; Major Harold "Brick" Muller, '25, All-American end on the Wonder Team; and Lieutenant Roy Riegels, '31, All-American center.

* * *

Eight of the nine men on Colgate's casualty list to date were former lettermen. The athletes were: Lieutenant Marsh W. Miller, '37, football and wrestling—killed on December 7, 1941 at Cavite while serving with the Navy; Aviation Cadet Richard A. Reid, '41, tennis—killed in a training plane crash over Sikeston, Missouri, December 29, 1941; Ensign Oscar W. Pfeiffer, '39, track and wrestling—killed in plane crash off Hampton Roads, Virginia; Leading Air Craftsman Ralph McCutcheon, '44, R.C.A.F., freshman swimming—killed in crash at Summerside Training School, Prince Edward Island; Lieutenant Donald Dubois, '40, cross country, track and skiing captain—killed in airplane accident over New Caledonia, May 12, 1942; Lieutenant Robert B. Brossmer, '38, R.C.A.F., hockey, lacrosse and skiing—missing in action after British air raid over France, May 4, 1942; Aviator Anthony J. LaBella, '37, R.C.A.F., football—killed in plane crash in Canada; and Captain John O. Nevins, '40, U. S. Marine Corps, soccer and wrestling—killed in a raid on Solomon Islands in August. Ensign E. W. Leland, '43, the ninth Colgate casualty, had no athletic background in school.

* * *

Ensign Har Gustafson, captain and end of the 1940 Pennsylvania football team, is instructing cadets at the Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, Michigan.

* * *

Lieutenant Colonel Bert Baston, All-American end on that great 1916 Minnesota team, who carries machine-gun scars from his term of service with the Marines in the other war, was in the automobile business in Minneapolis as a sideline to his end-coaching of the Gophers. When the war broke, he lined up all the young mechanics in the region for the tank corps through his acquaintance with the automobile dealers. This won him his commission. #

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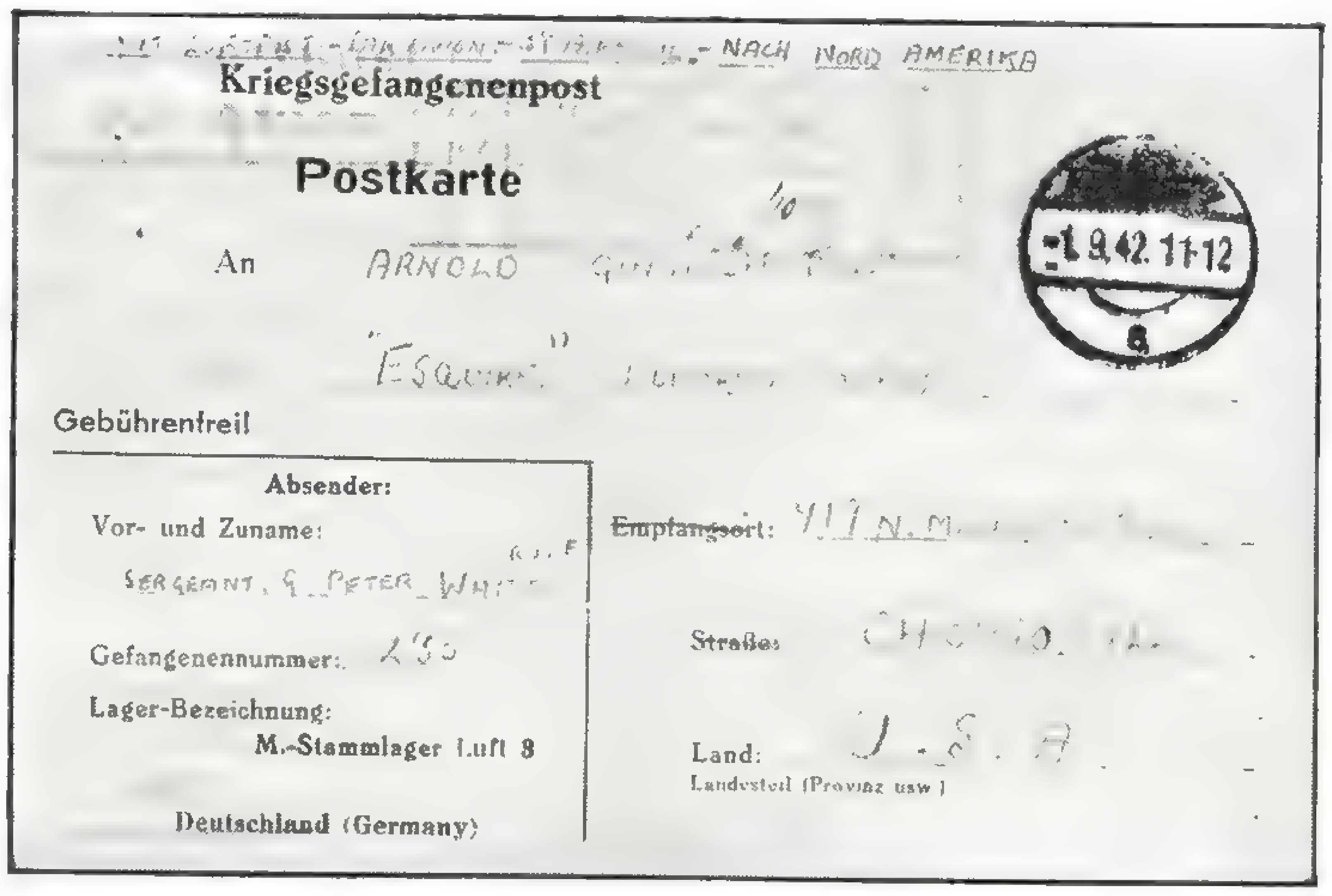
Before the season closes!

Smileage Through Barbed Wire

In the somber melancholy of a German war prisoners' camp for British airmen downed in the Reich, a mirth-starved RAF fighter pilot last August found a ray of cheer. "Wonder of wonders," he suddenly said. "It's Esquire!" News of his discovery whistled about the camp. The next day the waiting list for that one back number copy was 50; three days later it was 2,000—the entire camp!

Postcards telling us of how Esquire brought new spirit to those imprisoned flyers have just arrived in our offices. Their words are simple . . . "did me more good than six food parcels" . . . "the most sought after mag in the camp" . . . but these are words that tell a cheering story. For they show, in their undramatic way, that the courage on which Winston Churchill relied when he promised his people nothing but "Blood, sweat and tears" has not been killed in these brave men. Surrounded by barbed wire, they still can laugh and be amused and think . . . and, when the occasion arises again, fight.

We've reproduced the cards below. You'll notice that the boys ask for your back copies of Esquire. It's a small thing to you, but it's a breath from the world of civilization to these RAF men. Why not send them your copies . . . and also write a letter. Steve Jarvis is Prisoner of War 30274; Sgt. G. Peter White is P.O.W. 235, and Sgt. A. O. Lancaster is P.O.W. 81. Their address is Lager-Bezeichnung, M.-Stammlager Luft 3, Deutschland.



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1.9.42. 11-12

An ARNOLD

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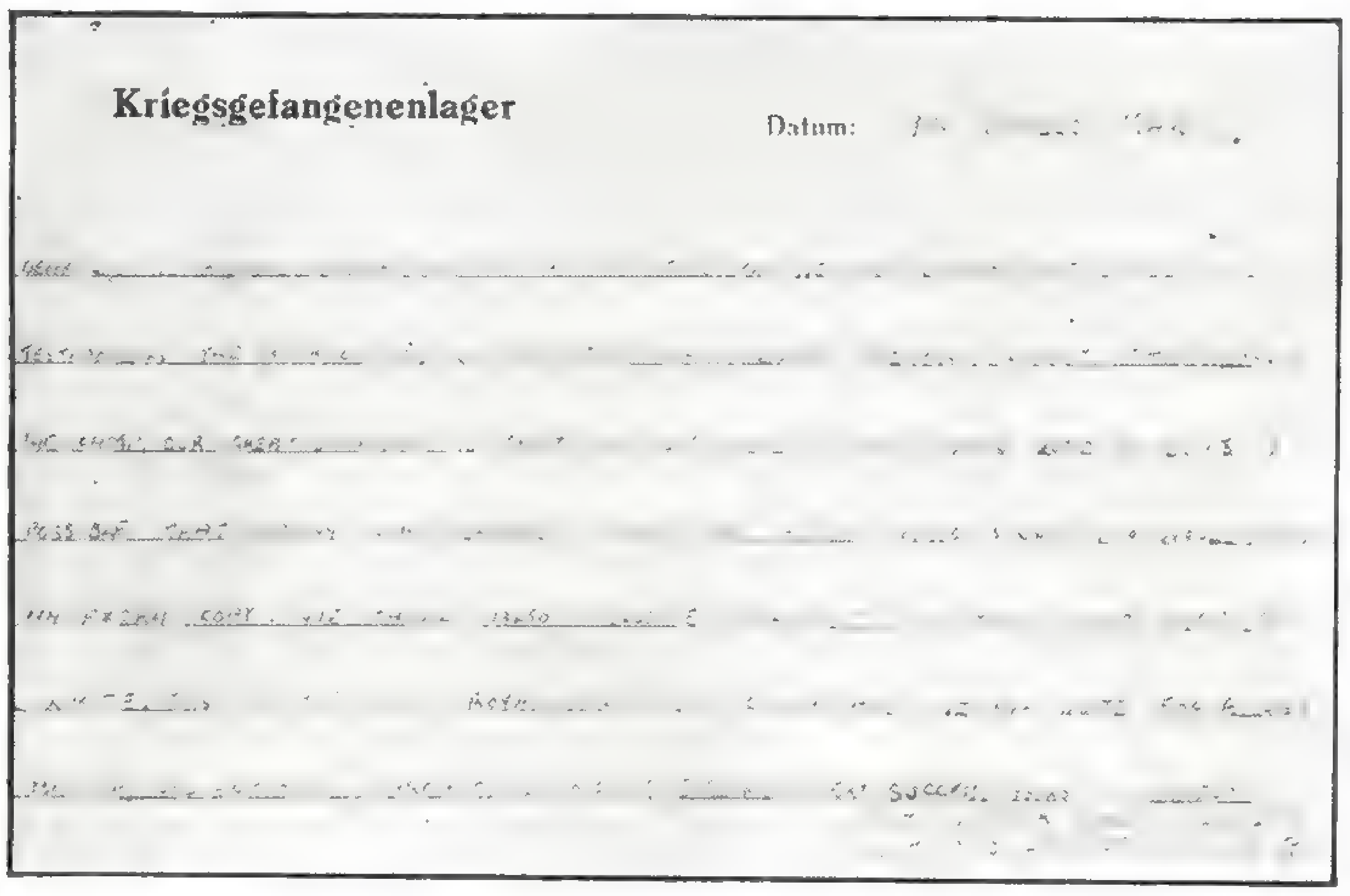
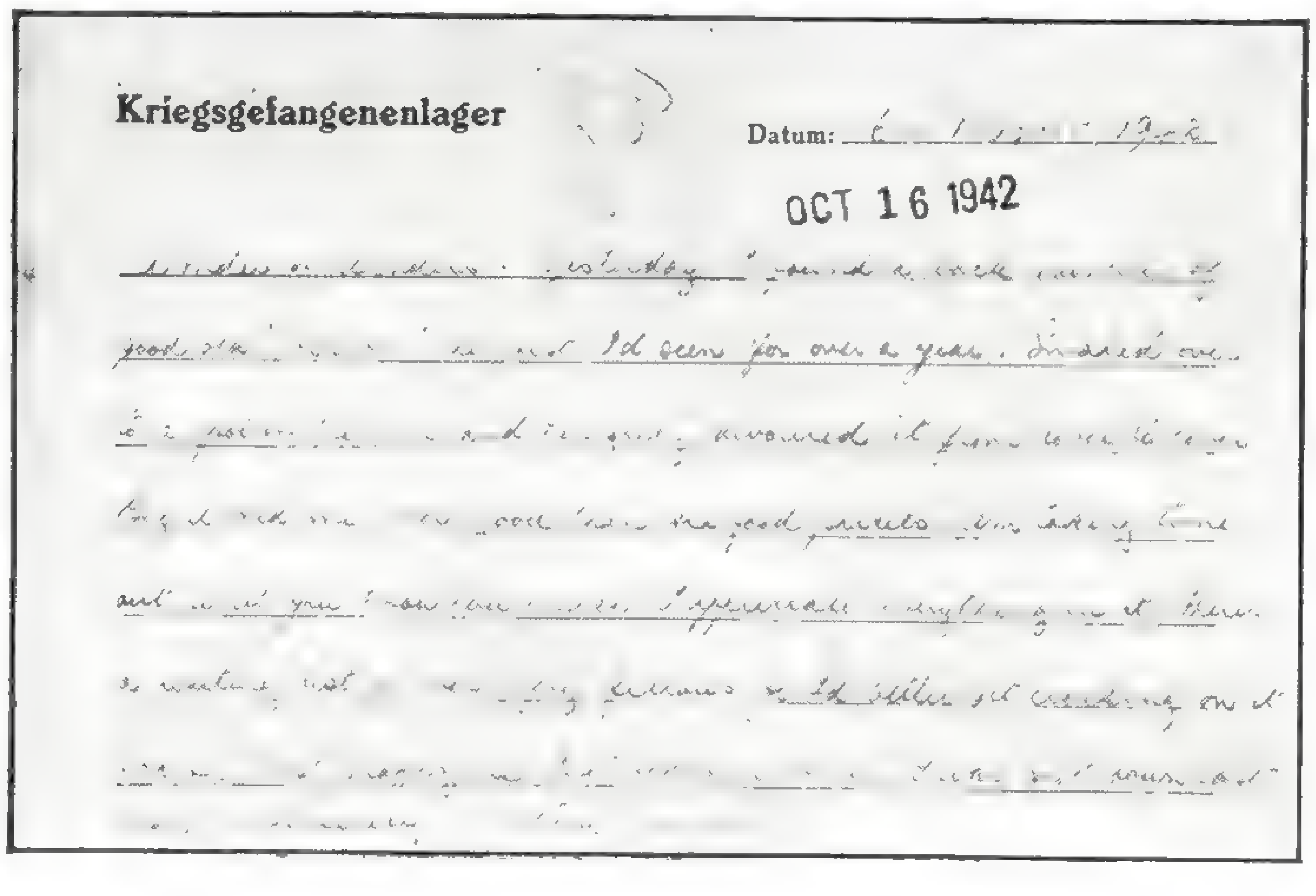
Absender:
Vor- und Zuname: SERGEANT, G. PETER WHITE
Gefangenennummer: 235
Lager-Bezeichnung: M.-Stammlager Luft 3
Deutschland (Germany)

~~Empfangsort~~:
Straße: CHICAGO, ILL.
Land: U.S.A.
Landesteil (Provinz usw.)



Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum:



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Big Man in a Minor League

Continued from page 72

infielders when running bases.

"Hug had the smallest hands I ever saw on a ball player. But I never saw a surer pair of hands.

"I have often discussed Hug with men who played with and against him in the National League. They, like me, never saw a base runner knock the ball out of his hands on plays around second base.

"I never saw a second baseman who was Hug's equal at putting the ball on a runner, or pivoting on double plays.

"Hug was a fine hitter, too, always batting .300 or better in the American Association and National League. A fellow had to be an unusually good hitter to bat .300 with that old dead ball.

"He was fast as a streak on the bases. It was because of his speed that I persuaded him to change his batting stance from right to left-handed, reducing the distance to first base, and providing a quicker start.

"It was difficult for Hug to switch, but he stuck at it and finally mastered the knack so completely he batted .330 in 1903.

"Poor little Hug! Never strong, he'd play himself completely out in a game and would have to lie down and rest for an hour or two afterward. He burned up so much energy as a player and manager that it hastened his death."

* * *

Kelley, during his lengthy career in the American Association, developed and sent more ball players to the majors than any other minor league owner or manager. Among them were:

Huggins, Bill McKechnie, Mike Gonzales, Chief Myers, Charley Dressen, Mark Koenig, Everett Scott, Harry Lumley, Spike Shannon, Sammy Bohne, Goldie Rapp, Tom Sheehan, Charley Hall, Herman (Germany) Schaefer, Elmer Miller, Bubbles Hargrave, Hughey Critz, Pat Malone, Marty O'Toole, Bill Kelly, Bob McGraw, Leo Mangum, Charley Ferguson, Charley Jones, Johnny Garbowski, Jimmy Pofahl, Bill Butland, Herb Hash, Johnny Butler, Babe Barna, Fabian Gaffke and Otto Denning.

Kelley was born at Otter River, Massachusetts, on December 2, 1875. As a youngster, he gained a reputation on the Otter River High School nine.

Following his graduation, Mike received offers of free tuition, board and room from Harvard, Dartmouth, Brown and Amherst to play baseball.

Mike's father urged him to matriculate at one of these universities and study law, but the husky young Irishman had his mind set on baseball. He accepted an offer of 75 dollars a month from the Augusta, Maine team of the New England League in 1895.

He played with the Augusta team for two years, following which he was sold to the Newport, Rhode Island team of the same league in 1897. Mike was purchased by the Rochester club of the Eastern League in 1898.

The following year found young Kelley with Barney Dreyfuss at Louisville, then in the National League. His teammates were such famous stars as Hans Wagner, Fred Clarke, Rube Waddell, Deacon Phillipi, Tommy Leach, Chief Zimmer, Dummy Hoy, Claude Ritchie and Charley Dexter.

* * *

"I always have had the warmest affection for Hans Wagner and Fred Clarke for being so nice to me when I was with them at Louisville," Kelley recounts.

"I was just a busher, and the way of a busher was hard in those rough and tough days of baseball.

"Most of the older players resented a young player joining their club. The fellow whose place you might take did his best to break your spirit by being downright mean.

"Luckily for me, Clarke, manager of the club, and Wagner took a fancy to me.

"It seems only yesterday the first game I played with Louisville against the old Baltimore Orioles at Baltimore.

"That was the team with which John McGraw, Hughey Jennings, Wilbert Robinson, Frank Bowerman, Dan McGann, Larry Doyle and King Kelly played. They were as tough as they've been pictured.

"They would come into you on the bases with their spikes high in the air to kick you off the bag, and cut you if you didn't give them the right of way. Those boys meant business.

"Being a newcomer on the team, they took picks on me. And the way they rode me while we were warming up was something scandalous.

" 'Who the hell's the dude playing first base?' one of the Baltimore players yelled from the bench.

" 'Oh, he's some punk Clarke picked out of a woman's college, I guess,' another shouted.

" 'I'll kick him into right field the first time I go into first base,' was another encouraging remark from the Baltimore dugout.

" 'Don't be so damned nice to him,' yelled another. 'I'll cut off one of his legs.'

"He's one of the exclusive few."

"Member of the 400?"

"Nope, a college football player who wasn't chosen on anybody's All-American team."

Prediction

The house of the future will have four or five extra detachable mantelpieces on which to display Christmas cards during the holiday season.

" 'Don't mind those guys, Mike,' Clarke said to me in the dugout before the game. 'If they hurt you, they'll have to answer to me.'

"I soon learned the Baltimore players really meant what they said before the game.

"McGann, in the first inning, hit a grounder to Wagner who threw him out to me. The play wasn't even close, but McGann spiked me in the left leg as he crossed the bag. There was no question about the spiking being deliberate.

"McGann soon answered to Clarke as Fred deliberately laid down a bunt to the pitcher the first time he came to bat. As McGann reached for the pitcher's throw, Clarke slid into first base, riding high on his shoulders and spiking McGann so severely in his left hand and arm that Dan was forced to leave the game.

" 'That's what you get, you big stiff, for hurting that kid,' Clarke snapped at McGann.

" 'And, listen, you other stiffs,' Clarke shouted at the whole Baltimore gang, 'If any of you spike young Kelley again, I'll cut off your heads.'

"The Baltimore players knew Clarke meant what he said, and they laid off me after that."

* * *

Wagner in Kelley's estimation, not only was the greatest shortstop of all-time, but the greatest player the game ever produced.

"Hans," says Mike, "had the biggest pair of hands I ever saw on a human. He'd grab what should have been basehits with his bare hand and throw out the runner with plenty to spare.

"He had such a powerful arm that he never had to set himself to throw. He often made barehanded pickups near third base and threw the runner out to me without even straightening up.

"Wagner was poison to all pitchers because he had no weakness. Southpaws and right-handers looked alike to him, and he hit to all fields.

"Hans was a fatherly fellow and taught me more baseball than anybody else. He was extremely shy off the field and shunned heroworshippers. About the only public places you would see him were the ball park and hotel.

"Evenings, after dinner, Hans would say to me, 'Come with me, Mike, we'll have a couple of beers and talk baseball.'

"Hans would take me to some out of the way saloon where no one might recognize him. There we'd sit for two or three hours sipping beer and Hans telling me the strong and weak points of every batter in the National League and how to play for them; how to anticipate plays in advance and be prepared for them. And, how to handle my feet around first base in order to gain a fraction of a second on the runner.

"I learned more inside baseball from Wagner in one year than I learned in four previous seasons.

"John McGraw called Wagner the greatest all-around ballplayer that ever lived. He rated Hans above Ty Cobb. I agree with McGraw heartily. Hans could have played any position in the infield and outfield as well as he did shortstop. And he had such a powerful throwing arm, he could have been a good pitcher."

When Dreyfuss transferred the Louisville franchise to Pittsburgh in 1900, Kelley jumped to the Indianapolis club which had been granted a franchise in the American League organized that year by Ban Johnson, Charley Comiskey, Charles Somers, Tom Loftus and Al Shibe.

Indianapolis was dropped from the American League in 1901, Kelley was sold to St. Paul of the Western League where he succeeded Jimmy Manning as manager.

With the exception of two years, 1907 and 1908, Kelley has been affiliated with the American Association ever since.

* * *

Being a baseball man of the old school, Kelley, as manager and club owner, always aimed to assemble teams comprised of men who loved to play ball and fought for every point.

His aggressive methods and sarcastic tongue made life miserable for umpires in the American Association during the twenty-nine years he managed—from 1902 until 1931, inclusive.

* * *

Mike chuckles when recalling the time he was the tenth man on the St. Paul team in a game with Columbus in the Saintly City in 1915.

The teams went into the ninth inning with the Saints leading, 5 to 4. Columbus got runners on second and third bases after two batters were retired. Grover Hartley, catcher for Columbus, now a major league scout, was on third with the tying run. The batter hit a grounder to the St. Paul third baseman who uncorked a wild throw attempting to nip Hartley at the plate.

Kelley, standing in the dugout, grabbed the ball and threw it to

Continued on page 200

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Big Man in a Minor League

Continued from pages 72-198

his catcher who received it in time to tag the slow moving Hartley as he came into the plate.

Jim Murray, umpiring at the plate, thinking the St. Paul first baseman retrieved the ball and threw it to the plate, called Hartley out.

The Columbus manager and players, who had seen Kelley field the ball and throw it to his catcher, stormed around Murray. But the umpire made his decision stick.

* * *

When his ball players complain about injuries and ailments that Kelley considers trivial, he recalls the courage of Tom Sheehan, current manager of the Millers who pitched for Mike at St. Paul in 1922 and 1923.

Sheehan was hit on the right ankle by a batted ball early in June, 1923. His ankle caused him so much pain Tom wished to have it X-rayed, but Kelley talked him out of it.

"It'll be all right in a few days," Kelley told Sheehan. "If you go to a doctor he'll be sure to find something wrong with it and want you to lay off for a month.

"We've got a chance to win the pennant this season and can't spare you for three or four weeks. The trainer will take care of your ankle just as good as a doctor."

Being too thoroughly endowed with Irish grit, Sheehan didn't consult a physician after Kelley's pep talk.

Despite the fact that the ankle pained terribly, Sheehan took his regular turn on the mound every four days and relieved occasionally between times.

Sheehan tied with Tom Hughes for the American Association all-time pitching record by winning 31 games in 1923.

An X-ray taken after the season was concluded, disclosed *a broken bone in Sheehan's ankle.*

* * *

Kelley had a colorful battery in 1922, with Charley Hall, pitcher, and Mike Gonzales, catcher.

Hall was Mexican, Gonzales, Cuban. Instead of using signals when they worked together, they conversed in Spanish what they would give the batters to hit at.

They found themselves in a tough spot against Minneapolis one afternoon at Lexington Park in St. Paul. Here was the situation: the Saints were leading, 6 to 4, in the ninth. They loaded the bases with two out. Henri Rondeau, one of the Millers' most dangerous hitters, came to bat.

Charley and Mike worked the count down to three and two on Rondeau. This meant Hall would have to come in with a good ball on his next pitch.

Gonzales called Hall to the plate.

"Tell you what we do, Cholly," said Mike to Hall in Spanish. "We must fool thees fellow Rondeau on the next pitch.

"When you go back to box I make off sometheeng wrong with my mask. I talk to Rondeau while I pretend to feex mask. While I talk with heem, you throw fast ball down the middle for strike."

Rondeau laughed as he listened to Hall and Gonzales chattering. But Rondeau's gaiety turned to anger when Hall cut the plate with a fast ball in the strike zone before he was set for the pitch, and the umpire called him out.

* * *

Kelley points out there have been fewer changes in baseball rules than in any other major sport.

"The distance between bases," declares Kelley, "has been the same, 90 feet, since Abner Doubleday and Alexander Cartwright laid out the first field in 1839.

"The pitching distance was 45 feet then. This was changed to 50 feet, and later to 60 feet 6 inches, as prevails today.

"The weight and size of the ball have been the same since 1872."

* * *

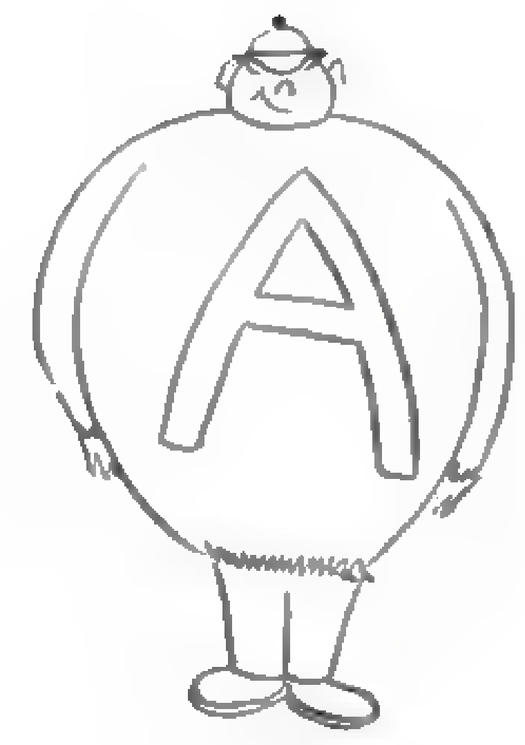
Because of Kelley's long and meritorious career in baseball, Minneapolis was awarded the annual national convention of minor leagues, held the first week of December, 1942, in the nature of a birthday party for Mike, whose birthday falls on the 2nd of December.

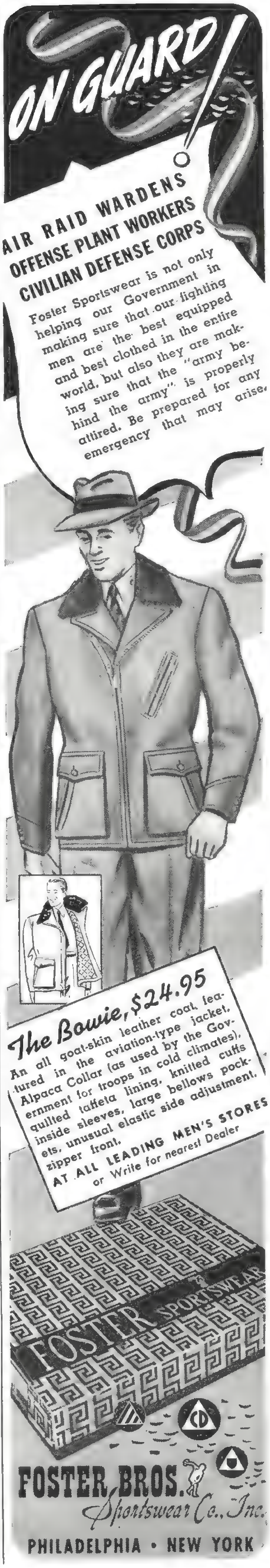
One may gain some idea of the esteem in which Mike Kelley is held by his baseball colleagues from the fact that he was unanimously chosen to play the role of Abner Doubleday, "Father of Baseball," when two teams, comprised of minor league all-stars, played their game at Cooperstown, New York, during the Centennial in July, 1939.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, Baseball Commissioner, once paid a glowing tribute to Kelley by saying: "He is one of the most truthful and honorable men ever associated with baseball." ⧺

Letters They Like To See

The college athlete: *His varsity one.*
The theatrical producer: *SRO*
The graduate student: *Ph.D.*
The soldier: *Letters from home.*
All of us on Hitler's tombstone: *R. I. P.*





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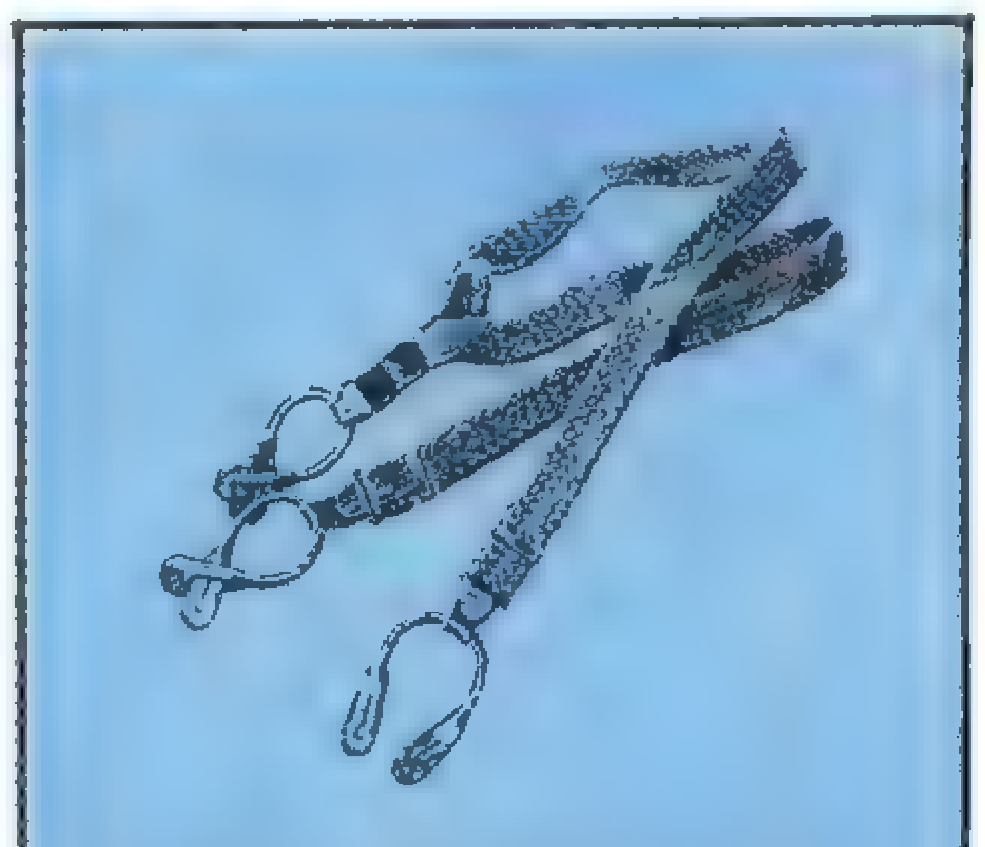
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 96

attention and Jones's made one million dollars; he never believed Shaw could be a successful playwright. Then in 1924 a play by Jones was running in a theatre in London and not successfully; it was taken off to make room for Shaw's new play, *Saint Joan*, which deservedly received the most rapturous critical acclaim and enormous success at the box office. Mr. Jones would have been unhuman had he not suffered.

The immense number of persons who have been shocked by Shaw's iconoclastic utterances would be astonished if they had the pleasure of meeting him. No man is more considerate, more kind, less assertive. And although in print he often mentions his success in making money, he never mentions the sums he gives away. Innumerable struggling authors are grateful, and many famous authors are absolutely devoted to him, even when in total opposition to his views.



Plaited cotton suspenders rate favorably because they are in line with conservation of materials.

Shaw hates many ideas and beliefs held sacred by multitudes, but he himself has no personal rancor toward anyone. One of the best things in this biography is the freedom of adverse criticism he has allowed to his biographer. For example: "By a sad dispensation of providence Shaw was fated to talk twaddle whenever he compared Shakespeare with himself and his favourite authors." (p. 197) In discussing *Back to Methuselah*, Shaw insisted there was far greater pleasure in the exercise of the intellect than in the senses, especially after his persons had lived several centuries; to which Mr. Pearson replied (in a footnote), "My criticism of *Methuselah* was simply that the Ancients did not appear to extract half the pleasure from mental activity that I could derive from mental vacuity." (p. 339) I saw this play which took three matinees to complete; and I fully agree with Mr. Pearson.

This book is the only "full-length portrait" since the (revised) biography by Archibald Henderson; Mr. Pearson has the advantage of coming still later; to those who wish to know as much as possible about Shaw's life and works, these two biographies are indispensable; no other living writer has had so much printed about him; and no other living writer has merited it.

Mr. Pearson is almost the ideal biographer; he has tact, wit, good judgment, and a command of admirable prose. While fully aware of Shaw's towering genius and filled with admiration for him personally, it is surprising with what complete objectivity he regards him both as a writer and as a man. When Shaw said to him, insisting on his superiority to Shakespeare, "In company with Shelley, Wagner and Ibsen, I was a social reformer and doctrinaire first, last, and all the time," (how strange that the greatest living writer should wish to be regarded as something else!). Mr. Pearson replies to his moral-reform ideas, "The so-called 'new morals' of Ibsen, Shelley, Wagner, Shaw and Co., though dressed up to look attractive and novel in each age, are merely those of any gang of people who wish to attain power or clean up the mess made by previous gangs; their new morality is as old as the Church Militant, as old as Mahomet, Attila and Darius, to say nothing of Moses and the hills." (pp. 196, 197) Who, when listening to *Die Walküre*, cares about Wagner's morals (which were terrible) or, in reading his lyrics, about Shelley's (which were infantile), or, in seeing the 1942 revival of *Candida*, about Shaw's? There are millions of moral and social reformers to one genius in art.

Returning finally to Shaw's influence in morals which is in inverse proportion to his genius, I saw a quotation from one frightened man and a comment on it by a realist. Both, I think, were themselves free from moral turpitude. The former said, "If I wished to seduce a woman, I would give her a book of Shaw's." The comment: "I would give her a good dinner and kiss her."

Mr. Pearson's Life of Shaw is worthy of its great subject; and it is like its subject in being continuously entertaining.

Have you ever looked carefully at the back of our one-dollar bill? Not long ago I was talking with Mr. William Williams of New York, and he called my attention to the Latin on it, and suggested I write to the Secretary of State to find out how it came there. I received a courteous letter from Mr. G. Howland Shaw, Assistant Secretary, enclosing a copy of a Treasury Department press release of August 15, 1935, in regard to the design. It seems that in 1782, before the war was over, and five years before the Constitution, a Great Seal of the United States was adopted. On the afternoon of July 4, 1776, a Committee was appointed by Congress to arrange for a Great Seal—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams. What a Committee! As finally adopted, the Great Seal was largely the work of Charles Thomson, Secretary of

Continued on page 202

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 96-201

Congress, and William Barton, of Philadelphia. The design was adopted June 20, 1782.

For the first time, on any money issued by the United States, *in the year 1935*, there was placed on the back of our one-dollar silver certificate a representation of the obverse and reverse side of the Great Seal, first adopted in 1782.

The eagle and the pyramid represent the obverse and the reverse of the Great Seal. To quote from the official press release:

"The obverse . . . is the familiar American eagle with a shield, grasping an olive branch in one talon and arrows in the other talon, surmounted by thirteen stars and the Latin motto 'E PLURIBUS UNUM.'

"The reverse . . . shows an unfinished pyramid, surmounted by an eye in a triangular glory. The pyramid bears in Roman numerals . . . 1776. Above the eye is the Latin motto, 'ANNUIT COEPTIS,' rendered as 'He (God) favored our undertakings.' The motto at the bottom is 'NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM' . . . 'A new order of the ages.' The eye and triangular glory symbolize an all-seeing Deity. The pyramid is the symbol of strength and its unfinished condition denotes the belief of the designers of the Great Seal that there was still work to be done. Both the mottoes, on the reverse of the seal, are condensations of excerpts from Virgil's *Aeneid* . . .

"The explanation of the reverse design written at the time by Mr. Barton, one of the designers, is:

" 'The pyramid on the reverse signifies strength and duration. The eye over it, with the motto *Annuit Coeptis* (Prosper our Endeavors), alludes to the many signal interpositions of Providence in favor of the American Cause. The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence and the words *Novus Ordo Seclorum* under it signify the beginning of the new American Era, which commenced from that date.' "

Before I wrote to the State Department, I wrote to my Yale friend and colleague, Prof. G. L. Hendrickson (Latin) and he replied (though he was on a vacation far from books) that the Latin was from Virgil's *Georgics*. After I had got the reply from the State Department, he wrote me:

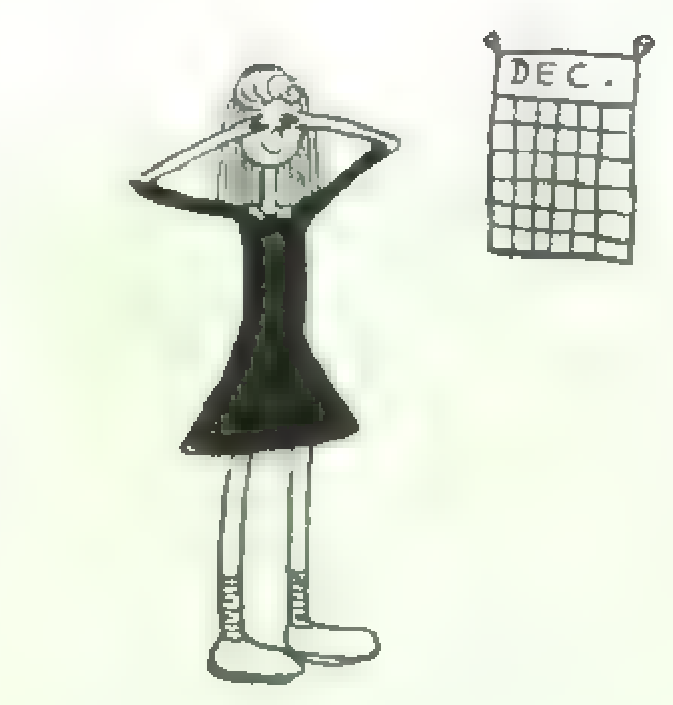
" . . . Mr. Barton writes: 'With the motto *Annuit Coeptis* (Prosper our Endeavors) alludes,' etc. Note his translation—'Prosper our Endeavors,' that is he uses an imperative or prayer formula, an appeal to the All-Seeing Eye of God. Now that is exactly the form which Virgil uses in the two places where he employs the phrase, *Georgics* 1.40, where he appeals to Caesar to look with favor on his new poem of country life 'da facilem cursum atque audacibus *annue coeptis*' and again in a prayer to Jupiter in Aen. 9, 625. Mr. Barton's 'Prosper our Endeavors' is an exact translation of Virgil's words in the imperative; they do not translate *Annuit Coeptis*. Am I rash to suspect that Mr. Barton meant the Latin to be an exact quotation from Virgil *annue coeptis*, and that somewhere in the process some one changed it to *annuit* (which may be either present or perfect)? . . .

"As for *Novus Ordo Seclorum* below, it does not occur exactly in this form anywhere in Virgil. It is derived from Eclogues 4-5, and 7:

Magnus ab integro *saeclorum*
nascitur *ordo*
iam *nova* progenies caelo demittitur alto

"*Seclorum* is late and medieval for *saeclorum*, like *medieval* itself, the correct English form, not *mediaeval*."

It is interesting to note that so far back as 1776 our country voted for a Great Seal, that we employed a Committee whose equal exists nowhere in the world today.



"Too little and too late" is something that never applied to the average American in-the-mail-by-December-10th Christmas card.

When Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch produces his next book of collected essays, I hope he will include *An Open Letter on Critics and Criticism* which he addressed to Margaret Marshall in *The Nation*. He is wholly right in saying, "In recent years criticism has certainly been taking itself with a new seriousness." Many essays in criticism today seem determined to make it difficult to read any great poet or novelist; so Mr. Krutch's statement pleased me:

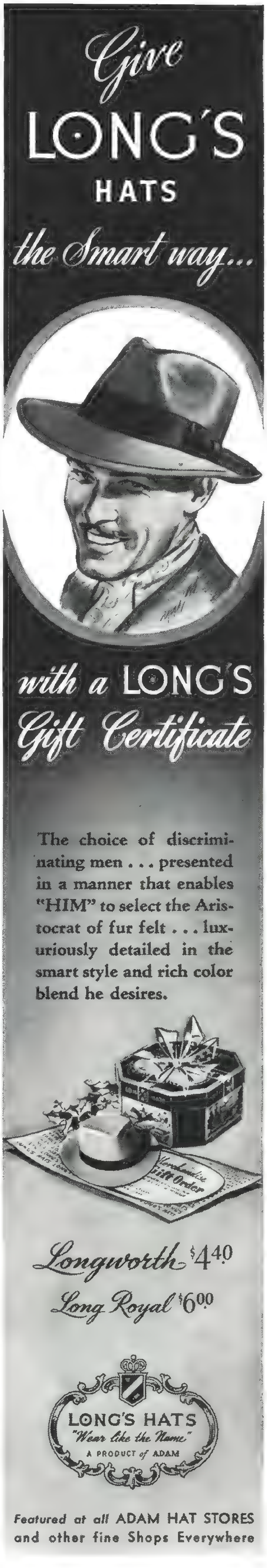
"I wonder if the answer said to have been made by Victor Hugo to the lady who asked him if it was difficult to write an epic is not equally applicable to the reading of good poetry: 'Madam, it is either easy or impossible.' The early readers of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton and Pope and Byron and Tennyson found it easy. Is it our ultimate aim to make it impossible?"

I liked particularly what Mr. Krutch said about criticism and Dickens:

"Recently I read in *The Nation* a very good review, by a very able critic, devoted to a new book on Dickens. But in the course of it the author said something to the effect that it was high time criticism was doing something for the author of 'Pickwick' and 'Our Mutual Friend.' The implication seemed to be that if criticism didn't do something pretty soon, poor Dickens would be lost to the world. The truth is, however, that if criticism neglects him it will be too bad for criticism but no great loss for Dickens, who will continue to be read whether critics do or do not discover what seems to them an adequate justification for the interest which he continues to evoke. To talk about the necessity of doing something for him is like anxiously calling attention to the growing neglect of Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon. Criticism needs literature. But in all seriousness and speaking as one who, in various ways, made his living for more than twenty years by writing about books and plays, I doubt that literature very much needs either the critic or the scholar."

And while I was enjoying this, I got a letter from the English author, Arthur Machen, who has this year published a little book, *The Handy Dickens*. He writes me:

"I was glad to have the opportunity the Preface afforded me for testifying to the splendour of Dickens . . . I read and hear now and then remarks which say or imply that Dickens is very suit-



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able for small boys, but not matter for grown men. Again, in the mode of Fanny Squeers, I pity their ignorance and despise them."

Dickens was a novelist, perhaps the greatest who ever wrote in English. In judging the value of his novels as works of art, sociological questions are incompetent, immaterial, and irrelevant; it makes no difference whether he loved the poor or scorned them; whether he loved children (as he did) or, like Jane Austen, hated them; the only question is did he write great novels?

I am glad that Herbert Agar has dedicated his new book, *A Time for Greatness*, to Katherine Gauss Jackson. She is a very clever girl; some of the cleverness she inherited from her father, the famous Dean of Princeton. The book itself, like everything by Mr. Agar, is a challenge to thought and an inspiration in these times; but the chapter on Labor Relations, instead of pacifying class hatreds, will increase them; and I am not impressed by Mr. Agar's quoting (1801-1809) violent attacks on President Thomas Jefferson, with the implication you can guess; I might just as well say that the equally violent attacks on President Washington prove the nobility and greatness of President Hoover.

The Headmaster of Lawrenceville School in New Jersey, Dr. Allan V. Heely, had the excellent idea of inviting nine leading Americans to give a series of lectures discussing the chief problems that affect boys; these lectures were given to the School during the academic year 1941-42. The lecturers and their subjects were Prof. Samuel E. Morison, *Germany and America 1492-1942:* Justice Robert H. Jackson, *Statecraft under a Written Constitution:* Herbert Agar, *America's Responsibility in World History:* Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr, *The Role of Prophetic Religion in the World Crisis:* President James P. Baxter, 3d, *Education in War Time in a Democracy:* John Erskine, *Literature and the Arts:* Prof. Earnest A. Hooton, *Science and Youth:* Arthur Krock, *A Free Press in War Time:* Pearl S. Buck, *Manners and Civilization.* These nine lectures have been collected in an attractive volume called *Men of Tomorrow.* The boys at that school were fortunate indeed to listen to such lectures and to have personal access to the lecturers; and I think the public is to be congratulated on the appearance of the book. For it is certain that none of these speakers "talked down" to the boys.

A very good book about the war, as exciting in its way as *The Raft*, is *They Were Expendable*, by W. L. White, the very able son of a very able father, the Man of Emporia. Here we are taken into the very whirlwind of action; the fighting with the Japanese at Manila. There Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 went into the thick of it. Later, the remainder of Squadron 3 was chosen to take General MacArthur out of Bataan. Four of the survivors, alphabetically Akers, Bulkeley, Cox, and Kelly, talk to Mr. White, and he, literally a "born journalist," very skilfully makes a narrative so vivid that the reader is taken into battle. In his own words, Mr. White has "been wandering in and out of wars since 1939," and after talking with the four young officers, "I found when I had finished that I had not just the adventure story of a single squadron, but in the background the whole tragic panorama of the Philippine campaign—America's little Dunkirk." The word "expendable" is not in Webster (1935); but is in the *Oxford Dictionary* (1897). It means that these four heroes belong to a squadron whose deaths were regarded as economically worth-while, in order to save large numbers or material more valuable.

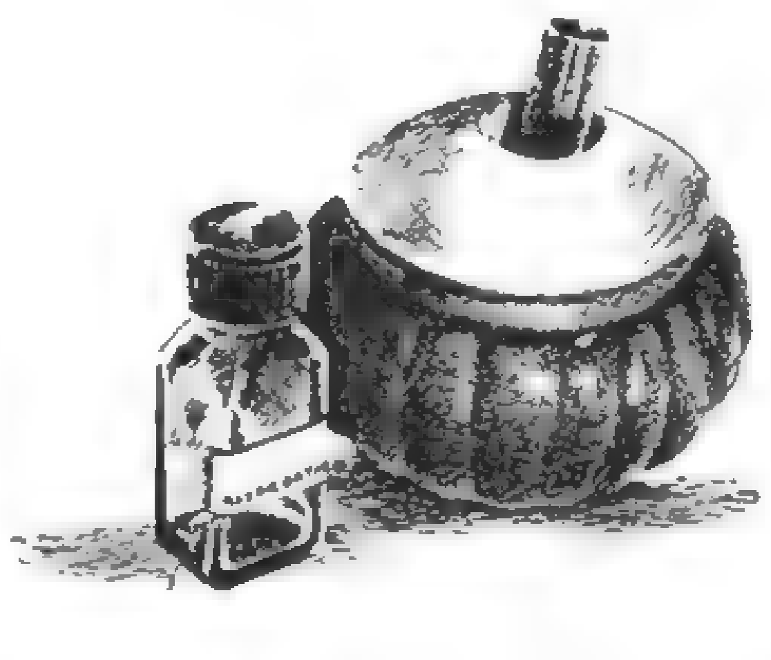
Here is news; the MS. of an unpublished Sherlock Holmes story by Conan Doyle was found by his son Adrian, with a note by the author saying he did not wish it to be published because it was not up to his standard. The title is "intriguing;" but Hesketh Pearson, our biographer of Shaw, who is preparing a Life of Doyle, says the author "showed good common sense" in not printing it.

In response to numerous requests, I print here what I have said elsewhere on how to cure hiccoughs; because it will certainly save much distress, and possibly lives. Toward the close of the nineteenth century I was walking in Detroit with my friend, Walter Ford (Yale '96). I began to hiccough and could not stop; after an hour or two, we reached his house, and in three seconds he cured me. Since then I have tried this cure on many sufferers in Europe and in America; it always works. Place your two thumbs tightly in your ears, closing the ears firmly; with the forefinger of each hand close both nostrils; then have someone hold a glass of water to your lips, and swallow once. That's all; but you cannot do it alone; someone else must hand you the drink.

Happy New Year! ⧻

conservation note:

Save on shaves, mister, with a streamlined bath for your razor. From now on, don't waste time by drying your razor with a towel; just park it in this jar containing a few drops of the chemical solution mixed with water. Then rust, dust, and mildew will shy from your blades for the duration.



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West Point's First Captain

Continued from page 58

Adjutant and sergeant-major (all Cadets)." The order was signed by one Thomas Ragland, who, although he held the important position of Post Adjutant, was but a second classman, or junior, at the Military Academy. The use of Cadets as Post Adjutants had been the practice for several years, Thayer himself having filled the office while he was a Cadet.

Three months after Thayer's original order it was decreed that instead of one Cadet serving as Colonel throughout the entire academic year, "colonels of the battalion will hereafter be appointed weekly." However, on July 24, 1818, when the Cadet Colonel for that week graduated, no new appointment was forthcoming. Instead, an "extra Cadet Captain" was named. It was then, according to the best information available, that the First Captaincy was born.

You can get this if you try real hard

The number of hours the average college boy actually spends with his parents when he comes home for Christmas vacation is equal to the name of a well-known Jap fighting plane.

That the First Captain position meant little in the early days of the Military Academy is indicated by the fact that nowhere on the West Point reservation is there available a complete list of Cadets who have gained the distinction except from the year 1871-72 on. Reportedly, Robert E. Lee was the No. 1 man, militarily, of his class of 1829. Certainly many other Civil War leaders were First Captains before leaving West Point to fight side-by-side or against each other on the battlefields of the War Between the States.

Seventy-one years ago, when the known list of First Captains begins, the honor belonged to William H. Miller, who distinguished himself in action against the Indians at Lava Beds, California, and during the Modoc War. The names read like a roll call of America's military great. Besides Pershing, MacArthur, and Wainwright there are, among others, Malin Craig and Charles P. Summerall, both former Chiefs of Staff of the United States Army.

It is more than just coincidence that the men who have dedicated their lives to outstanding military and engineering leadership should have received singular honors at West Point. The very fact that they were selected First Captains is an attestation that even in early life their inherent qualities of soldiering were apparent and recognizable. Such wise choices speak well, too, for the Military Academy's Academic Board and its system of nominating the succeeding First Captains. Done in typical West Point thoroughness, every member of the Corps of Cadets is, via a highly-developed mathematical system, credited with a military rating. When the time for selecting a new First Captain nears, the Academic Board convenes to interview personally what has been predetermined the leading group of candidates. Each Cadet in that group is called before the Board. His personality, military bearing and personal appearance are carefully studied. Important also in the final decision is his popularity with classmates, adaptability and academic standing. The Commandant of Cadets then transmits the Board's choice to the Superintendent for approval.

Great fanfare attends the naming of the new First Captain. Few minutes are lost after members of the graduating class have been handed their commissions as second lieutenants in the United States Army and their Bachelor of Science degrees in assembling the remaining three classes on the famous Plain at West Point. Here, in the concluding ceremony of colorful Graduation Week, is publicized for the first time the name of the new First Captain and all other lesser Cadet officers. The secret is out. The First Captain has been "made."

True, there is a glamorous side to the First Captaincy. But behind the scenes there is genuinely hard work, extra duties over and above those required of the other Cadets. Here the pomp and ceremony of the office is forgotten. The First Captain is the liaison man between the Commandant of Cadets and the Corps. There are scores of standard military functions to be performed, and since West Pointers, especially in these days, have little free time, the No. 1 Cadet must necessarily give up a large percentage of the few leisure hours that are his. The First Captain pays, in blood and sweat and tears almost, for every last bit of public notoriety and acclaim that goes with his job. But no one would change this setup even for an athletic victory over Navy.

Since the turn of the century, at least, First Captains have lived the last of their four years at West Point in an average Cadet room in the northeast corner of Central Barracks. It is like every other Cadet room. No furniture other than that allowed and prescribed by the Military Academy; no pictures on the walls in keeping with regulations. The only markings not found in other rooms are a plaque recently erected in honor

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of General MacArthur and a long, folding wooden board upon which has been burned the names of all First Captains for the past seventy-one years. Except for extra chevrons on his uniform sleeve there is no way of distinguishing the First Captain from any other Cadet.

Neither does the No. 1 man enjoy immunity from demerits and "slugs." First Captain Pershing was reported for many offenses. Once he fell in with the wrong section at a class formation. Another time he was absent at supper. On still another occasion he failed to report a fellow Cadet officer's lateness in arriving at Chapel services. General MacArthur's "skinsheet" likewise covers several and varied infractions of West Point regulations, such as needing a haircut and, if this can be true of the Hero of Bataan, twice misspelling words in official communications. Most of all, however, MacArthur was "slugged" for his tardiness. A dozen times he was late for meals (mostly breakfast) and class formations, and on two other occasions was "slow" obeying call to quarters. First Captain MacArthur was also reported for "trifling with drawn sabre in area," "absent from room at inspection by sentinel," "saluting improperly" and "swinging arms excessively marching to front at parade."

Once when First Captain MacArthur was also serving as Officer-of-the-Day he happened upon a forbidden poker game in which the late General Hugh S. Johnson was a principal participant. The card players had retired from a dance one warm spring evening in 1903 to a locker room. Upon discovering his schoolmates indulging in their unsanctioned pastime, MacArthur merely said:

"Gentlemen, one look at the gathering convinces me that you have in hand matters more serious than the promenade. However, if I were you, I would refrain from studying military tactics after classes and enjoy the romantic recreation prepared for you."

Then he saluted, turned on his heel and left the room.

General Wainwright, who, incidentally, was voted the third best looking in his Cadet full dress uniform, had this embarrassing experience: It was Hallowe'en. He had just submitted a most military oral report to the Officer-in-Charge at Taps. "Company A all quiet, Sir," he saluted. Just then some of his Company A classmates dropped pounds of bricks on the tin roof of the barracks.

The First Captain of two years ago is now a lieutenant colonel. In times of peace, even a West Pointer could not hope to achieve this high rank until twenty-two years or so after graduation, but John Presnell has done it in twenty-four months, largely in recognition of his valiant efforts in the Battle of Bataan. Last year's No. 1 man, Carl Hinkle, was an all-American football center at Vanderbilt University before entering the Military Academy. He was a nationally-known figure and his appointment as First Captain only served to make him more glamorous, or it may have been that he went to make the First Captaincy that way. Whatever the case, the Tactical Department at West Point will tell you that Hinkle was "one of the best we ever had."

Hinkle is today "somewhere in the United States" learning to pilot one of those big Army bombers. Whether he will rise to become a general officer and one of our military immortals, as so many First Captains who have gone before him have, is a question only time can answer. We do know that West Point did not go wrong on Lee, Pershing, MacArthur, Wainwright, and the others. #

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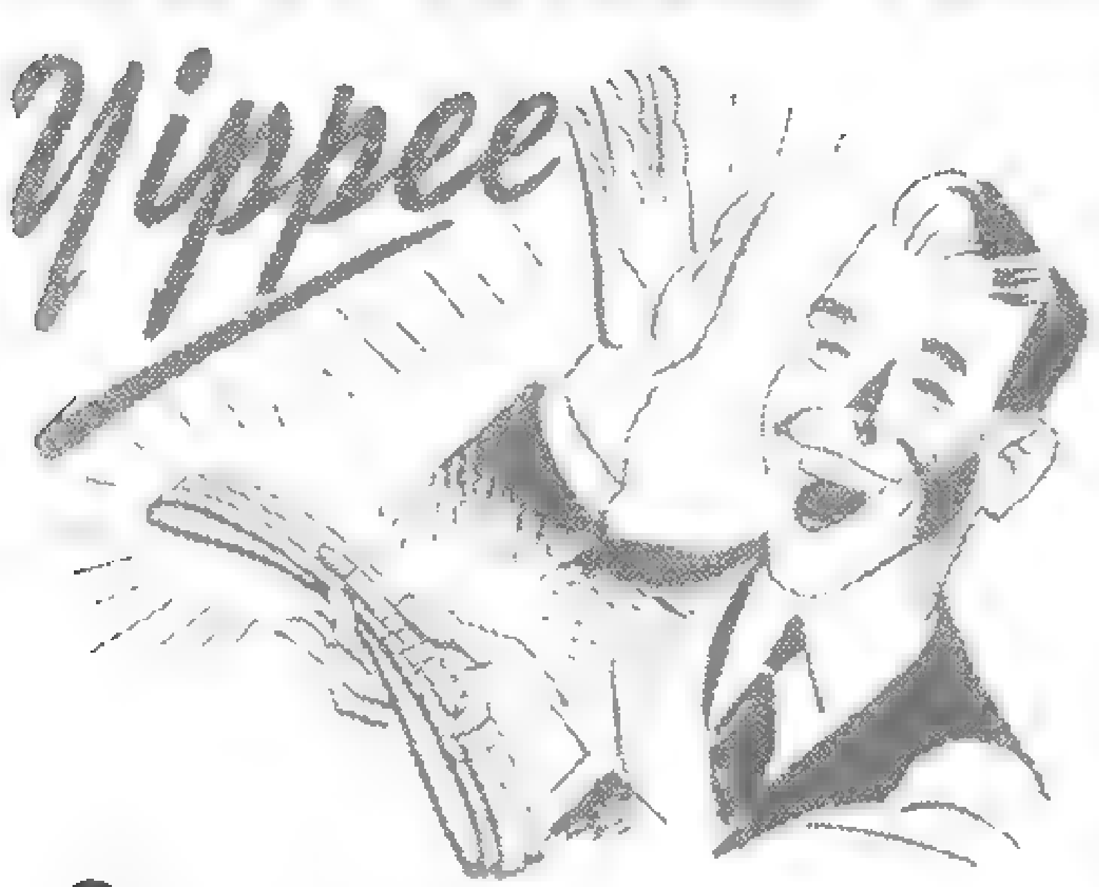

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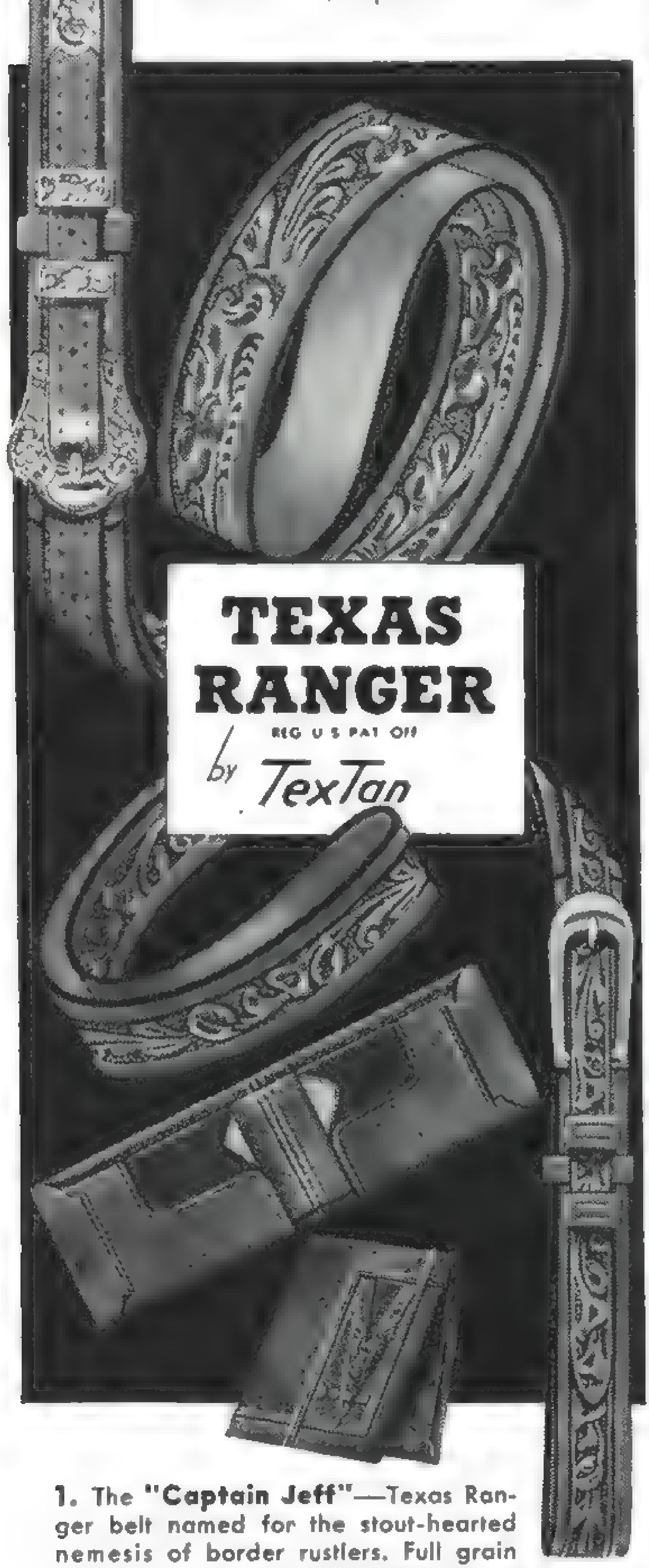

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
JANUARY 1943

Page
Adler Shoes for Men ... 12
Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp ... 207
Alligator Co., The ... 19
Amberg File & Index Co ... 20
AmericanEngraving&PrintingCo. 16
Ancient Age (Stagg-Finch Dist.) .. 35
Ancient Bottle (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) ... 154, 155
Anheuser-Busch (Budweiser) ... 18
Arlington Mills ... 196
Arrid ... 179
Arrow (Cluett,Peabody&Co.,Inc.) 143
Axton-Fisher Tob. Co., Inc., The (Vintage Specials) ... 17
Bar Mart, The ... 16
Bardinet Exports, Inc. (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) ... 182
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) ... 194
Battle Checkers ... 12
Belsic Products ... 8
Ben-Burk, Inc. (Old Mr. Boston) 28, 29
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse Peppermint Schnapps) .. 22
Blatz Brewing Company ... 201
Block, H. & L. ... 205
Boston Herald-Traveler ... 204
Botany Worsted Mills ... 183
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (Old Forester) ... 199
Budweiser (Anheuser-Busch) ... 18
Burger, Joseph (Staturaids) ... 20
Calvert Distillers Corp ... 167
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc ... 31
Cash Co., J. & J. ... 8
Chambord, Cafe ... 34
Chantilly (Houbigant) ... 21
Ciro (Surrender) ... 157
Cluett,Peabody&Co.,Inc. (Arrow) 143
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc ... 34
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) ... 169
Copley Plaza, The ... 34
Cortina Academy ... 16
Crescent Mfg. Co., The ... 16
Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) ... 194
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) ... 30
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 158
Distinctive Creations, Inc. ... 12
Divan Parisien ... 34
Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America) ... 159
Dubonnet (Aperitif Wine Dubonnet Corp.) ... 170
Dunhill, Inc., Mary ... 171
Eagle Clothes ... 186
Engels & Krudwig Wine Co ... 208
Evans Case Co., The ... 7
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 185
Five Crown (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) ... 154, 155
Flato, Paul ... 20, 192
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co., Inc. 200
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. (Four Roses) ... 11
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc ... 22
Gardner, Prince ... 187
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman) ... 25
Germaine Monteil ... 146
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 38
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) ... 181
Gold Seal Champagne (Urbana Wine Co.) ... 186
Haig&Haig (Somerset Imps., Ltd.) 175
Hanan & Son, Inc ... 196
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Dist.) 23
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero-King) 188
Hat Corp. of America (Dobbs) ... 159
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 187
Hershey Mfg. Co. (Vitabrush) ... 16
Heublein & Bro., G. F. ... 151
Hewes & Potter, Inc. ... 20
Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co. (White Stag) 197
Holden's Magic Shops ... 12
Houbigant (Chantilly) ... 21
House of Gifts ... 16, 20
Hull Mfg. Company ... 8
Interwoven Stocking Co ... III Cover
Jacquin et Cie, Inc., Charles ... 192
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.) ... 25
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) ... 169
Kaywoodie Co. ... 13
Kelly's, Jimmy ... 34
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) ... 181
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 185
LaCross (Schnefel Bros. Corp.) .. 145
Laird and Co. ... 185
Leon & Eddie's ... 22
Leroux & Co., Inc ... 22
Lexol ... 8
Linguaphone Institute ... 8
Long's Hats ... 202
Mail-Bag Film Service ... 12
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc:
  J. Bavet ... 34
  DuBouchett ... 34
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) ... 176
Marnier-Lapostolle, Inc. ... 190
Martin's Solvent Prods., Inc ... 8
Matchabelli, Prince (Stradivari). 153
McKelvy Co., Alfred D. (Seaforth) 174
Meeker Co., Inc., The ... 201
Meyers Make, Inc ... 204

Page
Middleton, Inc., John ... 22
Military Service Pub. Co ... 180
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor ... 12
  Marlboro ... 176
  Philip Morris ... 148
Mothersill's ... 12
Mt. Vernon (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 14, 15
Moyer Mfg. Co ... 20
National Brewing Co ... 20
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin ... 38
  Mt.Vernon,OldCrow,OldGrand-Dad, Old Overholt, Old Taylor 14, 15
  Old Angus ... 202
National Magic Co ... 8
New York Sun, The ... 24
North American Aviation, Inc. II Cover
Northern Furniture Co ... 207
Norwalk Pipe Corp. ... 208
Old Angus (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 202
Old Charter (Bernheim Dist.) ... 173
Old Crow (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 14, 15
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) ... 199
Old Grand-Dad (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 14, 15
Old Mr. Boston (Ben-Burk, Inc.) 28, 29
Old Overholt (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 14, 15
Old Schenley (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 165
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) ... 162, 163
Old Taylor (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) ... 14, 15
Parfum L'Orle ... 203
Paris (A. Stein & Co.) ... 164
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords ... 34
  Reserve ... 178
  Vat 69 ... 147
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) ... 30
Pepsodent Antiseptic ... 3
Phoenix Socks ... 197
Pioneer Suspender Co ... 4
Plaza, The ... 30
Rabsons ... 12, 16
Raleigh, Sir Walter ... 190
Regal Shoes ... 9, 20
Regent Cigarettes ... 152
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N ... 205
Rolfs Leather Accessories ... 184
Royal Reserve (Schenley Distilling Corp.) ... 33
Rum & Maple Tobacco Co ... 8
Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) ... IV Cover
Saylor's Chocolates, Inc., Miss ... 12
Schenley Import Corp:
  Ancient Age ... 35
  Dewar's ... 158
  Dubonnet ... 170
  Harper, I. W ... 23
  Old Charter ... 173
  Old Schenley ... 165
  Royal Reserve ... 33
Schiaparelli Parfum, Inc. ... 37
Schieffelin & Co:
  Dagger Jamaica Rums ... 22
  Hennessy ... 187
  Teacher's ... 177
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (LaCross) .. 145
Seaforth (Alfred D. McKelvy Co.) 174
Seagram-Distillers Corp:
  Ancient Bottle, 5 Crown, 7 Crown, V. O. ... 154, 155
Selene ... 8
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) ... 162, 163
Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) ... IV Cover
Smith Shoe Co., J. P., The ... 200
Somerset Imps., Ltd. (Haig&Haig) 175
Speas Co. (Apple Jack Brandy) .. 30
Sports Center, Inc ... 16
Stein & Co., A. (Paris) ... 164
Stetson Hats ... 27
StoneTarlowCo.,Inc.("Elevators") 16
Stradivari (Prince Matchabelli) .. 153
Surrender (Ciro) ... 157
Swank:
  Jewelry ... 150
  Wallets ... 172
Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 177
TexTan ... 206
Theodore's (Le Ruban Bleu) ... 22
Urbana Wine Co., Inc. (Gold Seal Champagne) ... 186
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 147
Vintage Specials (The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.) ... 17
V. O. (Seagram-Dist. Corp.) .. 154, 155
Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.) ... 194
Westminster Socks ... 206
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. ... 208
White Stag (Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co.) 197
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Peter Dawson) ... 194
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C:
  Bardinet ... 182
  Grand Marnier ... 190
Wimbledon Shirt Co. ... 20
Wine Advisory Board ... 144
Zero-King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 188

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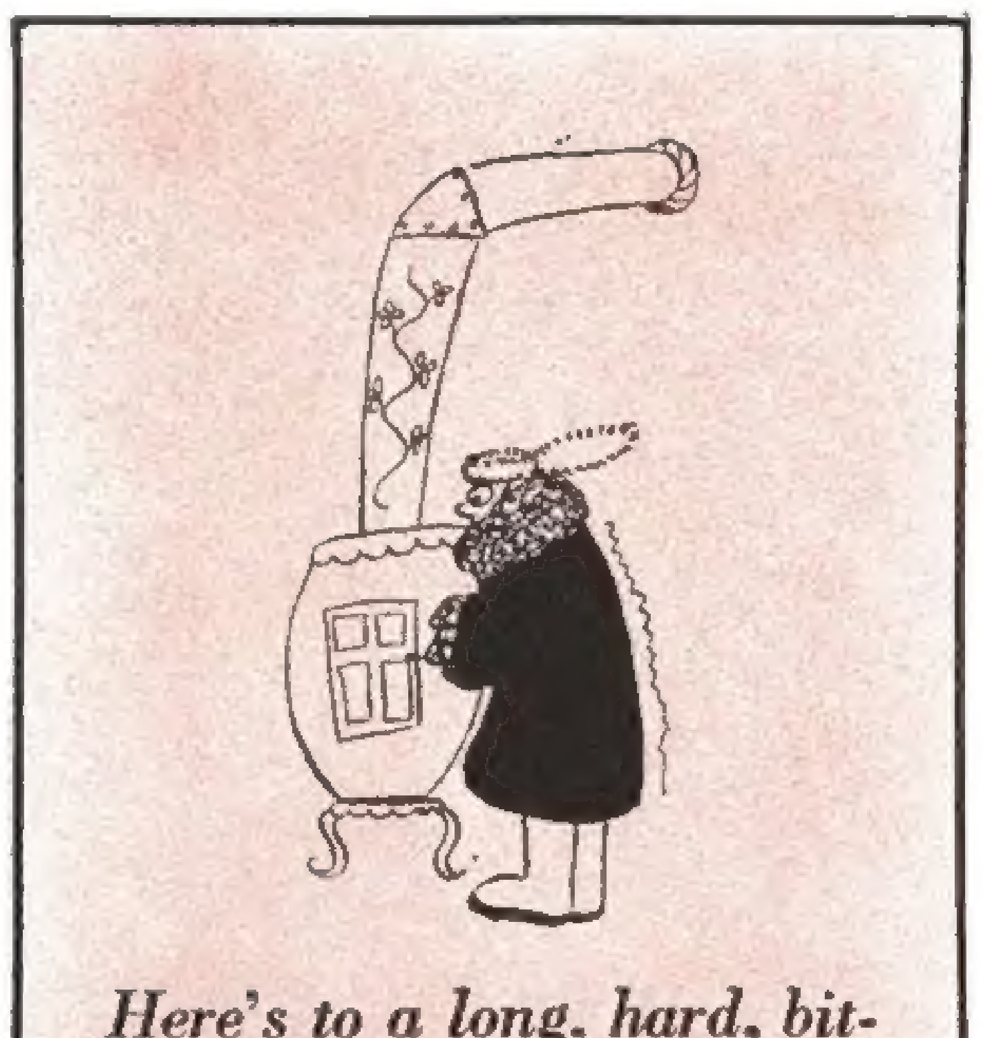
School for Saboteurs

Continued from page 41

ties up traffic; a subversive pamphlet of underground methods called "The Twenty Rules" is delivered by Czech postmen; farmers withhold their crops.

The schools of sabotage extend from the icy coast of Norway to the sunny beaches of Greece, from the grasslands of Normandy to the dreary marshes of German-occupied Russia. Their informal character strangely contrasts with their modern methods and transcontinental organization. In a way they resemble the school where special agents of the F.B.I. in Washington are instructed in chemistry, explosives, code, fire fighting, combustibles, etc.



Here's to a long, hard, bitterly cold winter—in Russia.

The anonymous brains behind this powerful underground organization have created a "Credo of Sabotage" consisting of ten vital rules which every pupil must learn. The formula is different in the various subdued countries, the meaning always the same:

1. Don't write! Memorize all orders by heart!
2. If you are caught, don't talk. The Nazis will kill you anyway, and it will endanger the rest of us.
3. Give your work the character of accident. They cannot fight an army which they cannot see.
4. Don't work on your own! Unorganized sabotage will do more harm to us than to the Nazis.
5. Be systematic! Our aim is not the isolated attack, but permanent invisible destruction.
6. Avoid the spectacular! A slowdown is preferable to a sudden explosion; continuous mismanagement, to violent ravage.
7. Find the vulnerable link in production and transportation!
8. Sabotage means secrecy, struggle and, above all, sacrifice. We cannot use softies.
9. If you know an able man in whom you have absolute confidence, ask him to join the school.
10. Don't be stunned by the Nazis! They are not supermen, as Russia has shown. We Will Win!

There are no requirements for becoming a pupil other than the will to help the common cause. Every new pupil must be vouched for by one who has already joined. This highly personal method accounts for the low number of traitors. And even if one of the schools is caught by the Germans, numberless others, having no apparent connection with the disrupted one, will continue their work.

One thing the organizers have learned from the Nazis is to school every man for the place where he will give his maximum effort, according to his special skills and knowledge. Factory workers are taught how to put machinery out of commission by mixing ground glass, sand, grit, cement with the lubricants, pouring sugar in machine oil, putting a few drops of midday coffee into melting steel. Veterinarians learn to inoculate mules, cattle and horses, destined for the Reich, with anthrax and glander germs. Farmers are told how to spoil meat by dousing it with fuel oil, how to reduce their plantings without discovery. Students go among the masses, spread news of Allied victories, urge taxpayers to harass the German officials by questions about filling out forms, cut telegraph wires.

Emphasis is put on two sentences from *Mein Kampf*, "Nations are not freed by doing nothing, but by sacrifice . . . Continue resistance by . . . guerrilla warfare."

And Germany's famed *Gruendlichkeit* (thoroughness) and far-reaching organizing ability have become another boomerang against the oppressors. When war material from German factories is transferred to Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece, in order to escape RAF bombings, one group of workers will photograph the freight-car labels; another puts the cars on the wrong sidings; a third group steals vital parts; a fourth paints the sign of the tortoise on all cars, which urges all helpers to "go slow." A mass of undiscovered petty-sabotage acts will cause more damage than one conspicuous railway crash.

There exists a system of underground communication between the sabotage schools in various countries as effective as the bamboo telegraph of the jungle savages. A few months ago, the German occupation authorities in a certain French town were perplexed by an unusual number of funerals. There were a lot of mourners standing around the grave, each putting the customary shovel of dirt on the coffin. Each coffin contained two machine guns, to be used at the zero hour.

Shortly thereafter similar funerals took place in villages of Poland, Norway and Yugoslavia. The French had sent an expert in machine-gun burials into each country. How they were able to cross the Gestapo-manned borders of Europe, where neither passports nor visas are recognized, remains a mystery.

And it is no mere coincidence that the roundhouse turntables on the Belgrade-Nish railroad in Yugoslavia were blown up exactly like those on the Paris-Britanny main line—and always when important German troop transports were on their way through. And

Continued on page 208

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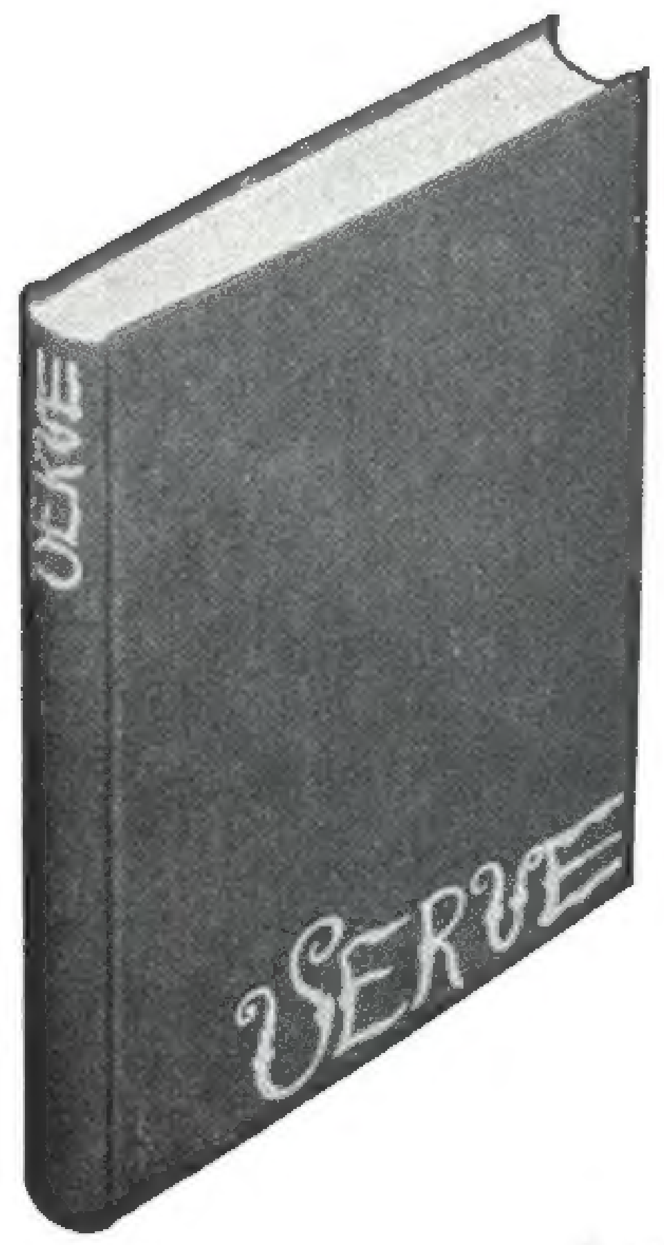

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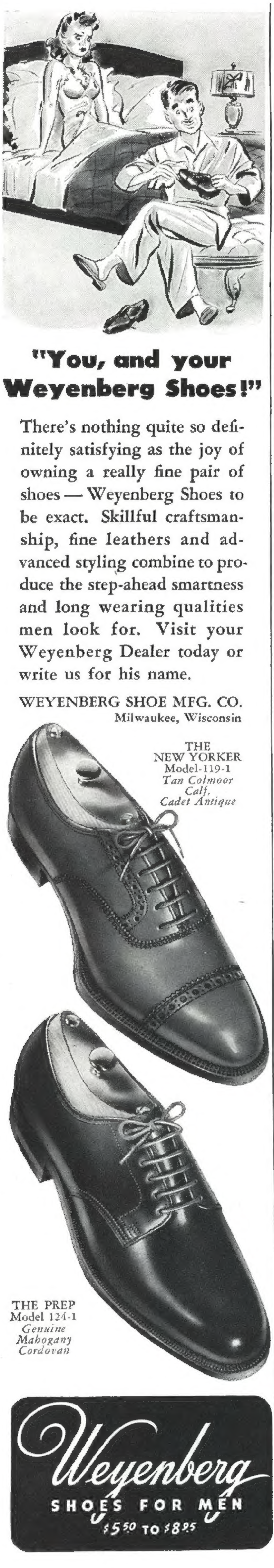
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School for Saboteurs

Continued from pages 41-207

wherever the masters of destruction test a new way of sabotage they promptly inform all other occupied countries about the details. Each country has contributed its share. Norway has found new ways to create unrest among the troops of occupation. Last year there were cases of desertion, insubordination and open mutiny in Norway, as reported by the American press. Attractive girls were said to have caused a spirit of rebellion among isolated detachments. Two months later Yugoslav girls were coached by a young woman from Tromsoe.

In Poland there are now more than a hundred illegal newspapers (circulation 2,000-12,000) written, printed and distributed by "graduates" of the sabotage schools. They register such sabotage acts as the strike at the railway shop of Chrzanow, explosions at the Pionski powder mills, fires at the Srem (Posnan) grain mills; they print the names of traitors; give exact figures about Germany's desperate economic situation. The famous "Manifesto to Peoples of the World" has first been printed in these illegal papers. So successful have they been that a group of Polish editors are now teaching at sabotage schools in Western Europe.

By far the most difficult work is modern industrial sabotage. Near production centers the complicated technique of passive resistance is taught: slowdown, disobedience of orders, production of inferior quality. Knowing the war will be won or lost on the industrial front, the Nazis guard their steel works and munition factories more closely than concentration camps. Elite Guards are stationed in the steel mills of Luxemburg and Alsace-Lorraine, Dutch naval yards, Bohemia's Škoda Works. Gestapo agents are shop foremen; machine guns are posted near entrances. Yet the schools for sabotage operate under conditions which wouldn't pass in a Hitchcock picture.

One dramatic story tells about a group of Belgian miners, holding school while rowing in small boats across an underground lake down in the mine. Under the eyes of heavily armed S. S. guards, Dutch shipyard workers have been able to manipulate with the rivets so they will become loose after the ships are on the high seas; ships' compasses are "corrected" by the adjustment of small magnets; in a factory for precision instruments a crew of experts make certain changes on speedometers and altimeters. They will pass the inspection. But later, when the plane is up, they will show incorrectly.

"Every child can ruin airplane engines by sprinkling them with cement and water," said one instructor. "But it takes an expert to turn sabotage into an obvious accident. It's our job to train the boys and we'll do it."

Only when every other method fails, the schools recommend incendiarism and the use of explosives. The great masters of those sinister arts are the Russians. A worker who attended sabotage schools in Holland, Belgium and France, met there the same Russian instructor—a gentle fellow. He taught how to start fires by kerosene-soaked rags, chemicals, incendiary bombs; how to manufacture bombs from simple "fire pencils" (containing a glass-tube with chemicals in two compartments) to powerful time-bombs—lead-tubes with a copper or aluminum disc separating sulphuric acid from potassium chlorate or picric acid, the latter being used for incendiary bombs.

"The Russian was able to determine the exact thickness of the dividing disc on which the action of the acid takes place, and thus to fix the time of explosion," says the worker. "He was fantastic. He never made a mistake of more than half an hour. And he used only stuff which we could easily procure. The teachers always emphasized that point."

The Nazis like to think of the enslaved peoples as working in three shifts, twenty-four hours a day, for their New Order. They hate to admit the dark power of the twenty-four-hours-a-day underground sabotage. They cannot destroy the schools, cells of resistance that slides away like quicksilver. Every saboteur helps to reduce German production, avert troops from the fighting fronts, foster the spirit that will finally destroy Hitlerism.

The schools for sabotage don't award diplomas, though their students deserve them. No praise, no fame awaits the soldier of Europe's invisible army; nothing but possible discovery, torture, death.

Yet the army grows. Day after day, the sabotage schools turn out more volunteers eager to join the fight. They will be remembered as pioneers for freedom long after Europe's present reign of terror is but a dark perplexing chapter in history textbooks. ⧺

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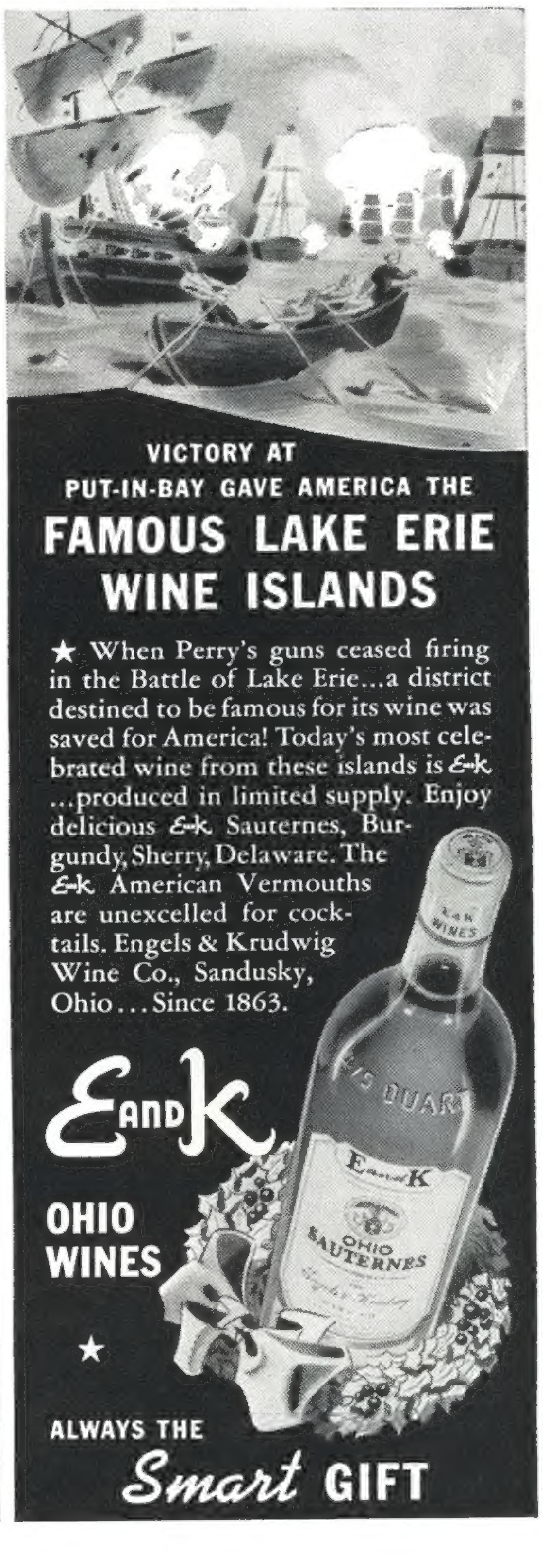
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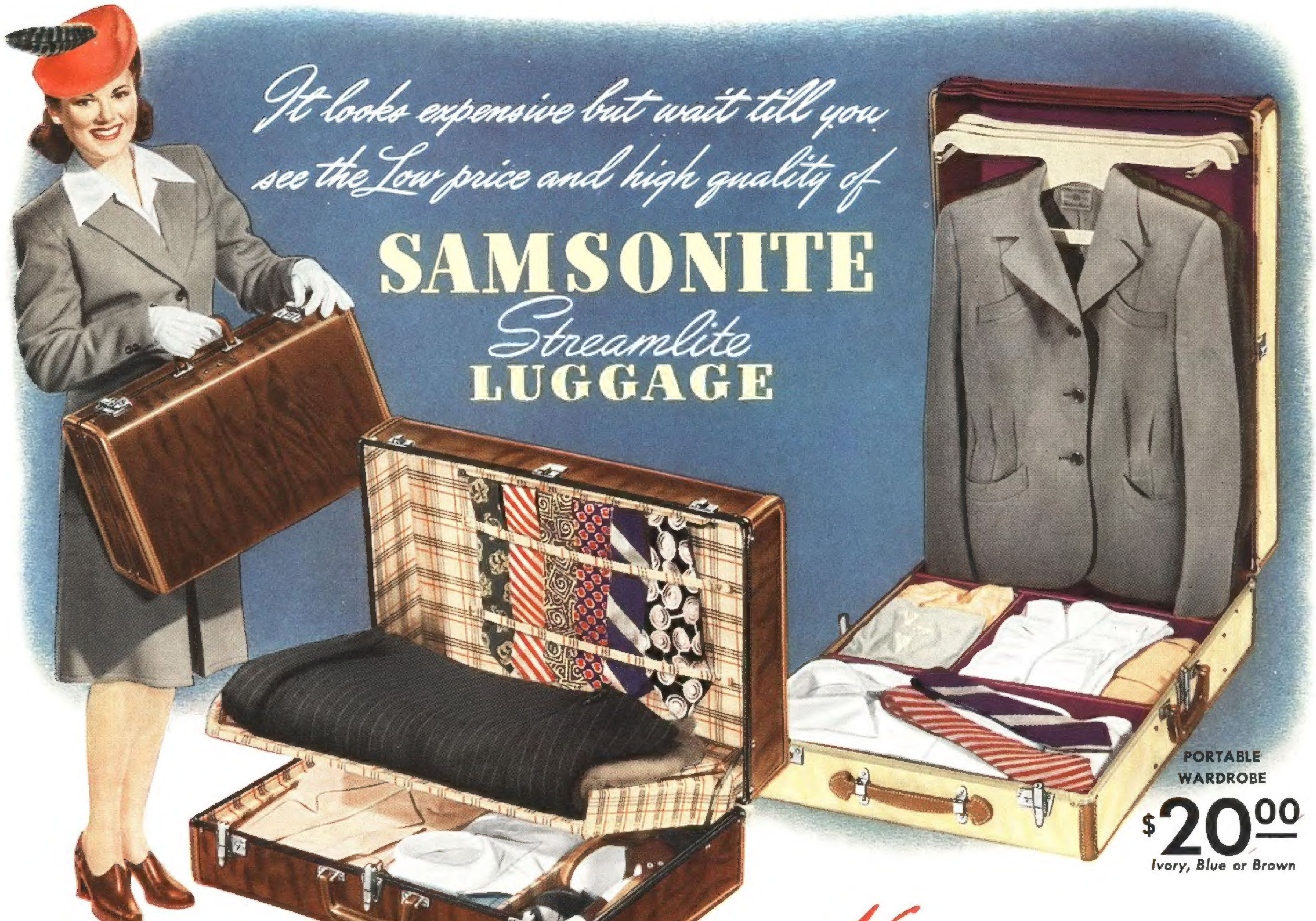

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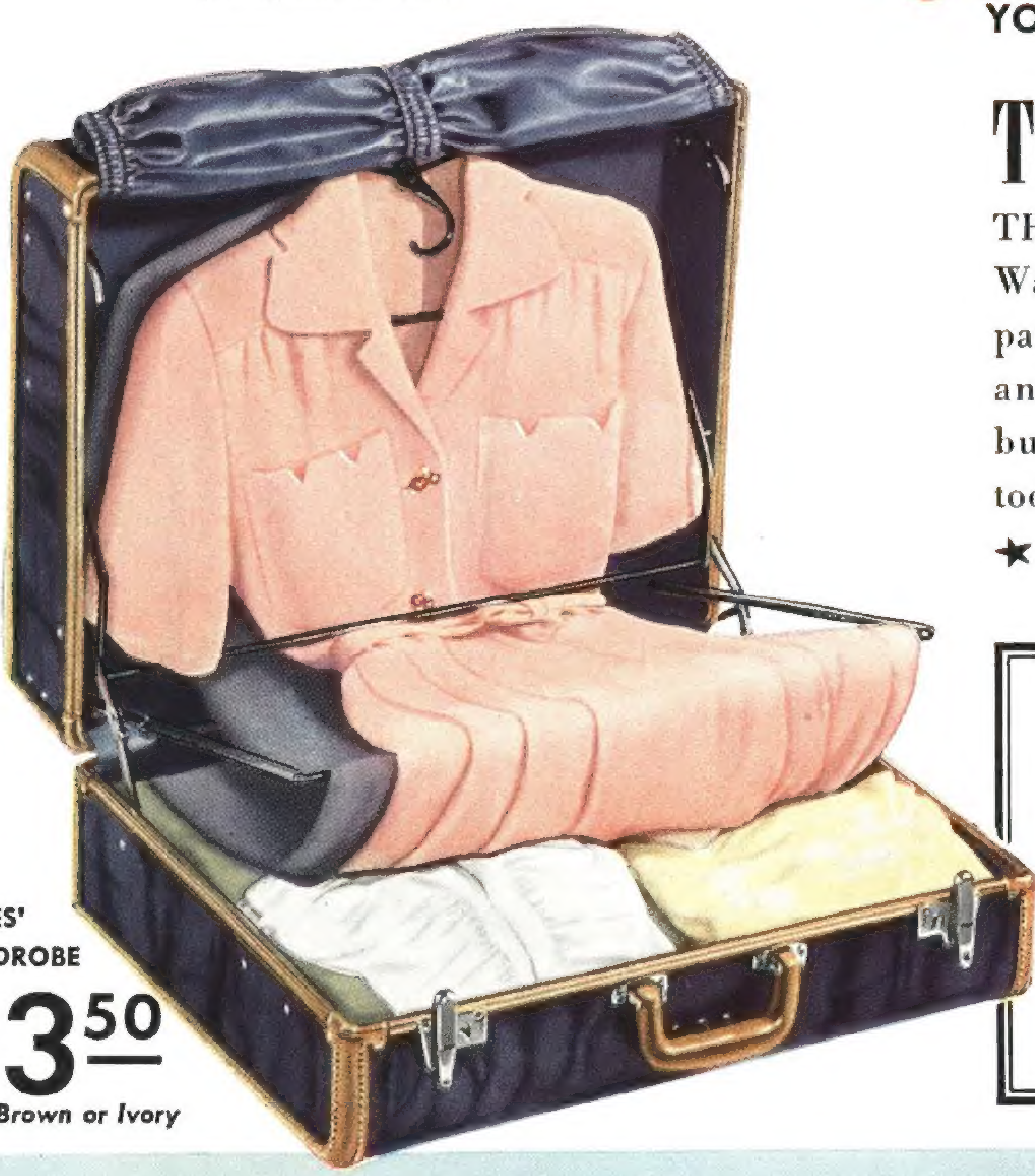

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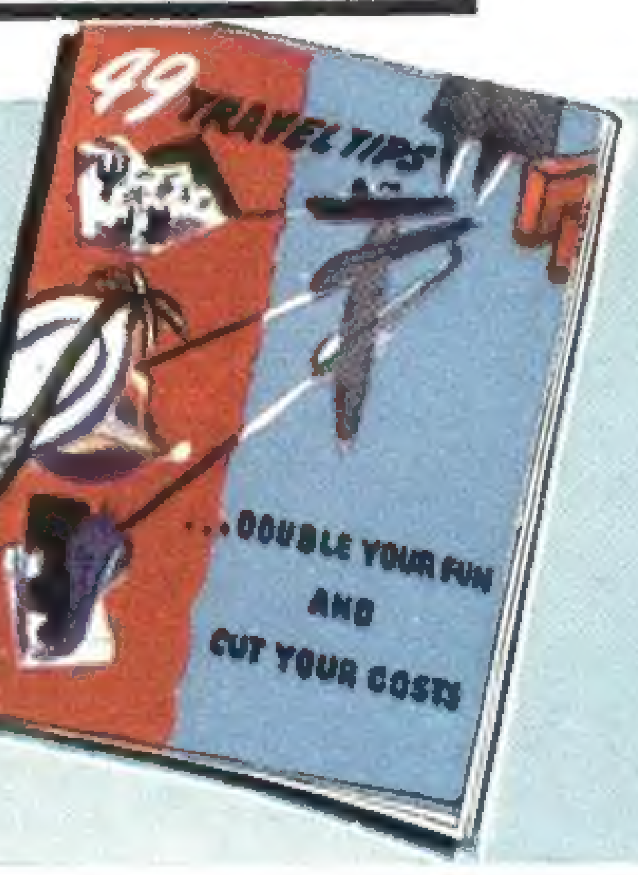
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